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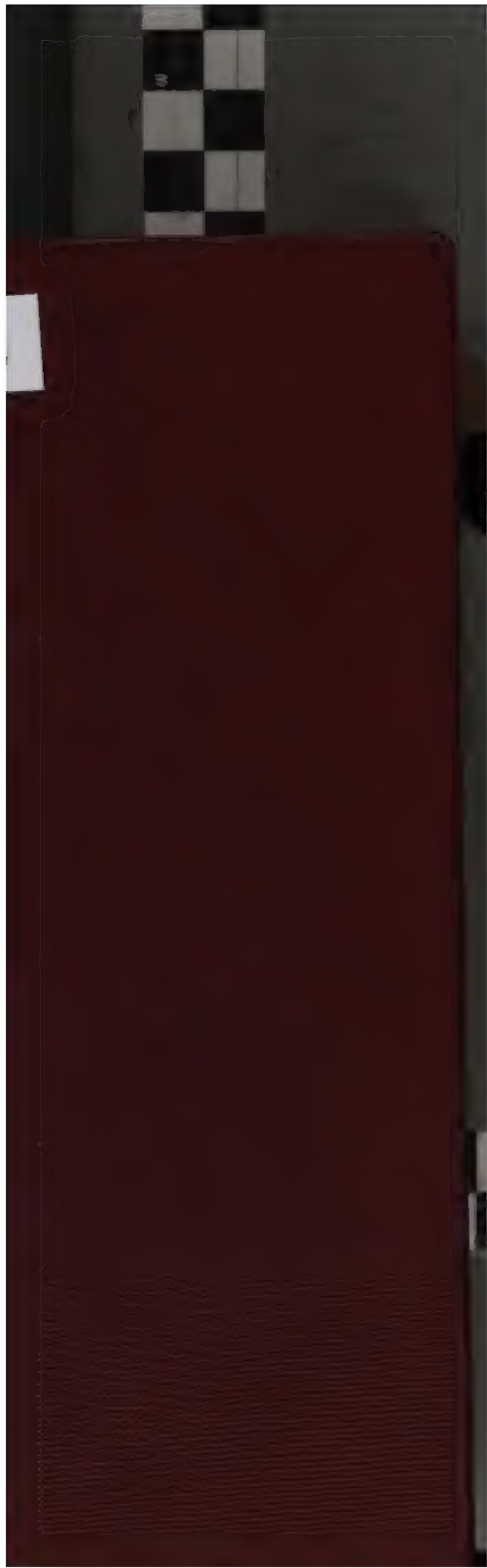
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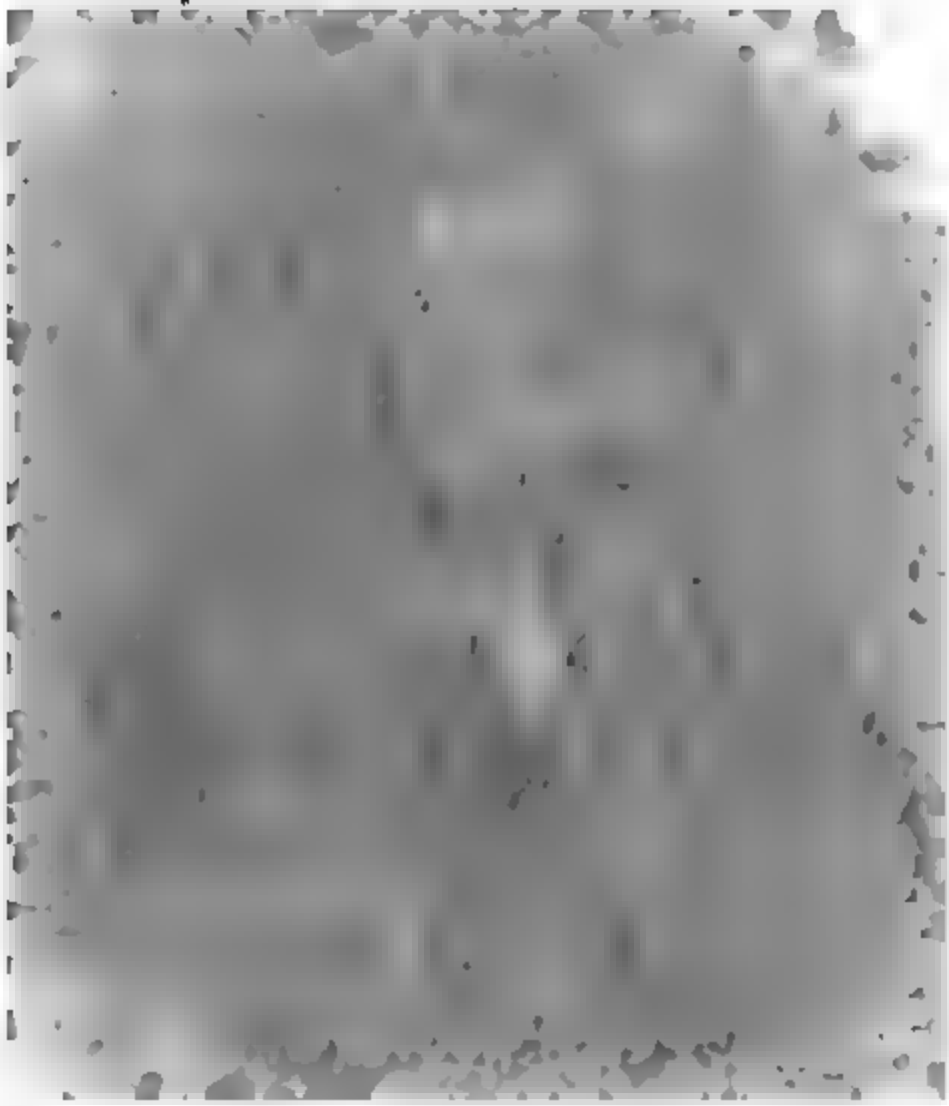






BENJAMIN SILLIMAN M.D. LL.D.
PROFESSOR OF CHEMISTRY PHARMACY MINERALOGY AND GEOLOGY
IN YALE COLLEGE

B. Silliman



THE
YALE LITERARY MAGAZINE.

CONDUCTED

BY THE

STUDENTS OF YALE COLLEGE.



"Dum mens grata manet, nomen laudesque YALENSIS
Cantabunt Scolas, unanimique PATRES."

VOLUME V..



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BIOGRAPHICAL NOTICE

OF

BENJAMIN SILLIMAN, M. D. LL. D.

PROFESSOR OF

CHEMISTRY, PHARMACY, MINERALOGY AND GEOLOGY

IN YALE COLLEGE.

PROFESSOR SILLIMAN was born the 8th of Aug., 1779, in North Stratford, now Trumbull ; in which place his father's family had taken refuge at that time, as Fairfield, their proper residence, had been burned by the British troops, in the preceding July. Both his father and grandfather were educated at Yale College. His grandfather, the Hon. Ebenezer Silliman, graduated in 1727, and was for many years a Councillor and Judge of the Superior Court, in the Colony of Connecticut. His father, Gold Selleck Silliman, Esq., graduated in 1752, and was a lawyer of distinction at the Fairfield bar. In the war of the revolution he, in part or wholly, relinquished his profession, and engaged actively in the cause of his country. At this time he received the commission of Brigadier General in the militia, and was appointed by the Governor and the Council of Safety, superintendant of the coast of the county of Fairfield ; in which station he exerted a highly beneficial influence on the measures of defense, which it had been found necessary to adopt.

editions of Henry's Chemistry, and Bakewell's Geology. The several smaller productions which he has issued from the press, it is deemed unnecessary to particularize.

In 1818, he commenced the publication of the "American Journal of Science." This work has been continued to the present time, and the thirty eighth volume is now in the press. The editing of this work is understood to have been attended with much more labor than profit ; but the Journal has been the means of embodying a great amount of American science, and of communicating to the public important information respecting the resources of the American continent. This Journal is well known, and its value justly appreciated not only in our own but in foreign countries.

Professor SILLIMAN has received various academical honors, and is a member of numerous scientific and learned bodies, at home and abroad.

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THE
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VOL. V.

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NO. 1.

SCIENCE AND RELIGION.

THERE has been in the world much controversy between the advocates of science and the advocates of religion. Infidelity on the one hand has covered its deformity with the robes of philosophy, and bigotry on the other, so blind as not to distinguish between true science and its counterfeit, has endeavored to expel philosophy from the precincts of religion. If we inquire into the cause of this strange opposition, we shall find that it has arisen not without some shadow of reason. To a mind habituated to the belief in a Supreme Being, and fully imbued with the doctrine springing from such a belief and taught by revelation, we must grant that there is something in the first aspect of the sciences but little consonant with their received opinions. Science, the interpreter of nature, seems indeed to unlock many a mystery which before had been looked upon with religious awe. The uniform and invariable succession of day and night, the order of the seasons, and innumerable natural phenomena, have been regarded as the immediate effects produced by a Divine cause. The rainbow was literally believed to be sent from heaven; the rainbow was a standing miracle in the cloud, the token of a covenant between God and the earth; the thunder and lightning were the expression of His wrath. But science, as though she would seduce the believer from his faith, tells him that all these are the results of natural laws; she shows him that the laws of gravitation and motion explain the succession of day and night, and the order of the seasons; that the bow of mercy is but the result of a simple law of optics; and that the very thunder of the clouds can be mimicked by man himself. It must be allowed that the study of the sciences which pretend such things, will tend much to dissipate some of his earlier religious feelings, or rather prejudices; it will at least excite a doubt where before there was not a shadow of uncertainty, and lead to inquiry upon

that which before had been supposed beyond dispute. It is true, his first doubt is not in regard to his own faith, but in regard to those studies which seem so directly opposed to it. His religious views, so thoroughly confirmed, become to him the standard of truth by which he judges every thing as false which does not literally agree with them. It was thus that the old and established opinions of the church presented so formidable a barrier to the true system of the universe, as taught by Copernicus and Galileo ; the latter of whom was imprisoned and his doctrines denounced as "absurd, philosophically false and formally heretical, because it is expressly contrary to the Holy Scriptures." Such was the effect of the light of science, not upon men who had investigated this science, but upon those whose religious sentiments prevented a candid and impartial examination ; with these and such as these, science must ever be "an impious intrusion into the sanctuary," and therefore not likely to endanger their pious convictions. But such as these, however, are more common in an ignorant or superstitious age ; at the present day there are few who are unwilling to examine the pretensions of science for fear of disturbing their faith ; and indeed such a fear is never universal in any age. Even in the time of Galileo, many of the first nobles of Italy were his friends and the warm espousers of his new doctrines, though they adhered no less rigidly to their Catholic tenets. Foscarinus, a learned monk, was an able expounder and champion of the new system of the universe, and wrote a treatise in which he reconciled various passages of scripture with the new doctrine.

At this day it is easy to see that the origin of the opposition to Galileo on the one hand, and of his defense on the other, was due to the different degrees of knowledge possessed of his scientific discoveries. Those that but heard them announced, and who conceived the church as infallible, rejected them at once as absurd and heretical ; while those that had learning and penetration enough to become acquainted with the facts and their proofs, were compelled to admit their truth, and sometimes were led perhaps to take a position directly hostile to religion. It is probable that even the monks of the sixteenth century did not endeavor to reconcile the new theories with the Scriptures merely for the satisfaction of their own consciences, but rather from the love of science and a desire to introduce it to the rest of the world, accompanied with the recommendation of religion, as the surest guarantee of its success ; while they hailed the discovery of apparent causes for the visible effects of creation, as a relief from the clinching tenets of a system which forced them to acknowledge a constant and Supreme Agent. Thus the philosopher may pride himself upon the knowledge which seems to dissipate the illusions of his early days, and disrobes religion of the very

mystery and awe which fastened it upon his heart. Such is the enthusiasm of discovery, that often he imagines he has hit upon the ultimate *cause*, when in reality he has only discovered a law which was established by an all-wise lawgiver, or a new agent that is only the instrument of an active Providence. He discovers the law of gravitation, and he may believe, (what indeed La Place has demonstrated,) that this cause is sufficient to produce all the results exhibited on so grand a scale in the motions of the planetary system, producing irregularities and again correcting them with a mathematical precision that secures the stability of the system forever ; and here perhaps he may stop and forget to ask the question, which it is the natural tendency of such a discovery to suggest, Whence this law of gravitation? Perhaps, however, he does ask this question, and answers it by saying that it is an inherent quality of matter ; and then he overlooks the next very important question, How came this matter into a position and arrangement favorable to the action of these laws ? Such seems to be the state of mind of the atheist Mirabaud, when he remarks : " These prejudiced dreamers are in ecstasy at the sight of the periodical motions of the planets ; at the order of the stars ; at the various productions of earth ; at the astonishing harmony in the component parts of animals. In that moment, however, they forget the laws of motion ; the power of gravitation ; the force of attraction and repulsion ; they assign all these striking phenomena to *unknown* causes of which they have no one substantial idea." Here he charges the believers in a God with referring the striking phenomena of nature to "unknown causes," as though "the laws of motion, the power of gravitation, and the forces of attraction and repulsion," could be any more distinctly conceived of than the existence of a God. To him it might be retorted, that he forgets the arrangements of nature, and the various adjustments, so favorable to the operation of these much boasted laws, which could never have been produced by these laws themselves.

It seems, therefore, that if one previously a believer in revelation was afterwards led to scepticism in his pursuit of science, it was because he stopped short of the conclusion to which they would unerringly bring him, if he would but follow them out in all their bearings. And it must be granted, that such is the disposition of human nature to be satisfied with partial causes, and to save itself the search after more general ones, to imagine that they have arrived at the inmost recesses of nature, when they have hardly threaded the first passage in her wonderful labyrinth. For this perversion of man's, science must be the sufferer, and be considered as the very teacher of infidelity, while in fact she is anxiously pointing her followers to a most sublime religion, upon which they wantonly close their eyes.

We may regard the world as having but lately received the truths of science. A few centuries only have elapsed since the correct method of philosophizing was happily struck upon ; and but a few years since the great importance of the natural sciences was duly felt. The effect of knowledge in that time, as we have already seen, was first to make men doubt science because it opposed their religious belief, afterwards to make them abandon their religious views because they appeared to disagree with the known results of science. Such we have seen was the case in regard to the discoveries of Galileo, which at first aroused the fears of superstitious men lest they would overturn their religious systems, but afterwards became so well established, that implicit confidence was placed in them rather than in the church itself, wherever there seemed to be any discordance between them. The same opposition was made to Newton's discoveries, though the "simplicity of his system," as Brewster well remarks, "the concise reasoning by which that system is explained, and the irresistible evidence by which it is supported, might have ensured it the warmest admiration of contemporary mathematicians, and the most welcome reception in all the schools of philosophy throughout Europe." Nevertheless the Cartesian theory of vortices continued to be upheld by many of the first philosophers of the age ; and Newton was opposed by Huygens, Bernouilli, Mairan, Cassini, and even by Leibnitz himself, who ventured to represent the Newtonian philosophy as "physically false, and as *dangerous to religion*." Thus has religious bigotry ever stood in the way of natural as well as divine truth ; thus it was that Socrates was put to death for daring to promulgate doctrines of a higher religion and a perfect Deity, which would have overturned the very foundations of the Grecian mythology ; and the true system of the universe, when announced by Pythagoras, was treated as absurd and impious, because it would at once destroy their beautiful religious fictions, dismount Phœbus from his golden chariot, and rob Diana of one third of her dominions.

A most remarkable instance of very modern date is still before us in the science of geology, at the first appearance of which, the religious community were greatly alarmed for the scriptural accounts of the early history of our globe, and began by denouncing the science as heretical and as opposed to the Scriptures. Soon, however, the facts of geology began to strengthen both in number and importance, and certain naturalists supposed that they had discovered laws in nature sufficient for the "building up the present economy of things out of the ruins of a former economy." They would exclude the agency of a God from the transition between one formation and another, and endeavor to demonstrate that "by laws, and *laws alone*, was the frame-work of our existing economy put together,"—thus proving again the truth of the

remark that on the first presentation of science to religious minds, it is liable to be treated as heretical when it treads on religious ground ; but that afterwards when the truth of the science is incontrovertibly established, the pride of philosophers often leads them to exalt their knowledge above revealed religion. They stop on this side of the conclusion which is almost forced upon them ; they refuse to ask themselves the questions which science herself proposes ; and avoid giving an answer which would undermine their speculations and refer the causes of natural phenomena to their proper source. Some there have been, however, who have not hesitated to question nature in regard to her closest secrets, and yet have listened to the truth that she does not possess *inherently* the powers which have been ascribed to her, but that they are all to be referred to a higher power. Such has been the course of the more modern geologists, who going one step beyond the partial and one-sided views of preceding philosophers, have established their science on sure grounds, and with it confirmed, or rather illustrated, the truth of revelation. Among these and at their head is Baron Cuvier.

We have taken for granted in most of the preceding remarks, that religion was presented to the mind before science. A different view of the subject presents itself when we consider science as cotemporary with or preceding religion.

The sciences which exist "embodied" in the natural world, and which we therefore call natural sciences, seem to have been designed to hold the first place in the culture of the mind. They are presented to the child as his first lesson when he pursues the beautiful butterfly, or admires some pretty stone, or looks with wonder at the heavens—these are but the germs of those sciences which in after years are unfolded and matured. It would seem, then, to be the most correct method of education, to make the young mind as early as possible familiar with natural facts—then gradually explain them by the laws of nature, till a full view of the universe be presented with all its laws and dispositions dependent on the Creator. Not that religious instruction should be reserved till an extensive knowledge of science has been acquired, but only that the first natural should precede the first spiritual truth ; that before the child be instructed in the belief of a God, he be first made to feel the necessity of a cause for what he witnesses daily around him. This once impressed upon his mind, in all his subsequent inquiries he will seek such a cause, even above all the secondary causes he may discover.

The mind has been wonderfully adapted to its dwelling place, or rather this habitation was prepared with most skillful adaption to the nature of its occupant. "The natural world," says an elegant writer, "was precisely and perfectly adapted to invigorate and strengthen the intellectual and moral man. Its first and

highest use was not to support the vegetables which adorn or the animals which cover its surface ; nor yet to give sustenance to the human body ; it has a higher and holier object, in the attainment of which these are only means. It was intended to draw forth the latent energies of the soul, to impart to them its own freshness, to initiate them into its own mysteries, and by its silent and humble dependence on its Creator, to leave on them when it is withdrawn by death the full impress of his likeness." Besides, there is implanted in the mind a love for the beauteous forms of nature, which leads it directly to the study of her laws ; and we hardly need add, that a mind thus early introduced to an acquaintance with the *world*, and taught to look beyond immediate causes to the existence of a great First Cause, will advance as it matures, not towards scepticism, but to a clearer and more definite comprehension of this first spiritual truth.

It is indeed too true, that infidelity has existed among scientific men ; not however from the peculiar nature of their pursuits, or from any necessity, but from mistakes with regard to the proper provinces of science and theology. All the theology that science can teach is a natural theology, which leads the philosopher no farther than the belief in the existence of the Creator, with perhaps some idea of his character inferred from the nature of his works. But he can arrive at none of the great truths presented by the Bible—for the mere *existence* of a God is not a revelation—and he is therefore upon wholly different ground from the theologian. Both engage in the study of truth, but the one theological, the other scientific. Science may prepare the way for the reception of those purer and more exalted truths, and she may afterwards illustrate them, but she can never discover them. It belongs not to the theologian to dictate to the geologist what he must believe in regard to the changes in our globe ; nor does it belong to the geologist to tell the theologian what divine truths, resulting from his philosophical speculations, he *ought* to find in the Bible—but it is the part of each to read the lessons taught them, the one in the book of revelation, the other in the book of nature, and for science to retain its humble but honorable station subordinate to religion. The distinction we think clearly presented in a passage from a late writer upon philosophy. "In her creed theology can aver but this, that all those *appearances* which are beneficial to human kind are according to the ordination of God ; and although science may afterwards discover that such appearances are the natural result of other series of facts than were as first apprehended, they are not surely the less in accordance with the divine intelligence ; the theological truth is the same still, however the scientific adjustments of the fact may be shifted and reshifted. In whatever direction a gift of kindness and solid good may have come to me from my best friend, it will

signify nothing in regard to my affection for him in how many different ways it may have traveled; and even if his voice may have reached me through an echo, it is still his voice. It belongs to science to trace out all these winding natural channels, and when it has ascertained them to call them *laws*; but it belongs to theology, and that alone, to make known the will and attributes of that hidden personal intelligence which employs these communications."

We see then that the infidelity resulting from science may be produced in two ways—either when philosophers stop short of the legitimate conclusions to which science would lead them; or when they step *beyond* the assigned limits and encroach upon the province of theology. But surely the fault lies not in science, which only leads to such results when perverted from its proper end by man.

We have room only to notice one objection which is very commonly made against scientific studies, which is that they have a tendency to encourage a sceptical disposition unfavorable to the belief of moral truths, because the philosopher is accustomed to admit no evidence but that of strict demonstration. It is an objection evidently made by those who are ignorant of the pursuits they censure, and are therefore in no danger of becoming sceptical from their scientific habits. The truth is that in the natural sciences, as much has to be received upon what logicians term probable evidence as in any other branch of knowledge. In astronomy we rely upon testimony to as great an extent as ever can be demanded of us in any moral subject. In the case of an eclipse the mathematician makes his calculation upon data which are liable to all the sources of error to which moral data are exposed—the fallibility of testimony, liabilities to mistakes in observation, and so on—and yet astronomers are not so sceptical as to be unable to appreciate the force of such evidence, though it is evidence which cannot be ascertained without great skill and attention. "I never heard," says Stewart, "of any mathematician who was a sceptic in astronomy or physics; and yet there are few branches of knowledge which lie more open to metaphysical quibbles." But what shall be said of those mathematical investigations upon *probabilities*, which have engaged the attention of some of the most profound mathematicians, among others, Demoivre and La Place? Shall it be said that these mathematics tend to produce scepticism? Certainly not, when it is known that in these calculations it is a prevailing maxim that our conduct should be guided not by a demonstrated certainty, but a demonstrated probability. La Place, in his admirable *Essai Philosophique sur les Probabilités*, applies the calculus to many of the most common and most important purposes of life. He uses it in estimating the testimony of history, in

discovering the value of the different methods which may be used in sciences that are in a measure conjectural, as medicine, agriculture, and *political economy*. It may excite a smile in some to hear that this last science has become a subject of mathematical calculation; but no one can read the remarks of La Place and not be forcibly struck with the correctness and truly practical nature of his conclusions. Who would have expected so safe a political maxim as the following, inferred from a course of mathematical reasoning: "Nous ne changeons qu'avec une circonspection extrême, nos institutions et les usages auxquels nous sommes depuis long-temps pliés. Nous connaissons bien par l'expérience du passé, les inconvénients qu'ils présentent; mais nous ignorons quelle est l'étendue des maux que leur changement peut produire." "The effect of such studies on the mind," says Stewart, "is a salutary suspense of judgment on problematical questions, till the evidence on both sides is fully weighed."

But our limits forbid our multiplying instances. We will only add one in which pure mathematics are applied to a moral subject, and which shows that the tendency of such pursuits is not invariably towards scepticism and infidelity. La Place in his *Essai*, after estimating the evidences of design in the universe concludes that there are more than four millions of millions to one that the arrangement is not the effect of chance, "a probability much superior to that of the historical events about which we entertain the least doubt." We must therefore believe, he adds, that *One Primitive Cause*, has directed all the planetary movements. Shall we say then that science begets scepticism when even pure mathematics, (which have been regarded with the greatest suspicion,) are found to lead the mind to so sublime a result and to open the heart to the first great truth of religion? x.

DEATH SONG OF KING PHILIP.

—"To-morrow thou
In glory's fires shalt dry thy tears."
Campbell.

"His wife and little son had fallen a prey to the whites and he was now left alone: all that was most dear to him was swallowed up in the vortex: his heart was now ready to break."

THEY wronged me—and I sought the aid
My brother chiefs could give;
Who gathered from the gloomy shade
Where forest warriors live:
I heard their yell of triumph ring,
And felt myself once more a king;
When gaily in the wood,

DEATH SONG OF KING PHILIP.

We danced around the council-fire
And waked anew our old desire
To drink the white man's blood.

We drank it—yes! these eager hands
In crimson life were dyed,
As fell upon the thirsty sands
The battle's gushing tide.
How wildly glanced our gladdened eyes
On such a ghastly sacrifice,
When stretched along the plain
Those mangled forms lay white and chill,
And those pale lips were cold and still—
Too still to speak again.

The summer of this heart is gone,
Its bloom has past away,
My tender wife and infant son
Are now a victor's prey.
With them all softness fled my breast,
But still it spurns the thought of rest—
For fierce revenge remains;
It burns to cool itself in blood,
And quench amid the battle's flood
Life's dark, oppressive pains.

So let me die—since nought is left
Save vengeance unrepaid;
Of all is Philip now bereft
On which his hope was stayed;
They were the sunshine of his day,
The stars that blest his nightly way,
The flowers that meekly smiled—
Now all his happy dreams are fled,
His heart is sleeping with the dead,
His loving wife and child.

Adieu! thou Mountain of my sires,*
Their long, their hallowed home;
Where thronging to the council-fires
Old chieftains wont to come:
Whose lengthened war-whoop told the cave
The wild defiance of the brave—
Thou dear abode farewell!
The last descendant of their line,
Thine ancient seat must now resign—
That seat they loved so well.

* Mount Hope.

But by the wampum which they wore,
 The plume that graced their brows,
 By all the bitter oaths they swore
 To smite their haughty foes—
 By these shall Philip's hand be strong
 To render back this heartless wrong!
 And when the work is done,
 He'll stand above the field of strife
 And whet his bloody scalping-knife,
 To strip the spoils he won.

Then grasp the hatchet of the bold,
 The quiver and the bow,
 And from your secret mountain hold
 Rush out upon the foe!
 With you let murder grimly stalk,
 Companion of the tomahawk—
 Cold as the winter blast.
 Then leave the stealthy wolf to prey
 Upon their lone, deserted clay,
 Till sated with repast.

Yes! let them seize the rocks and caves
 Proud sachems held of old;
 And build their cities o'er the graves
 Where chieftains' bones lie cold.
 Ay, let them eat the fruit that springs
 From out the dust of ancient kings:
 But thorns are in their path!
 The Indian's God hath bent his bow,
 And tyrants' blood shall redly flow
 To feast his greedy wrath.

A HAYTIAN LEGEND.

TRANSLATED, WITH ALTERATIONS, FROM THE FRENCH OF LOUIS LEVRAULT.

I.

ST. DOMINGO had disappeared to give place to Hayti; General Le Clerc was dead, and the noble army of that lieutenant of Buonaparte had melted away under the rays of a tropical sun. Of all this beautiful colony, France now possessed only the city of Port au Prince, which was besieged by the negroes. Some European soldiers who had strayed from the retinue of an expedition into the middle of the island, wandered from field to field

in the midst of an insurgent population. They finally reached the hills of Cibao, where they hoped to conceal themselves from the pursuit of an implacable enemy more easily than in the plain. Here they were in the same situation that the runaway negroes had been before them, whom the tyranny of the colonists had driven into these very deserts; they were obliged to hide in marshes, live on roots, and carefully avoid all inhabited regions. Under these circumstances, they had no prospect but that of dying by hunger or being slain by the blacks when descending to get provisions from the plain. On the seventeenth day of their flight half of them had perished, and the rest dragged themselves along with the greatest difficulty.

At last Gustavus Beaumont, one of their number, resolved at any hazard to escape from this situation. Gustavus was a noble youth, who had just come from his own little village of Vosge, beneath the sun of the Antilles. He was making his first campaign as lieutenant of one of those splendid regiments of the Italian army which the consular government sent to die with the plague at St. Domingo. "'Pon my faith! comrades," cried he, "if Buonaparte had shut himself up in the desert, as we are now doing, when he made his expedition into Egypt, you would not to-day fear him as ruler of France. Let us, like him, march forward!"

The soldiers, however, were far from partaking the confidence of their leader. They remained stretched on their miserable resting places, and an old grenadier who had made a campaign in Egypt, replied, with a grumbling tone, "If you had been in Egypt, my young officer, you would know how great a difference there is between bravely periling our lives among the Mamelukes, and yielding ourselves like fools to these idle, cowardly negroes."

Still the officer insisted on the necessity of speedily seeking a better situation than their present one. "We must retrace our steps and try to reach Port au Prince, and above all we must find something better than herbs to eat. Perhaps there is in the neighborhood some brave colored man who will sell us provisions, or consent to be our guide."

"No! no!" cried the soldiers, "to seek such a guide is to seek death!"

"Very well," replied Gustavus, "if you choose to await here an ignominious death, and perish like dogs with hunger—do so; I will go alone in pursuit of a better fortune. Wait for me in this place twenty-four hours. If to-morrow I do not return, leave me your regret, and should you ever again see France, say that I died a conscript in the army of Napoleon."

Demoralized as they were, the soldiers could not without sorrow see their young leader depart to an almost inevitable death.

They still endeavored to change his purpose, and overwhelmed him with prudent counsels. But Gustavus had a bold mind, and gaily replied, "Be tranquil, comrades, I shall travel as silently as does the maiden when she glides to the rendezvous! Besides, thanks to this cursed sun, I look more like a negro than a white. All the darkies will take me for a recruit just landed from Congo. Night too is approaching, and you know the old proverb, 'Night makes every cat grey!' So adieu, till we meet again!"

He seized his sword, put a brace of pistols in his belt, and started on his journey. As Gustavus had remarked, when leaving his companions, the shades of evening soon came to protect his march, and the twilight, although short in those countries, promised a darkness favorable to his designs. He advanced with a determined step, and safely crossed the wildest passes of this chain of mountains. As he descended towards the plain, the country assumed a less deserted appearance; he saw here and there groves of coffee trees and fields of tobacco, and following the course of a beautiful stream which murmured over a bed of flints, he came to a long field, at the end of which was a house. At this sight our hero stopped and began to reconnoiter the place; for in spite of his natural indifference to danger, he knew too well the horrors of this war of extermination, to forget the necessity of prudence.

Night had now actually come; one of those beautiful nights of the Antilles, when the air is so mild, the breeze so delicious, and all nature seems so lovely. The half risen moon afforded sufficient light to enable him easily to distinguish objects, and to approach the dwelling without much danger. He took a hasty view of the large domain before him, which he found to be very similar to those which the rich planters of the colony had inhabited before the insurrection. The main body of the house was an elegant pavilion, situated at the end of a large court which was planted with trees. Numerous out-houses surrounded it, such as stables, barns, coach-houses, shops, &c., and behind these were seen rows of negro huts. They all, however, appeared to be deserted, or at least as if for a long time neglected. The great gate of the court was broken, and the garden was in disorder; doubtless the whirlwind of insurrection had passed over it, and the masters been compelled to fly.

Such were the reflections which Gustavus made as he walked up as silently as possible between the coffee, orange, and citron trees, which bordered the avenue. He was still hesitating whether to knock at the door, when the barking of a watch-dog gave the alarm.

"Who is there?" cried a female voice from the inside. At the sound of a woman's voice the fears of the youth all fled like a flock of frightened birds. He went towards the door; a win-

dow in the pavilion opened, and the face of an old woman appeared. Her olive visage veiled with a kerchief, announced a mulattress. "Who is there?" repeated she; "is it you, Marc Anthony?"

"No!" replied the low voice of the youth, "I am a wandering traveler. Are there any whites here?"

"Whites! no, indeed!" muttered the old woman. After having carefully examined the stranger, she cried with all her might, "It is a white! help! Lucile, come quickly! The whites! the whites!" and at the same time closed the window.

The poor fellow almost wished that he had followed his companions' advice; but it would now be more dangerous to retreat than to advance—so grasping his sword still more tightly, he concluded to risk the adventure. Besides, he remembered that the old woman had called but one name, and if there was only a single negro there, his fortune was not so bad. He knocked again at the door, and again the window was opened, and the old woman appeared alone. She now changed her tone, and said in a soft voice, "Do not fear, white master, we are friendly to the whites." This sudden change could not but appear suspicious; the young man, however, paid no attention to it. "Are you alone?" resumed the female.

"Yes, good woman, I am alone, and only want some food and a guide, for which I will pay you well; hasten!"

"Wait for a moment, sir, and the door shall be opened," was the reply.

While Gustavus was waiting outside, the old woman went to call her daughter, who was sleeping in a back chamber. "Quick, Lucile, rise! Do you not hear me? Come, there is a white man here."

"A white!" cried the frightened Lucile, "Oh, my God! he has come to murder us, and Marc Anthony is absent."

The mother replied with a ghastly smile, "Take courage, child. The whites will do us no more injury—it is we who slay *them*. This one is alone, and appears to have money. Let us try to keep him till the return of Marc Anthony and his companions, who will, you know, be at home to-morrow morning."

"But," asked the young girl, "how can we keep him? He is doubtless armed, and will not submit to be made a prisoner by two women."

"Pshaw! a mere novice," replied the old woman; "don't you know that men are willing prisoners to beautiful girls? I expect you to entertain this fine Monsieur, and when he is no longer on his guard, we will have some cords ready, and leave him bound hand and foot to await the arrival of Marc Anthony. We shall in this way obtain honor, and contribute our share to the destruction of this race of tyrants."

Lucile was delighted with her mother's plan, and proud of the part assigned her. She sprang lightly from her couch. While she was putting on a light dress, the old woman produced a light by shaking a bottle, in which was a "cucuju," a shining insect used as a lamp among the negroes of the Antilles. Waked thus suddenly, the "cucuju" opened his wings a little and permitted the phosphoric light to appear.

"Am I sufficiently beautiful for the purpose?" asked Lucile of her mother, as she smoothed her locks and adjusted her kerchief *à la créole*—"say, mother, am I beautiful enough?"

She was indeed a handsome girl; her eyes were so large and brilliant, teeth so white, and dress so elegantly arranged. Her complexion was not much darker than that of a Spaniard. Indeed she prided herself on having much English blood in her veins, and this it was that prevented her from entertaining violent hatred towards the whites. She took the key of the house, and ran down to admit Gustavus, who could not help wondering at their long delay in receiving him.

"Enter, white master, enter without fear. We are all alone in the house, my mother and myself."

"Alone?" asked the officer, still a little distrustful—"is not this the house of a planter?"

"Certainly," said the young girl, smiling to show her white teeth; "this estate belongs to Mons. de Vaugelaz, but he is—absent, and now my mother and I are the mistresses."

"But your mother called only one name—Lucile, I think it was. Who is this Lucile—a negro?"

"That is my name," said she, laughing heartily, "and I am not a negro, I hope: see, I am almost white!" And bringing the light to her pretty face, she made all sorts of creole capers. "Come in! is it I of whom you are afraid? Give me your hand—quick!" said she striking together her own with an amiable impatience. She took the hand of the stranger, and easily succeeded in drawing him into the house.

The room into which he was introduced was far too elegantly furnished to comport with the humble condition of two mulattresses. It was evidently the bed-chamber of the old proprietor, and had not been long otherwise used. Doubtless the real master had been discontented in so splendid a mansion, and had preferred maintaining a more simple style of living. This apparent discretion pleased the young Frenchman, and served in a great manner to quiet his fears. Lucile brought out a stand and served up some fruits—pine apples, oranges, pimento, and a pitcher filled with "tafia," a beverage much used by the natives of these islands.

Joyful at this unexpected meeting with a beautiful female, and a supper, the hungry Gustavus resigned himself with the care-

lessness natural to his age and profession, to the good fortune of the moment. He scarcely once thought of the companions he had left, and concluded that to punish them for not taking his advice, he would make them wait for his return, and the next day, at farthest, would rejoin them. So without losing a mouthful, he flattered Lucile, talked with the old woman, spoke of France, of war, and of love; gaily recounted his fortunate and unfortunate adventures, his high hopes, and the little deceptions of his youth. Once he pronounced the name of *mother*, and suddenly became sad;—his poor mother, from whom he was separated by thousands of leagues of ocean, and whom he perhaps would never again see.

As he thus abandoned himself to these changed impressions with regard to the fidelity of his hostesses, Lucile became sad and embarrassed. Soon she entirely ceased to take part in the conversation; she also ceased her little coquetish game with the young officer, and stood in a dark corner of the room, with her arms folded, and her head bowed as if in meditation. The supper finished, her mother had to call her several times before she seemed to hear.

"Come, Lucile," said she, "it is time to leave Monsieur to enjoy his repose. Wish him, with me, a 'good night,' and may he rest well in the bed of our old master, M. de Vaugelaz." The old woman accompanied these words with a strange and mysterious smile, which made Lucile start as if it had been the hissing of a serpent. She followed her mother, without saying a word, but, as she passed, darted at Gustavus a look of sadness and sorrow.

II.

Doralice (for this was the name of Lucile's mother) had not always been the enemy of the whites. In her youth, like most other colored girls, she had been devoted to their pleasures—and to an amour with one of them, she owed the birth of Lucile. Soon however abandoned, and more and more despised as she lost her youth and charms, she had conceived this hatred against the race of her former lovers. She had, it must be confessed too much reason for this; she had been driven from the bed of her masters, to the miserable huts of the plantation, compelled to work as a slave after having reigned like a sultanness. Numerous opportunities of revenge presented themselves during those terrible disturbances among the negroes, commonly classed under the name of "the Revolution of St. Domingo," which she did not fail to embrace. In company with another slave, she plotted the destruction of her master, and on the very first night of the insurrection, he was assassinated in his bed. Since then she had lived as housekeeper to Marc Anthony, one of the slaves, to

whom the possessions of Mons. de Vaugelaz were granted for his superior bravery.

Lucile, as she grew up, imbibed from her parent the sentiment of hatred for the whites; not on account of any personal injury, for in this respect she had been more fortunate than her mother; but brought up, as she had been, on a lone plantation, under the severe discipline of an aged master, and his stern manager, she could not but welcome the era of emancipation—the day when her tasks, her fixed occupations, and the whip of the driver, all should cease.

During the scenes of carnage which signalized this revolution, our young mulattress soon became familiar with the ideas of treachery and murder. In her view, as in that of all the insurgents, any means which promised to rid them of their enemies, appeared proper. As the whites had not pitied them, they could not, of course, expect pity *from* them; and in this deadly struggle, women, and even children took a part. The daughter of Doralice therefore, scrupled not to aid in promoting her mother's designs against Gustavus Beaumont. Possessed of a character in which coquetry and the fanaticism of her race were equally discernible, she plotted the death of the young white, without any feelings of shame or remorse at the frightful deed—but rather with a kind of pleasure, and the cruel innocence of the child who torments a caged bird. As to the old woman, it mattered but little to her that her daughter was engaged in deeds of blood, and held out as an allurement to their young guest. From her aged heart so stained by debauchery, every idea of decency had long been extinguished, and it seemed a refinement of vengeance right pleasing to her taste, to make the love of the young white for her daughter, end in his complete destruction. In the midst of this plot however, a whim of the young girl's saved the imprudent Gustavus.

III.

Alone in his chamber, he began to think of the dangers which had induced him to seek the hospitality of the enemies of his race. The strange smile of the old woman when taking leave of him, and the silence of Lucile had not escaped his observation: what conclusion could he draw from these? Of how many instances of treason had he heard since his arrival in the colonies! And this M. de Vaugelaz to whom Doralice had so often alluded—what had become of him? He recollected having read a name similar to this, in the long list of victims of the insurrection, and had a faint recollection of a report that he was assassinated at midnight in his bed. Perhaps, thought Gustavus, this is the same room, and this the very bed, which from a place of calm

repose, was so suddenly converted into an arena of deadly strife. In spite of himself, the image of Lucile recurred to his mind, bringing with it sad and mournful emotions.

Examining carefully the chamber to which he had been conducted, he thought he perceived the traces of recent crime. The glass was broken, the curtains torn, and the mahogany bed-post was marred in various places, as if by a sharp instrument forcibly brought against it in some fierce encounter. The last look he took convinced him also that there was on the alcove a large dark spot, which with a little imagination could easily be taken for the blood of an aged person. Gustavus was still examining every broken and injured piece of furniture in his apartment, when he heard a slight noise enter the corridor, and approach his door. Soon the lock turned, and some one tried to enter.

"Who's there?" cried the young soldier, seizing his arms. He soon dropped them however when he heard Lucile's voice whispering softly through the key-hole—"Hush! don't make such a noise, or my mother will hear you. I bring you some perfumed water to wash your feet."

This custom of the colonies, drawn from patriarchal times, seemed to the suspicious Gustavus to be only a pretext for entering his room. He however opened the door, and Lucile appeared with a vessel of water, and as if to prevent any wrong interpretation, she herself performed this most common act of hospitality among the colonists. Kneeling before Gustavus, she did not speak, but her heart beat fast, and her long dark eyelashes seemed to cover living flames; when she raised them a moment, a tear was seen glistening there.

"Why do you weep, sweet Lucile,?" said Gustavus.

She made no reply, but covering her face with her small dark hands, burst into tears. The young white could not understand this, so disengaging one of her hands, he took it in his own, and said, "courage, child, and tell me your troubles. Have you some youthful secret, some '*pauvre peine d'amour*'?"

Lucile smiled through her tears, but this was all her reply.

"Have you then a lover, Lucile—a lover absent or despised by your mother; a colored man to whom you are betrothed?"

"Oh no!" said she, in a disdainful tone.

"Or Marc Anthony who lives with your mother, is it he whom you love?"

"*Never!*" cried she, making a gesture of horror, and approaching Gustavus, she leaned her burning forehead on his shoulder.

"Or perhaps, Lucile," said he, as he gazed on her, "perhaps some white man merits your regard."

She endeavored to reply, but the movement of her lips produced only a smile,—and then she placed her throbbing forehead a *little higher* than the shoulder of the young man.


IV.

According to their custom, Marc Anthony's band had travelled all night in order to reach home before the heat of the day, and ere long the court resounded with their cries. Lucile saw from the window, the door open, the cutlasses laid on the steps, and Doralice in the midst of the negroes, pointing them to the chamber of Gustavus. There is now no time to be lost ; flight is impossible, resistance equally so. In this moment of need, a ruse presented itself to the mind of the young mulattress. The cords lie in the corner of the chamber—she takes them—ties fast the hands and feet of Gustavus, and then opens the door to Marc Anthony and his companions. At this moment Gustavus awoke, saw the cords which confined him, and Lucile leading on the furious negroes, and heard Doralice cry, as she saw him bound, " Well done ! well done, my child ! You have at last taken this fine bird in your snare."

Poor Lucile, she had not had time to prevent his capture. She saw him struggling with rage and despair, and turn which way she would, she could not help hearing him cry, " Oh, Lucile ! Lucile ! is it you who have destroyed me ! Oh, Lucile, so beautiful, yet so perfidious."

In the mean time as she had foreseen, the negroes finding their prisoner incapable of resistance, were contented with tightening his cords. They were the more willing to defer his execution, when Lucile informed them that there were other whites in the neighborhood. " Make the prisoner conduct us to the haunts of his countrymen, and then we will destroy them together," said she.

This suggestion pleased them, and as Marc Anthony had made a long journey, and the clouds threatened a hurricane, they deferred their expedition till the next day. As soon as they came to this conclusion, Lucile was assured of the complete success of her scheme, which was, to seek the companions of Gustavus, and induce them to rescue him. The enterprise was difficult, for they were concealed in the distant mountains, and the young girl knew but imperfectly, the way to their retreat. Besides, the hurricane which the negroes had foreseen began to rage with the utmost violence. The howling winds uprooted the strongest trees ; the ground which the heat of the preceding day had covered with crevices, suddenly burst into huge abysses, and the rain rushed down in torrents. But nothing could detain the courageous Lucile, and she started in the midst of the hurricane. She travelled on for many a weary hour over the way rendered almost impassable by the fallen trees, while the lightning gleamed all around her, and over broad chasms which yawned under her feet. Neither fatigue nor obstacles, nor even night which now added darkness to the other horrors of the scene, could impede her course. One thing only grieved her—the reproaches of Gustavus ; that



cry—"You have destroyed me"—so distracted her mind that she could not bestow one thought on her wearied body.

On account of her ignorance of the way, she made many useless steps, but still she travelled on, though her feet were lacerated, and her strength exhausted. Now she ascends the loftiest hills, and tries to discover in the distance some signs of the presence of the whites; now full of hope she pursues those flying fires caused by the electricity of the earth, and now undeceived she returns to search among the caverns and gorges of the mountains. At last she caught a glimpse of a brilliant light. It was however at a great distance in the extremity of the valley, and sometimes owing to her change of place, it would entirely disappear. She finally drew near, and mounted on a large rock, discovered several men sitting around a half extinguished fire. Their faces were pale—these must be the whites.

Had Lucile been in her mother's presence, she would probably have fled at this sight, but when alone and on such an errand, she was entirely changed. "Sauvez Gustave!" (save Gustavus,) cried she, rushing into the midst of the soldiers. They were ignorant of the christian name of their young chief, and Lucile was as ignorant of his family name. So while she continued crying "Sauvez Gustave!" some laughed, thinking her to be a mad woman, and others not knowing what to think, remained silent: from none did she obtain a kind reception. One of the soldiers, more hardened than the rest, proposed in the most brutal manner to force away "this cursed spy of the negroes." But Lucile persevered by cries, tears, and smiles, till they listened to, and finally consented to accompany her.

Successful, and gaining new strength from her impatience to deliver the young white, she commenced her long journey homeward, dragging herself on before the soldiers to show them the way. Some of them pitied her when they saw her bleeding feet and beautiful form bent by fatigue, and would have carried her, but this she refused, lest it should retard their progress.

It was still night when they arrived at the house, and the surprised negroes could make but little resistance. A soldier anticipating Lucile, cut the cords which bound Gustavus, who springing on his feet, seized a fusee. At this moment, Lucile presented herself to his view. She smiled as she looked on the man whom she had delivered bound hand and foot to the negroes; he *thought* she smiled as if she would commence some new work of treason.

"Perfidious wretch!" shouted the indignant Gustavus, "you never shall betray another!" and as he spoke, drew the trigger of his gun! Lucile fell!—the ball had entered her heart!

N*****.

THE SPIRIT OF SPIRITS.

"A TALE OF OTHER DAYS."

Millions of *spiritual creatures* walk this earth.

Milton.

A NIGHT of gloom drew o'er the hills,
And hung the heavens with stormy pall;
Loud tumbled down the mountain rills,
And boisterous roared the waterfall.

No star blinked through the black grim
clouds,
The moon her silver lamp withdrew,
And darkly reeled the stagg'ring woods,
As fresh the threat'ning tempest blew.

A dame sat in her dwelling lone,
Hedged far remote in forest dell;
She marked the bleak winds boding moan,
And heard the storm tumultuous swell.

She looked out on the frowning sky,
Her pensive heart was lorn and drear,
And drops bedimm'd her wistful eye—
No friend the heavy hour to cheer.

And brooding terrors, thick and fast,
Came hovering o'er her troubled mind,
Strange notes seem'd mingled in the blast,
And shrieked along the wailing wind.

For of this spot tradition told
Full many a dark and fearful tale,
And few with heart and footstep bold,
Could pass at night the *haunted dale*.

The aged gossip wont to tell,
With visage grave and tone of wo,
How early settlers in that dell
Were murdered by the *savage foe*.

Since, how across the glimmering heath,
Dim flitting shapes were seen to glide,
And dismal shrieks and groans of death,
Rose through the woods at eventide.

Throng'd round the winter's blazing
hearth,
The youthful group the tale would hear,

While wonder checked their giggling
mirth,
And spell-bound chained the list'ning
ear.

The hunter from his nightly tour,
Would oft recount with rueful awe,
What pale lights danced adown the moor,
What sounds he heard, what sights he
saw.

The lated traveler, with the rest,
Told how black objects cross'd his road,
What shadowy forms his steps close
press'd,
And grisly troops before him strode.

And she, the dame, had known, at night,
By *viewless hands* the doors wide flung,
And guessed the step of airy sprite,
When strange the pantry vessels rang.

Gloomier the night of tempests grew,
Fiercer the surly storm arose,
The rattling sleet in volleys flew,
And dark'ning drove the sheeted
snows.

The high winds shook the humble dome,
And growled around its quaking walls;
Now fresh her old forebodings come,
And deep, mysterious dread appals.

Wierd memory wakes with wizard
wand,
Each romance old, each legend wild,
Which heard 'mid her own Scotia's land,
Her tender years so oft beguil'd.

For far away in Pilgrim clime,
On drear New England's rugged shore,
Her lonesome thoughts would seek the
time,
And wander 'mong the dreams of yore.

She drew her bible from the shelf,
And off ring prayers, devoutly kneel'd,
That her from goblin, sprite, or elf,
Each guardian saint might deign to
shield.

Yet apprehension's haggard train
Harass her troubled fancies still,
Unearthly phantoms throng her brain,
And dark alarms her bosom fill.

Now faint the waning embers glare,
With dusky gleam across the room,
While heavy on her spirits bear
Her dread, the wintry night and gloom.

At length she seeks her chamber-bed,
And hopes to drown in soothing rest
The wild'ring vagaries of her head,
The fears that haunt her throbbing
breast.

But all in vain she courts repose,
Soft sleep departs her wakeful eyes;
While shrill the railing north wind
blows,
Those half-hush'd visions gath'ring rise.

At last, a startling noise she hears,—
Hark ! why thus jars the cottage door !
Now tenfold crept her shudd'ring fears—
She breathless lists—the sound is o'er.

What could it be ! perchance a gust
Rattled the latch, or casement shook ;
Th' uncertain hope she fain would trust,
Yet doubtful seem'd her anxious look.

Again ! a harder, louder stroke ;
Again !! like blows redoubled came ;
Again !!! the yielding bolt is broke—
Heaven's mercy save the wretched
dame !

In, something pond'rous seems to walk—
Dull o'er the floor a hollow sound,
As grouping round its footsteps stalk,
Like echoes rumbling under ground.
And deep hoarse mutt'rings ; oh ! how
dread—
Like monster from the goblin realm,

Or being from the earth-tomb'd dead—
Cold horrors all her sense astound.

Now, death ! those footsteps nearer stride,
Now heavily lumber, stair by stair,
Next see ! the door is opened wide—
She casts one glance—oh ! what is
there !

The moon peers through the rifted cloud,
And imaged by its shimm'ring rays,
A ghastly form in snow-white shroud,
Pale, quiv'ring, meets her frozen gaze.

Its bloodshot eyeballs glassy stare,
It heaves a deep, convulsive groan ;
Wild terror raised her stiff'ning hair,
And chill'd her curdling veins to stone.

Towards her it moves—she gives one
scream,
Her eyes swim round—she swoons
away,
And lifeless mazed in icy dream,
All mute and motionless she lay.

Soon on the floor a clumsy fall,
A jingling crash, a long-drawn tone,
Slowly her darken'd sight recall,
And rouse like charms her senses gone.

A voice familiar strikes her ear,
She turns her eye with coy surprise,
When, lo ! stretch'd by her bedside near,
Her drunken partner sprawling lies.

A luckless chair athwart his path,
Which blindly stumbling o'er, he fell ;
A bottle broke—a curse of wrath,
Dispers'd her fears, and broke the
spell.

The sequel yet untold were brief ;
On lengthy tour the lord that morn
Had left, at home, his spouse in grief—
She could not hope his quick return.

Some chance cut *short* his journey *long*,
The ale-house, loved resort, detained,
Where reveling 'mong his jovial throng,
Full many a fiery bowl was drain'd.

<p>Thence trudging on his devious track, Deep wallowing through the drifting snows, Well was his raiment chang'd from <i>black</i>, Ere, late, his roof before him rose.</p> <p>His unlooked coming, ghostlike mien— The wife in fright, the lord in wine, How caused, what thus fell out, I ween, May bright-eyed fancy well divine.</p> <p>An age has fled, the dwelling gone, Its inmates long since pass'd away,</p>	<p>The forests fell'd, and o'er the lawn The grazing herds unconscious stray.</p> <p>But long 'mong crones through bordering dales, The story held its high esteem, And first for pleasing marvellous tales, "The spirit spirit" gave the theme.</p> <p>And still tradition haunts the ground— The hoary grandame oft will tell, To her young audience, crowding round, The curious tale they love so well.</p>
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A CHAPTER ON SMOKING.

AMONG the many habits that are gliding into College society, which are evil in their tendency, it is really consoling to find one of the calm, old, virtuous, and virtue-inducing customs of our worthy ancestors, reviving in all its ancient universality. I allude to the practice of smoking. You can scarcely enter a room, from the domicils of the Freshmen, with their closely fastened shutters on the first floor of South Middle, to the comfortable retreats of the "Senior College," whose very air breathes of dignity, without hearing the friendly greeting,—“wont you smoke?” It is about as universal as the hearty “how are you?”

It is gratifying, too, to one who loves to preserve in their greenest bloom and freshest vigor, the associations of olden time that entwine around his heart, to see that the reformation has been complete. You are not, in general, asked to “take a cigar,” though some few—may their shadows dwindle to nothing—still adhere to this ridiculous way of using tobacco. No; the march of reform has not stopped at the half-way house of cigars, but pipes, white as the bosom of beauty, and of a curve graceful as that of Apollo's bow, wait for the gentle clasp of thy fingers, and a paper, blue as the summer sky, coyly discloses the soft brown charm to thine enraptured gaze.

Now there are some who say there are no delights in smoking, who scout and abominate the habit; but, alas! these are they who have never tried its joys. Their mouths are yet undried from the milk which they drew in babyhood, and if they are not even now fair subjects for the nurse, yet it is not at all strange that their opinions savor of women. But it is not for such I write. My soul hath no communion with them. The only feeling they excite is pity, and I leave them to their babe-like simplicity.

Commend me to a devoted smoker. He is your true man. Were I to advise a friend how best to find true friends, I would tell him, "Buy thee a dozen pipes, and enough tobacco for a fair start. Then begin yourself, and give a pipe to each one who calls. Soon will the bars of distance melt and dissolve away before its magic influence. You will all become of one mind. Social themes will start of themselves, and the hidden founts of feeling in each bosom be unsealed, and flashes of wit will dart from the ascending wreaths of smoke,

' Like lightnings from the mountain clouds.'

Oh! get thee pipes, my friend! get thee pipes. They are links in the chain of social affection, brittle it may be, but renewed for a penny! Many and many an hour wilt thou enjoy, careless of care, and

' Gently lapped in mild delight.' "

But this is only one of the many virtues of smoking. It invigorates the reasoning faculties. The world seems hidden from the mind's eye, and a power of entire abstraction is attained, so that "general truths" and "universal propositions" can be most clearly investigated. A subject seems freed from the unessential matters which cling round it, and stands forth alone in its own strength or weakness. It wakes up the imagination, and sets it to work on the creation of new beauties. It strengthens the whole mind, and while it covers the body with

" The calm, without the trance of sleep,"

it rolls before the eye, bright, lovely, misty, fantastic figures and fancies. It is a grand comforter! Oh, how I love to see those snowy curls lounging into nothingness around my *caput*, or poll! How doth the shadowy evaporation soothe the spirit, causing the streams of affection to flow warmly, and making one feel at peace with all the world. "Resist the devil and he will flee from you." This is true of all bad spirits,—

" Black spirits and white,
Blue spirits and grey."

No evil imp can stand a steady stream of tobacco smoke. It comes up into his nostrils an abomination. Come, then, thou melancholy man, possessed by grim and yellow devils; thou, too, who art purple with the blues; and thou, who art fractured as to that frail vessel, thy *cor* or heart. Take thee a paper of the "best Spanish," and fill thee the bowl of that long sublimation or petrification of snow, yclept thy pipe, with a *quantum suff.* of its dark-hued leaf, and apply it leisurely to thy labials. Quickly

will the demon who torments thee, mount one of those snowy whiffs and hurry in affright from thy resolute philosophy.

Would that Homer had known the virtues of this enchanter! Many a time and oft have I thought how much he might have augmented the happiness of the celestials *oi athanatoi*, had he pictured the heavenly circle sitting each with a pipe, and puffing from his os, or mouth, cloudy abstractions of comfort, while Hebe carried round the nectar, or tea as it is now proved to have been; thanks to the labors of Ollapod. Ho! ho! bah! My pipe's out! Confound the luck. So wags the world. Comfort one moment, and in a whiff of smoke it vanishes!

MS.

MOONLIGHT.

“WRITTEN FOR MISS C. W.”

LADY! a wild and wizard power pervades
 An evening scene! The moon is a magician,
 And o'er the earth at the sweet hour of shades,
 She spreads with her white wand a charm Elysian.
 She decks the tapering spire with silver sheen,
 She hangs the sleeping tree with leaves of pearl,
 O'er ocean, as each wave a snowy curl
 Unrolls in homage to his peerless queen,
 She smileth proudly, beautiful! I ween
 She hath beside a power o'er youthful hearts.
 The eye drinks in the softness of her beams,
 And every thought averse to love departs
 Before their gentle influence, and gleams
 Of heavenly joy on earth glide by like blessed dreams.

MS.

PENSIVE THOUGHTS.

THERE are words and tones that in memory's hour,
 O'er the heart and mind have a mystic power,
 To wild life stirring the passions of old,
 Or livening and cheering the heart grown cold.

A word, or a sound—and aroused once more,
 Start the bitter thoughts we have known before—
 Recalling the dreams we would fain forget,
 And the empty hopes we would cherish yet.

A word, or a sound—and across the soul
Soft visions and fancies of childhood roll,
All breathing the spirit of former years,
And causing a smile to beam through tears.

In our after life they come o'er us still,
Like the breath of the wind on the forest hill ;
A low sighing sound—and again is heard
The joyous note of the wild-wood bird.

'Tis thus, the thoughts of years long past,
Come thronging up o'er the spirit fast,
As light clouds o'er the skies that play,
Shading and soft'ning the light of day.

A. O. J.

 IRELAND.

MUCH has been said about the miseries of Ireland, while little has been done to better her condition. Her history is the record of almost seven centuries of misgovernment and rebellion. No subject has occupied the attention of the British Parliament more than that of her wrongs, and their remedies. Yet Ireland, degraded and miserable as she is, has sent forth many of the brightest ornaments of literature, and many of the ablest statesmen and warriors who have ever swayed a senate, or commanded an army.

As Americans, we should sympathize with Ireland. The literary institutions of our country, particularly Yale and Harvard, will long remember a Berkeley, who came from affluence and honor in his native land, to be the missionary of literature in the western world. Our military glory will ever be connected with the fame of a Montgomery, who left the home of his fathers to struggle for American independence, and to die for the cause of freedom on the heights of Abraham. The New York bar will point to the name of Emmet, while the marble monument endures, which a grateful people have raised to his memory. Americans every where will cherish the memories of Burke and Phillips, as long as their eulogies on America and Washington are read.

There was a time when Ireland was happy ; when learning, "tranquillity, and prosperity distinguished it from the rest of Europe." But, alas! those days are gone. Though Grattan, Goldsmith, Burke, and Wellington, have risen to the highest places of trust and honor, their native country has sunk to the lowest degradation. Why is it, then, that Ireland, with all her natural advantages, has fallen from her ancient greatness?

The principal cause has been, and still is, too much political agitation. Party is there arrayed against party, with the most embittered feelings. The people are naturally contentious—the combustible exists—and demagogues have never been wanting to apply the torch.

Political agitation has thwarted the ends of good government in every age, and written the history of the island in characters of blood. The grant to Henry II. by Pope Adrian, gave him authority “to enter that island and to execute whatever should pertain to the glory of God, and the good of the land.” How far this papal bull has been perverted into its Irish namesake, even Adrian II. could have never foreseen. Robbery, cruelty, and murder—any thing, and every thing but “the glory of God, and the good of the land,” have been accomplished. Henry II. parcelled out Ireland to ten of his nobles, who cared nothing for the people, and knew little of their condition. At the Reformation, Henry VIII. insisted on conformity to his new religion, without instructing the people what that religion was. Mary followed, and overwhelmed in blood the institutions of her father and brother. To Mary, Elizabeth succeeded, against whom O’Neil and Tyrone carried on their perplexing rebellions. James I. took the throne of Elizabeth, and colonized the lands of the rebels with immigrants from England and Scotland. The British colonists and the aboriginals became two distinct parties. The former for the most part conformed to the new religion which Henry and Edward had introduced; the latter, with scarce an exception, adhered to Popery. The massacre of 1641, in the time of Charles I., kindled the flame of civil war, which was quenched by Cromwell in the blood of the monarch and his Irish subjects. In the Revolutionary war, Ireland was the battle-field where James and William contended for the crown, till the house of Stuart was supplanted by that of Nassau.

From the English Revolution, till the time of the war with the American colonies, Ireland enjoyed comparative peace; but party strife ceased not to exert its baneful influence. The rebellion of 1798, in which the Emmets became involved, was followed in 1800, by the union of the two Parliaments. During the present century, the peace of Ireland has been interrupted at intervals by “Threshers,” “Ribbonmen,” “Carders,” and “Orangemen.” Demagogues clamored for Catholic emancipation. It was granted in 1829, by the administration of Wellington. O’Connell, and what is called his “tail” of ignorant Catholics, shouted for “Reform or Repeal.” Reform was granted, but agitation was still the order of the day, and even now it threatens to dissolve the union, a greater calamity than which could not happen to Ireland.

Such, then, is the history of the country, from the time of its invasion by the English. The object of its rulers has ever been

personal aggrandizement, court favor—any thing, rather than the interest of the people over whom they were appointed. Dark and disgraceful as this history is, can we wonder that Irishmen should seek revenge for centuries of insult and oppression—that the countrymen of Burke and Wellington, who have swayed the destinies of England in the senate and battle-field, should repay contempt and tyranny, with hatred and rebellion? True, there have been plots and murders; but we must remember that they were occasioned in part, by a shameful distinction kept up between those who were born on different sides of St. George's Channel. The original sin of being an Irishman, made it difficult for Burke himself to obtain a place among the great men of his own age, and forced him more than once to the resolution of emigrating to this country, from which he was restrained only by the solicitations of an aged father. The natives of the island themselves are chargeable with the same foolishness. They pretend to know whether a man is a Catholic or a Protestant, by the expression of his countenance, as well as by his name. Families which have been settled in Ireland for three or four centuries, are stigmatized as foreign weeds, which ought to be rooted out; while these foreigners can call their opponents by no epithet more disgraceful than "Catholic."

The present condition of Ireland is little better than the past. The population is eight millions. Of these about eight hundred and forty thousand are Episcopalians, and about six hundred and fifty thousand are Presbyterians. With the exception of these and a few other dissenters, the whole population is Roman Catholic. Civilization and education can be found only where Protestants reside. In Ulster and Leinster, where Protestantism gives character to the people, learning, peace, and happiness are found. The land is well cultivated, and repays with plenty the care of the industrious farmer. Towns and cities, whose merchants and manufacturers give employment to the laboring classes, are scattered along the sea-shore and on every river. School-houses, where the children of the poor are educated, are seen in every village and neighborhood; and churches, with large and increasing congregations, whose spires point as perpetual fingers to the regions of eternal happiness, make every seventh day resemble a New England Sabbath. But the south and west, with better harbors, larger rivers, warmer climate, richer soil, *and a Catholic population*, are overwhelmed in ignorance, misery, and crime.

Many are the writers on the condition of Ireland, almost every one of whom has mistaken the cause and remedy of its woes. President Humphrey, besides being wrong in some of his opinions on this subject, has made one or two historical blunders, which ought to be corrected. In chapter 41, of his "Tour in Europe," he says that Henry VIII. granted nearly the whole of Ireland to

ten of his favorites. By reference to the article in the London Quarterly from which he quotes, in the chapter to which we have referred, it will be found that among the *ten* to whom Ireland was granted, were Earl Strongbow and others, who were in their graves centuries before Henry VIII. was born. And even if "Henry VIII. and his immediate successors" had given Ireland to ten of their favorites, still these grants could not be called "confiscations of the Stuarts." Henry, Edward, Mary, and Elizabeth were not Stuarts—they were Tudors.

Absenteeism is not so much the cause of the miseries of Ireland, as Humphrey and others suppose. It is very little known in the north; and the way in which this can be accounted for, is, that there life and property are secure, though many of the farmers retire to rest and sleep with unbolted doors. The peasantry of the south and west are to blame for Absenteeism; they make it too dangerous for the nobility to reside among them. Let but the peasantry of Munster and Connaught become as quiet and industrious as those of the north, and the landlords will live at home, spend their money among their tenantry, comfort the aged, and educate the young. Crime is the cause of Absenteeism—how unjust to give Absenteeism as the cause of crime. We cannot charge on Orangeism the unhappiness of Ireland. Where Orangeism most prevailed, as in Belfast, Derry, and Armagh, peace prevailed also. It was a combination of wealth, talent, and respectability; of those who were true to the union and the constitution. Nor is the tythe system so bad as many seem to think. It is not true that the majority have to support the church of the minority. It is proved by well authenticated documents, that nineteen twentieths of the landed property of Ireland belong to Protestants. The Roman Catholics, therefore, have only one twentieth part of the tythe to pay. Again, the great majority of those who *receive* funds from institutions of benevolence and charity, are Roman Catholics; while the majority of those who *give* these funds are Protestants. The minority, therefore, have to feed the poor, and educate the youth of the majority. It is useless to say that these funds are given voluntarily. Protestants *must* furnish them, or the poor will be unfed, and the young remain uneducated. If any party has cause to complain of oppression, it is the Protestant population. The Catholics have to pay no more than what the conditions on which they hold their land require. If a New York landlord should rent his houses *on condition* that part of what he considered their yearly value should be paid to himself, and the remainder should be appropriated to the pastor of Broadway Tabernacle, could the occupants complain, *after having accepted it on these conditions*, that they had to support a religion in which they did not believe? We cannot go back to discuss the question, how this property was obtain-

ed centuries ago. This is a *radical* principle, which would revolutionize property, and destroy all order, both in Europe and America.

The real cause of misery and crime in Ireland is Popery. Peace and Protestantism, Catholics and crime go hand in hand. Ireland has been tortured on the rack of experimental reform; but the chain of superstition is riveted upon her. Every effort to make her free, serves only to show the strength of the adamantine links that bind her. While worshiping at the shrine of freedom, like Laocoon, she is entwined in the folds of this hideous Python. The serpent's coil must be removed, or she never can be free. Until Popery becomes an absentee from Ireland, in vain will legislators decree to spoil the established church. More churches are wanted, where the peasantry may be taught their duty to God and man. The echo of rebellion yet rings from the popish massacre of 1641. Let the Protestants of Ireland beware, lest the same cry come from those who have spoiled the Episcopal church, only as a prelude to a fierce attack upon religion, liberty, and law; lest the shafts which have been hurled in the name of freedom, may pierce too far, and rankle in the vitals of their country. The crimes of Ireland are caused by O'Connell, also, the vilifier of this country, the plunderer of his own people; who wrings from a starving population about two hundred thousand dollars yearly to support him, while instigating them to resist the administration of law. They are caused by a popish priesthood, who turn their altars into political engines, and by drunkenness, which is the curse of every land.

But there is a balm for all her wounds. To the cause of education we look with confidence for a better state of things. Though the present national system of education is fundamentally wrong, yet it will turn the youthful mind to the subject. The Sunday School Society, with its thousands of adults, is spreading over the land a love of knowledge and truth, whose confederated armies Popery cannot long resist. Philanthropists have found a new avenue whereby to reach the Irish heart—the native language of the country. Most of the inhabitants speak English, yet perhaps a million and a half know no other than the Irish. By the descendants of the ancient inhabitants this language is revered. They believe that this is what Adam used in conversation with Eve in Paradise, that it was the language of the golden age, till the English and some other barbarous tongues were introduced at the confusion of Babel, and that it will be the language of men and angels in Heaven. Dublin University and Belfast College have established professorships of this language. Aged ministers are learning the alphabet, that they may be able to speak a new language, by which to convey light to the Irishman's benighted soul. Through this channel, truth is now re-

ceived into hearts from which it was before rejected. The peasant leaps with joy as he hears the language which his mother used in singing over his cradle. It touches a chord of sympathy which thrills through his soul. The Bible, and a metrical version of David's psalms are now printed in that language ; and hundreds, whose heads begin to blossom for the grave, are learning to read the characters which represent sounds dear to them as the veins of their hearts. To this cause, above all others, we look for the amelioration of the condition of Ireland, if Popery, the unceasing enemy of education does not baffle the undertaking. Ireland has had her day of greatness—but alas, she has fallen. Oh, when will the time of her political and religious redemption draw nigh? when will the “vale of Avoca” and the “lakes of Killarney” be again surrounded by a free and happy people? When will the “harp of Tara's hall” again be strung, and its chords be made to vibrate with the thrilling notes of freedom? Shall Ireland be the theme of eternal strife, and the victim of political empiricism? When will she stand forth, as her favorite poet has wished her,

—“ Great, glorious, and free ;
First flower of the earth, and first gem of the sea ?”

Shall the winds, as they sigh through her groves, or moan through her antiquated castles, awake no remembrance of former greatness? Must the waves of the Atlantic, as they fret upon her coast forever murmur, that man should so mar the beauty of Nature's loveliest work, and after viewing the wretchedness of the shores which they had embraced, shrink back from the spectacle to hide themselves in “the unfathomed caves of ocean?”

HARRY.

LONELINESS.

I WANDER by the mountain's side,
Whose peaks reflect the parting day,
Or stoop to view the river glide,
In silvery ripples on its way.
The turf is green, the sky is blue,
The sombre trees in silence rest,
Save where some songster nestles through
The drooping foliage to his nest.
Yet one thing wants the pilgrim there,
A kindred soul the scene to share.

When summer heats the verdure sear,
 Through yonder shady grove I tread,
 Or throw me listless down, to hear
 The winds make music overhead.
 A thousand flowers are blooming round,
 The wilding bee goes droning by,
 And springs gush out with lulling sound,
 And painted warblers linger nigh.
 Yet one thing wants the dreamer there,
 A kindred soul the scene to share.

I ramble by the evening sea,
 The light-house glimmering from afar,
 And fleecy clouds are scouring free,
 O'er rising moon and twinkling star,
 In distance floats the waning sail,
 Or brightly gleams the flashing oar,
 And mingles with the sighing gale
 The billow murmuring on the shore.
 Yet one thing wants the wanderer there,
 A kindred soul the scene to share.

F. W. R.

ALMENE.

A SPANISH LEGEND.

BOABDIL EL CHICO, the last king of Granada, surnamed El Zogoybi, the unfortunate, stood alone at night on the highest tower of the royal palace in Velez el Blanco, on the confines of Murcia. A long series of troubles, the ominous predictions of astrologers at his birth, the consequent hatred and persecution of his father, Aben Hassan, and after his death, the treachery and open hostility of his uncle, El Zagal; all these, joined with his recent misfortunes in war, had brought over his spirits a gloom, which, from natural irresolution, he could not dispel. Between the fierce enmity of the usurper, El Zagal, on the one hand, and the more disastrous friendship of the wily Ferdinand on the other, he saw his kingdom torn piecemeal from beneath his sceptre, and already in imagination beheld the cross, supplanting the crescent, wave above the towers of the Alhambra, and the false Christian inhabiting the marble palaces of Granada. Boabdil was not wanting in courage or abilities, and when once aroused acted for a time with an energy not unworthy of a Moorish king, or the son of so warlike a father. But believing in common with all the followers of Mahomet, that events come by an inevitable destiny, the

doom which the terrified star-gazers at his birth pronounced from his horoscope, that "in his reign the empire of Granada would pass from the Moor," paralyzed any prolonged effort. If transient prosperity at any time elated him with the hope that their predictions might prove false, some unfortunate event, pointing darkly to their fulfillment, would throw him into the deepest despondency. He had just lost Laxa, Illora, and Mechlin, and, aware of the machinations of his uncle, had with fatal indecision retired to Velez, trusting to the aid and protection of Ferdinand, whose real policy he could not fail to discern.

The moon had not arisen, but the stars were out in myriads, and aided by the clear air of so pure a climate they revealed with a magical and solemn distinctness the shadowy hills and valleys surrounding the city, and in the distance the snowy summits of the Sierra Nevada. After surveying earnestly the lovely scene, and especially those white-capped mountains, beyond which rose to his mind fair Granada and the towers of the Alhambra, he turned his eyes in a prolonged gaze upon the silent heavens. "Ye mighty and mysterious fires," at length he exclaimed, "that witness the mutations of earth, what know ye of chance or change? when the world broke into existence at the word of Allah ye had burned for ages. Ye shone alike upon the fountains of Aden and the waters of the deluge. Ye preside at the birth of men and empires, and work out their destinies. Allah hath committed to your fulfillment the decrees of fate. Say, is it written among them, that in my hands the sceptre of Aben Alaman* shall be broken, and the empire of Granada fall? * * * * It must be so! I feel your spell upon my spirit! I hear your warning within my soul! With a power which I may not control ye lead me blindly on to the end prepared from the beginning.

"I have ever been '*the unfortunate*,' and the future must be but a reflex of the past! Allah Achbar!" he muttered mournfully to himself, "I would fight to the last gasp for my country and throne, but who can resist the hand of fate?"

As he paused he heard a light step and a sigh behind him, and turning folded in a fond embrace a fair girl in the freshest bloom of youth. Few years had passed over her, but they had perfected a faultless form, chiseled to the smallest stature consistent with beauty—long dark tresses, a heaving snowy bosom, features of Grecian mold, save that the brow was higher, and an eye, whose light was of the soul! She took his hand softly between her own: "My brother," said the maiden with a tear in her eye, though her voice faltered not, "why is my brother sad to-night? Why hears he from the stars that speak not an imaginary doom?"

* The founder of the Moorish dynasty in Granada.

"Almene, my sister!" returned the king, gazing earnestly into her dark eyes, "thy face is light to me in despondency. But wouldst thou have me joyous when my sceptre and crown are passing to another, and the power of the Moslem is departing from the hills of Spain? If the stars are silent, do they not look mournfully upon the land they have watched so long, as if a shadow were to rest upon its ancient glory?"—"Unkingly doubts possess you, my brother," said Almene, but in a tone betraying her own sad misgivings, and turning up her face till her eyes met the myriads that gazed upon them from unmeasured depths. she continued, after a thoughtful pause, "Are the skies prophetic *to-night*? Have they not bent over the world in the same mysterious silence through all its changes? To *me* the star-lit heavens are ever solemn! But see! the bright moon is coming up, and soon she will laugh away this awe from the sky and make it all smiles, and then wilt not thou smile, my brother?"

"Yes! for thee, Almene, but not for myself; my heart is heavy. Many cities have been wrested from us; the armies of Spain have ravaged our fairest territories; a usurper sits on my throne, and the gates of Granada are shut against me! Too well was I named El Zogoybi!"

"But there are many strong-holds still loyal; the Albaycin are yours to the death; up, and strike! The cross shall not flout the ruins of the Alhambra! Allah will befriend the cause of the faithful! Would my hand," she added earnestly, "were as strong as my heart!" and her dark eyes flashed lightning through their tears.

"Thou hast thy mother's spirit, my sister, save that it is more gentle, and I love thee better for it. Alas! when I am gone what will become of thee? But come now, sing me a song, and let it be a lament for the downfall of Granada!" So saying, with a gentle swing, he seated her upon that part of the tower-parapet which faced the Sierra Nevada, whose snowy summits concealed the city's lofty towers. "Look towards her, now, Almene, and let the thought of her loveliness inspire the mournful melody!"

"I will sing, Boabdil, but not a dirge, for Granada shall not fall! I will sing the war-song which our fathers have sung since the time when these same hills and valleys were won from the Goth and the Christian!" The moon just looking above the horizon tinged, with a softer light, the hill-tops and the white summits of the distant mountains, while all the valleys between slumbered in profound shadow, and Boabdil seemed to see a mailed horse and warrior in each dark rock, and a flying banner in every waving tree, as these wild notes swelled far through the silent night:

MOORISH WAR-SONG.

I.

Arm, warriors, arm !
 Hear ye not your country call ?
 Shall the Moslem power fall ?
 Will ye be the Christian's thrall ?
 Arm, warriors, arm !
 Shall the pale cross daunt the crescent ?
 Mortal life is evanescent ;
 Glory shall survive the pall !
 Arm, warriors, arm !

II.

Arm, warriors, arm !
 Let your shout the hills awake ;
 Let the foeman hear and quake ;
 Through their serried armies break !
 Arm, warriors, arm !
 Shall the pale cross daunt the crescent ?
 Mortal life is evanescent ;
 Battle for your country's sake !
 Arm, warriors, arm !

III.

Arm, warriors, arm !
 See the Moorish banner fly ;
 See its folds amid the sky ;
 Let the foe that dares it die !
 Arm, warriors, arm !
 Shall the pale cross daunt the crescent ?
 Mortal life is evanescent ;
 Paradise is yours on high !
 Arm, warriors, arm !

"And I will arm," cried Boabdil, as the last words died away, his features lighted up with indignation and anticipated triumph, and his whole frame dilated with contending emotions, "I will raise my standard again ! Ferdinand and El Zagal are alike my foes ! A throne or a grave ! Allah will defend the right !"

As he uttered these exclamations, footsteps were heard upon the winding stairs, and the next moment two persons appeared upon the tower. The one, arrayed in dark Moorish armor, had the appearance of a hardy warrior : but his swarthy features, a mixture of the Moor and the African, with coal-black eyes deep-set and rolling quickly in their sockets, wore an expression of mingled ferocity and cunning. Over his corselet he wore a circular breast-plate inscribed with the signs of the Zodiac, and many strange

characters besides, which showed him to be one of the star-gazers of those superstitious ages, who cunningly made use of their pretended lore, gathered from the scroll of heaven, to gain a control over credulous, unenlightened minds. The other was a young Moor of light and graceful form, and a countenance of chiseled beauty, remarkable even for one of a race so distinguished for elegance of person. His gait and mien revealed the pride of conscious nobility, while the compressed lip and large calm eye bespoke unconquerable resolution. It was evident he had not, like the other, seen hard warfare, for, besides that he was young in years, his small hand was too white and delicate to have wielded the sabre or the lance in other contest than the tournament, and his rich, dark locks flowed unrestrained from beneath a diamond-bound, white turban, which, together with his polished weapons and ornamented armor, fitting closely to his body, contrasted strongly with the russet accoutrements of his swart companion.

The young Moor, removing his turban in the royal presence, at first advanced with a firm, proud step, but hesitated with a changed countenance, as his eye caught the features of Almene, who, unconscious of their approach, was still gazing in revery upon beautiful Granada, the idol, next to Mohammed, of every Moor's adoration, whither her song had flown. As he uttered a half suppressed exclamation, she turned and their eyes met—hers, with the tranquil expression of one who looks upon a person or object unfamiliar to the eye or the mind, and therefore awaking no stirring emotions—his, with an earnest gaze, not of momentary surprise or admiration, but like the pilgrim's, when he kneels before the shrine of the idol he has long worshiped from afar, but now first approaches and beholds. It was but for a moment. Recovering himself, he drew a sealed scroll from his robe, and placed in the king's hand, with a significant look; the dark astrologer regarding him the while with a fierce, suspicious scowl. It was a message from his lion-hearted mother, Ayxa la Horra, warning him to beware of El Zagal's false professions and treacherous ambassadors, sent to take his life, of whom the astrologer was described as one, and bidding him come forth from his inglorious retreat, and make one struggle, worthy of a king, for his honor and crown. It came at an auspicious moment. Glancing his eye over the scroll, he fastened it upon the stony face of the swarthy Moor, and cried in a deep, stern voice, "Tell your comrades that they come not within the city's walls, if they would escape the death they merit! and tell the usurper, whom ye call master, that I know his friendship to be enmity, and I will battle with him to the death, for the heritage of my father! Hence, for thy life! If thou tarry, thy planets cannot preserve thee!"

A dusky glow suffused the features of the astrologer, but uttering no word, he returned a scornful gaze, and with a cold smile of

derisive warning, slowly swept the starry heavens with extended palm, then retreating step by step, disappeared beneath. As the sound of his footsteps died away, the king pressed his hand a moment thoughtfully to his brow. "It must be so, Almene," said he mournfully; "would I might live in peace with thee and my beloved Zorayma, and no cloud darken our happiness. But the stars are against me! El Zogoybi will go forth to danger and death!"

"Say rather to glory and a throne! Why fall so suddenly from courage and hope, to weakness and despair?"

"I will not doubt—I will conquer my fate! But I love not to leave thee, Almene! Let us go."

Descending to the great hall, and summoning his trusty band of warriors, he demanded who of them would stand or fall with him in a last conflict for Granada? They spoke not, but each grasped his sabre, and in their flashing eyes and compressed lips he read the courage and fidelity of their hearts. "'Tis well," said he, "but who will remain here for a time, to conduct our sister to Granada; for she may not go till its gates open at our bidding?" The young Moor rushed eagerly forward, and standing before the king and Almene, with his turban in his hand, though not daring to look up, hesitatingly declared himself desirous indeed of gaining glory in the battle, yet ready to abide by the maiden for her defense. Accepting his offer, Boabdil, with his small but resolute band, passed out from the palace, through the city, and in the darkness of midnight, sought, through secret by-paths and mountain passes, the gates of Granada.

A few nights after the departure of the king upon this expedition, the result of which is well known to the reader of history, a turbaned cavalier and youthful lady, close robed, with a few armed attendants, wound slowly along a deep defile a few leagues from Granada. The road was narrow and broken, compelled to follow every bend of the winding Darro, which, emblem of the life of man, from its bright slumbers in the meadows beyond, was now struggling with noise and foam, through the rocks and whirlpools of a difficult mountain channel. The air was mild, but dark clouds, the remnants of a recent storm, were flying over the face of the moon, and, together with the frequent lofty heights, threw the path alternately into light and shadow. The travelers were now arrived where a transverse dell through the mountains, made at its issue upon the bank of the river a small level place, and as they halted there a moment in the moonlight, they perceived, beneath the shade of the tufted rocks that hung over the continuance of the path, the stealthily moving forms of horse-

men, apparently in full armor, and many times their number. There was no time to be lost. They could not flee back, for the road was narrow, and their horses weary; nor up the dell, which soon became obstructed by rocks and trees; besides that the spirit of a Moor was such as to impel him to face danger, rather than avoid it. Hastily placing the maiden in the rear, and adjusting their armor, they dashed forward, hoping to reach again the narrow part of the path, and there fight the superior numbers of the foe to greater advantage. The enemy, however, anticipated their movement, and, headed by the fiery astrologer, met them with the utmost fury at the edge of the open space, by the shock of their greater force bearing them back to the center. The little band of warriors struggled manfully with the partizans of El Zagal, but were one by one cut down, though with many of their foes rolling in the dust beside them, till at last only their leader remained. Reining back his steed to where the maiden sat, pale, yet unmoved, upon her jennet, in a place on the path they had come, which, by the rocks on the one hand, and the river on the other, afforded a favorable place for one to contend with many, he made a stand, determining with Moorish bravery, to sell his life at the dearest, for the king and her he loved. "Fly, light of mine eyes, Almene," he exclaimed, "fly and save thy life, and remember my love! But for an Abencerge there is no retreat! Ismael Ben Irad may not shun death!" Many came against him, but with a wary and resolute arm he struck them down, till their bodies formed a rampart before him. "Cowards! slaves!" cried their leader, the dark astrologer, "why stand baying at the wolf! Let me come near his boyish valor. He shall find me no champion of the tourney!" Bounding his steed over the heap of the slain, he raised his sinewy arm to strike an effectual blow. Ismael returning his fierce look with a glance of scorn, would fain have intercepted it with a stroke aimed at his heart; but his own youthful frame was too wearied with the struggle. The swift descending sabre smote through his mailed turban, and hurled him to the earth. As he fell, a lance from the hand of another struck him in the side, and rolled his body, now disfigured with blood and dust, down the steep bank, till his head lay among the rocks, in the foam of the dashing river. The exulting Moor would have followed and thrust him into the stream, to make sure of his work, but the sound of trampling hoofs alarmed him, and hastily mounting his steed again, he seized Almene's trembling form in his iron grasp, bid his men follow close, and retracing the path for a short space, dashed off among the mountains.

Boabdil and his men had succeeded in flinging themselves into the city by night, and a sanguinary strife immediately began, which continued with unabated fury for many days. As El Zagal's

adherents, the party of the Alhambra, containing most of the nobility, were more numerous and powerful than those of the king, the issue was doubtful, and Boabdil, therefore, for the sake of a triumph over an immediate foe, foolishly taking refuge beneath a foreign arm so long raised to destroy them all, sent messengers to Don Fadrique de Toledo, commanding on the frontier, for aid against the usurper. Complying with his request, Don Fadrique had marched for Granada with a body of troops and noble cavaliers, among whom was Don Pedro Leoni, the youthful son of Don Alonzo de Aguilar, who was the pride of Andalusian chivalry, and powerful among the grandees of Spain. Young in years, he was unacquainted with the hardships of war, but in the tourney and the lady's bower he was skilled to use the lance and the lute; nor did any one of the noble Spanish youth awaken brighter hopes of martial glory to be gained or win kinder regards from the maids of Andalusia. Morning broke slowly among the mountains, and the lazy vapors enveloped each dell and height with fantastic forms, as this troop prepared to cross near the head of a wild ravine, which unexpectedly yawned beneath their feet. Their leader fearlessly plunged down its side, but hearing the trampling of horsemen on the rocky path beneath, though he could not discern them, he halted, and sending a part of his men around the head of the ravine to cut off a backward retreat, descended with the rest to meet them, whether friend or foe. The warlike astrologer, for it was he and his hardy warriors, seeing only a few by reason of the dense vapors, resolved to wait their approach and give them battle. But when they saw themselves hemmed in by numbers before and behind they became terrified, neither daring to force their way nor perceiving any other escape. Deliberating but a moment the astrologer seized Almene from the horse on which she had been placed after the midnight flight had taken them beyond pursuit, and riding in front, cried aloud to Don Fadrique: "Behold, sir cavalier, the sister of your master's humble ally and vassal, King El Zogoybi! If we may pass, she may go with ye, and with her life; if not, her blood be on your heads!" But the maiden, though struggling in the grasp of the fierce Moor, waved her hand loftily, and with an earnest voice besought them to regard not her safety, but to take vengeance upon the cruel and bitter enemies of Granada's king. "Then die, proud fool!" cried the enraged astrologer, and thrusting a dagger into her breast, he flung her from him into the channel of the wild stream that dashed along the bottom of the ravine, seized his lance and charged headlong upon the Christians.

When the youthful Leoni beheld the lovely princess hurled so rudely to the earth, and the life-tide gushing from her bosom, he stayed not to take part in the ensuing conflict, but springing from

his steed ran swiftly down to the rocky bed of the stream, where she lay breathless in her blood, her long eyelashes closed over the speaking orbs, and her dark hair floating on the noisy water. Heeding not the storm of battle raging around, he knelt in terror beside her quivering form, raised her drooping head into his lap, and sprinkling it with water from the rivulet, unfastened the robe around her breast to discover what wound she had received. He found that the weapon, though aimed at the heart, had been warded off by the breastplate, often worn beneath the dress, by women in that age of wars, and glancing from it had made a deep but not fatal wound in her side. Stanching it as well as he could, he sat unconsciously gazing upon her fair, pale face and snowy bosom, till a shout of victory aroused him from his dream of beauty. Looking around, he beheld the stream red with blood, and its channel heaped with the bodies of Moor and Christian in mingled slaughter. The astrologer and two or three others, having seen all their comrades fall around them, had forsaken the combat, and were dashing down the gulf, with headlong violence, soon getting beyond pursuit, among its deep recesses. Constructing a rude, though not uncomfortable litter of branches, with cloaks thrown over it, they placed her upon it, and leaving a part to take care of the dead, marched on their way. As Granada was still the scene of a doubtful conflict, Don Fadrique resolved to send her to some other place of refuge. The strong fortress of Alhendin being not far off, he ordered her to be borne thither, under the charge of Don Pedro Leoni; for Donna Quexada, wife of the commandant, was a near relation of the house of Aguilar.

“Oh, sickness!” exclaims the sage and gentle chronicler of this history, “what a softener art thou of the human heart! No where do the sweet affections flourish so greenly as among thy waters of affliction! Nor is it only the sufferer thou schoolest to kindness; but the watcher, too, by the weary couch feels the blessed influence; for he beholds the frailty and sorrows of a fellow mortal, and the fountains of his soul are unsealed.”

Stunned by her fall upon the rocks, and exhausted by the loss of blood, Almene was thrown into a violent fever, which confined her to a bed of pain and feebleness for many months. In its severest stages, when reason forsook its throne for a time, Leoni would sit by her side, gazing upon her wasted, yet still lovely face, and, as her incoherent words betrayed that her thoughts dwelt solely upon the woes of unhappy Granada, he forgot his hereditary hostility to the Moslem faith, and dreamed of a time, when the Moor and the Christian might mingle as before in the harmonies of social life. When the maiden on the other hand beheld him so kindly hovering around her through

the long watches of her wearisome sickness, she was won by his gentle assiduities, and unconsciously shared with him the love she bore her country. Thus were their hearts drawn together by the saddest of all human relations—the communion of misery. At last returning health relumed the dim eye and the faded cheek. The balmy air of another spring, the songs of birds around the latticed bowers, the fragrance of the orange, the verdure of the olive, and the tranquil glory of the cloudless nights—all these soothed her spirit, and, unacquainted with the real state of affairs, she hoped, because she wished, that her brother would regain his kingdom, the sovereigns of Spain withdraw their claim, and returning peace heal her bleeding country; and, should she own it to her heart! sanction her love for Leoni. For as to her faith, with the usual unconcern of youth about such high mysteries, she reflected little about it. Her religion was patriotism; her country the idol at whose shrine she knelt; and whatever injured it not, was no injury to her. But all these hopes were idle. During her long illness she could not be removed to Granada, and by the time of her recovery, Boabdil had disclaimed all alliance with the wily Ferdinand; who therefore, with his usual laudable policy, ordered her to be detained in Alhendin, that he might have a strong hold upon the Moorish king, in the person of his sister. Thus she found herself a prisoner where she had been a guest! It was a bitter disappointment to the love she bore her country and her youthful lover. But hers was a woman's heart, and all the woes of the one but purified and strengthened her affection for both. For feeling herself unable to survive the downfall of Granada, every new defeat brought on the hour of separation from the only worshipper her heart had owned. Thus, while the storm gathered darker and nearer, her secret hours were more filled with sorrow and tears, her trystings with Leoni more fraught with tenderness and trust.

(Concluded in the next No.)

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A SIGH FOR THE UNKNOWN.

I HAVE heard of a fair one away,
 I have heard the high praise of her name;
 She's a nymph who is worthy, they say,
 Of a tender and passionate flame.
 Away by the magic of thought,
 How oft to her side I have flown!
 With the pencil of fancy have wrought
 The charms of the virgin unknown!

Not an angel I image to view,
 Nor a being as fair as I can ;
 Though such may our passions subdue,
 They are not fit companions for man.
 I have drawn her a beautiful form,
 Whose feet tread as light as a fay ;
 Her features are potent to charm,
 Though many are fairer than they.

The roses of health on her cheek
 Can deepen their hue with a blush,
 Her lips can delight when they speak,
 And please when with modesty hush.
 I read in her lofty white brow,
 In the meek mellow glance of her eyes,
 What is better, oh ! beauty, than thou,
 Or all that the worldly would prize.

I know not, I ask not her dower—
 Herself is the gift I would crave ;
 Where love never wielded its power,
 No happiness wealth ever gave.
 Let folly point laughter at love,
 Love only in union can bind,
 And the flame which unfailing shall prove,
 Is roused by the riches of mind.

And her mind like a casket of gems,
 Is strong with its wealth to allure !
 For the toys of her sex she contemns,
 And seizes the noble and pure.
 But the truth and the warmth of her soul
 Are stronger, far stronger to win ;
 And these are the charms to control
 And feed the soft flame they begin.

To the shades of the woodland recess,
 Along the green paths of the field,
 She loves to repair and confess
 The Godhead in nature revealed.
 She delights in the twilight to steal,
 To some bower with a carpet of sod,
 That there unobserved she may kneel,
 And pay her devotion to God.

As thus she walks forth to adore,
 And lists to the whispering wind,
 Oh, could the deep sigh, that I pour,
 Engage the fond thoughts of her mind !
 And when she retires from her knees,
 Oh, could her emotions but move
 To return a response on the breeze,
 That she loves and the heavens approve !

LALON.

KNOWLEDGE.

BEFORE proceeding to inquire directly into the nature and extent of human knowledge, we may premise that it belongs not to created mind to originate any new truth. All truth is eternal, forming one vast temple, perfect in all its parts. It is not the work of man to add any thing to its structure ; for the top-most stone has already been laid by its builder and maker, God. Man may place in it no new pillar or capital. He may hang its walls with no new drapery—adorn its chapiters with no new decorations ; for the hand that laid its deep and everlasting foundations hath not left it unfinished. It is for man to learn and admire, not to create. He may go around the temple and survey its golden foundations—he may mark well its majestic walls and record the towers thereof. He may enter its magnificent portals, contemplate its grand arches and columns, gaze upon its lofty ceiling, feast the eye upon its rich and varied splendors, and be awed by the grandeur and sublimity of its architecture. He may study the principles by which it was fitly joined and compacted, seek the object and use of every appendage, and ascertain the relations and dependencies of its several parts. But here he must be contented to rest ; for when he has learned these relations he has reached those boundaries which his limited faculties cannot transcend.

If these remarks are true, it is plain that all our knowledge of things, whether corporeal or spiritual, is confined to the relations in which they stand to each other, the conclusions arising from them, and the phenomena they exhibit. We have no absolute knowledge of the nature and essence of any substance. If we could separate all the properties of matter with which we are acquainted, from matter itself, we could have no idea of the residuum without a new sense to perceive it. In all our intellectual pursuits it should be kept distinctly in mind, that we shall become learned, not in proportion to our speculations upon the hidden properties, or the essence of matter, but according to the extent and accuracy of our observations upon what is palpable to our senses, and upon those things which are the proper objects of thought. Let it not be understood that we comprehend among these, only those dry and metaphysical subjects which serve to deaden our feelings and blunt the warm susceptibilities of our nature. Our moral feelings, and all the tender emotions and affections of the heart, are as truly objects of profound and well defined knowledge, as are the properties of matter, or the laws of mechanics. These observations may, with equal propriety, be

extended into the regions of poetry and the fine arts. Nor do we by any means, object to those general and even indistinct views which we take of Nature in vague and loose contemplation; for by some unknown principle they excite pleasing sensations in our breasts. We would only guard against too great indulgence in them, as they rob us of opportunity to make those acquisitions which are the ornament of a well educated mind. Those who spend the greater portion of their time in confused dreams of airy, undefinable, or perhaps what they would call spiritual things, may indeed live in pleasing ecstasies so long as the plain realities of life are kept out of view: but when those crises come which demand high action, a stern judgment, and wise opinions founded on rigorous and accurate thought, there will not only be an abatement of these agreeable feelings, but a positive mortification on account of the distrust and neglect which is every where manifested towards them.

The most learned philosophers have doubtless wasted much of their time, and much of their mental energy in endeavoring to grasp those subjects which were beyond their reach. Many have entertained the hope, that by some abstract effort of the mind, they should pierce the veil that covered from their sight the great central springs of life and action, and thus discover the final cause of all things. They had not learned the truth, the knowledge of which has so essentially changed the modes of philosophical reasoning in modern times, that we can know nothing of the material universe and its laws, but through the medium of the senses. That desire for immortality, that yearning towards a higher, purer, spiritual existence, which every thinking man feels in his bosom, they interpreted into a verging of the soul towards a complete and perfect view of universal truth, which should be the ultimum of its attainment. But modern philosophers, either because the mind grew weary of these fruitless efforts, or by the interposition of a kind Providence, have abandoned all attempts to search into those inscrutable mysteries; and by studying the true nature of the soul in its alliance with matter, have learned what is its proper sphere of action, and what kind of knowledge it is capable of receiving. That the soul is capable of an indefinite amount of knowledge; that, when liberated from its confinement in the body, it may rise to the understanding of higher truths—may approach to a nearer and more enlarged view of the perfections of the Deity—that it may better comprehend the mysterious connexion of mind with matter, take into its scope of vision at once, both the material and spiritual worlds, and embrace a much wider and clearer view of the universe, we may not deny. But we may confidently affirm, both from reason and analogy, that the *nature* of its knowledge must remain forever the same—that it must consist in the discovery of

existing truth. That the Deity *may* open a higher order of communications to men in the future world, such as a knowledge of the essential nature of matter and mind, and even something of his own incomprehensible being, by means of senses entirely new, no one will entertain a doubt. That he *will* not give us new senses or new faculties, but only increase the power of those we already possess, seems more consistent with analogy, and with a continued personal identity. This seems also to accord better with the active nature of the mind. But leaving these conjectures as to what may possibly take place in the soul's progress through eternity, we return to consider farther, the nature and extent of our knowledge as we now exist. This knowledge may be comprehended under four divisions: that which relates to the material world; to abstract truth, as the pure mathematics; to our own minds; and to the existence and attributes of the Deity, as we derive them from nature and revelation. To our ideas on each of these, if we except the second, there is a limit. Our senses lead us to the knowledge of the existence of external objects, of their properties and their laws. To attempt, with our present faculties to go beyond these, we have already shown would be the extreme of folly. Men may shut themselves up in the solitude of the cloister, and spend their lives in unbroken meditation upon the essence of things; they may dissect and analyze till the frost of time is on their locks, and yet die fools! The infant, putting its fingers in the candle, becomes as thoroughly initiated into the knowledge of the devouring element, so far as regards its essential nature, as the chemist, whose brow is smutted with the soot and sweat of half a century's toil over the furnace of his laboratory. The little boy who watches the falling drops, understands the *cause* of gravitation as well as the prince of philosophers. The very beast of burden, and the little ant that tugs a grain to his cell, fall but one degree below a Newton in their knowledge of that law of matter which gives it weight. The former feel the burden, and have the sensation which we designate by the term heaviness. The latter knows that the force of gravity is inversely as the square of the distance. Of its *cause* both are alike in perfect ignorance.

Our knowledge of mind, no less than of matter, is confined strictly to phenomena. These indeed constitute a very extensive and interesting class. The intellect and the heart open a field for investigation, that affords the highest gratification to the student of philosophy. To inquire whether the mind is material or not, is to go beyond the limits of philosophical research. Yet so much more vivid are our impressions of the properties of material things, than of the mind, that we can hardly think of the latter without applying to it the properties of the former. If we contemplate its *essence*, we must give it figure, size, extension, grav-

ity, or we must give it *nothing*. We do not say that it is material. All we affirm is, that if it is not material, it is immaterial; which is no more than to say, we know not what it is. We know of no intermediate state between *something* and *nothing*. We meet with the same difficulty in our attempts to conceive of the nature of the Deity. Of his essence, nay, of his being, we can have no other idea than as possessing the same attributes which we find in our own minds, but infinitely excelling them in degree.

From the limit which is thus set to our knowledge, the voice of complaint is sometimes raised, as if the Creator had made us with certain wants and appetites, without affording us the means of their gratification—as if he had wantonly involved us in a labyrinth of doubts and mysteries, where we must grope and stumble, till it should be his good pleasure to place us “where we may gaze on the beautiful and true in all their unsullied purity—in all their unconcealed perfections.” Nothing can be more derogatory to the divine wisdom and benevolence, than such a supposition. If our inquiries are restrained within the proper bounds, we may *know* all that is requisite for us here, as perfectly and as free from doubt, as we shall know what will be requisite for us in any future period of our existence. To dwell in the clear empyrean of truth, we need not soar to a distant world! Nor need we be freed from “this shell of mortality,” before we can be satisfied of our own existence. If we believe not the testimony of our senses, and our consciousness, when they tell us of earthly things, how shall we believe those which shall tell us of heavenly things? We may hope hereafter to make more rapid advances in knowledge, to acquire the power of comprehending at a glance, those complex propositions which we now learn by a long and slow process of reasoning: but unless we can take in at once the whole compass of truth, that is, unless we possess the prerogative of the infinite Intelligence, how can we ever be free from doubts? So long as we are finite, and truth is infinite, no matter how rapid or lofty our flight through the boundless fields of knowledge; there will forever lie beyond us an infinitude still uncomprehended, unexplored! What hope, then, has he who now mourns over the limited extent and imperfection of human knowledge, that his grief will not be eternal? If we have indistinct views of those truths which are *essential* to our happiness, it is not because they are shrouded in impenetrable mists, nor yet because we were made too “dull and dim-eyed” to perceive them. It is either because we have chosen to bewilder ourselves by indulging doubts of the plainest truths; or because we have spoiled our eyes with trying to gaze beyond the proper bounds of vision. Of those mysteries which lie behind the veil that shuts eternity from our view, the Bible discloses all that is essential to our present and future well-being. Therefore, though our powers

are limited, though we are conscious that in the geography of the universe our knowledge cannot extend beyond the boundaries of the little district we inhabit, it is the part of wisdom in us to be contented with what is allotted us. It becomes us to dismiss every feeling of dissatisfaction, and to enter cheerfully on the path of inquiry that is before us, rejoicing in the discovery of those truths which gradually unfold themselves to our industry.

What encouragement does this view of knowledge afford to the willing and diligent inquirer after truth ! It shows him that he is not to enter upon a dark and mysterious path, which can be threaded only by a few of superior genius. The acquisition of knowledge is progressive. He who toils patiently for it, is sure of its attainment. It comes not to its possessor as a bequest to a favorite heir. No last will and testament can secure the precious heritage from sire to son. Nor does a capricious and partial fortune preside over its fountains, dispensing liberally to her favorites, but to others in stinted and unwilling measure. There are no favorable junctures, no embargo times or chances for speculation, by which we may exchange at once the mean concomitants of ignorance for the splendid livery of intellectual wealth. No one has ascended at once from the vale of ignorance to the pinnacle of the temple of Truth. Those who now sit upon that eminence, commanding the homage of the world, have ascended thither by treading firmly on every round of the ladder of progressive research. True, the world has sometimes been surprised by the appearance of a new and beautiful star among the constellations of genius. Thus shone forth the brilliant intellect of Patrick Henry, and of Franklin. But the one, ere its light appeared, was gathering its materials from the secret resources of Nature ; the other was tracing its way with silent, but confident progress, along its wiry path to heaven, till the very lightning flashed upon the world the signal of its triumph. Were Galileo and Newton and La Place furnished with seraph's wings, to fly to the regions of the stars ? No ! Nor did they with Titan strength pile Ossa upon Pelion, Olympus on Ossa, and stride up by a mountain staircase to the skies. But they toiled up step by step, building as they went, a scaffolding of the materials which their own industry had gathered from the ample resources of thought.

AN INVITATION : INTRODUCTORY TO AN ALBUM.

BEHOLD the virgin page !
 How true an emblem of the human heart !
 Where varied passions trace from youth to age
 Fixed characters, as years on years depart.

There writeth joy and grief,
 And penury, and pain with iron pen ;
 And melancholy clouds the fairest leaf,
 Its sunlight hue returning ne'er again.

Beloved and loving friends,
 While yet the tablets of our hearts are pure,
 While yet fresh youth to life enchantment lends,
 And faith and friendship promise to endure,

Come pay your tribute here ;
 That when the freshness of your hearts hath flown,
 When early frosts shall sweet affections scar,
 And one by one from earth's sad scenes have gone,

These tablets still the same,
 May bring the early-loved before the eye,
 Restore each vanished form to each dear name,
 And cheat the flight of time with memory !

Fast glide the changing years !
 Beauty and youth are ever on the wane !
 Joy must give way to sorrow, hopes to fears—
 Oh ! write a line to strengthen friendship's chain !

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 OUR MAGAZINE.

"Quid dem ? Quid non dem ?"—*Horace.*

"Explebar Numerum, reddarque tenebris."—*Virgil.*

"OF all the several ways of beginning a book, which are now in practice throughout the known world, I am confident," says the author of *Tristram Shandy*, "my own way of doing it is the best ; I'm sure it is the most religious—for I begin with writing the first sentence, and *trust to Providence for the second.*" Even so is it with us, courteous reader, in commencing this hackneyed *Polymigia*. For although its existence as yet lies a mere shadow on the borders of the 'dark unknown,' and though we are unhappily endowed with but a feeble, 'mustard-seed' faith in our own ability to perpetrate any thing 'grand, gloomy, or peculiar,' still, as we grasp the time-worn pen, and mount the ancient tripod of our 'illustrious predecessors,' we feel not only a kind of trembling confidence, but an actual inspiration stealing over us, not unlike that which was wont to fall upon the Pythoness of old. Already our hair beginneth to rise on end, like that of an electrified boy on an insulating stool.

Our whiskers are hastily coiling up, as it were with the curling tongs—the sweat is oozing from our *corpus* like juice from apple pomace in a cider-press—our jaws are rushing together after the manner of the Symplegades, when they smashed up the ‘latter end’ of the Argo—our eyes are glaring out from their sunken sockets, even as two great holes burnt in a blanket. ‘Thoughts, radiant and bright, are swimming through the immensity of our *caput-al* vacuity, “upward and downward, thwarting and convolved,” like gold fish in a pewter basin. But, gentle reader, it verily waxeth hot about us, and the excitement is becoming, as Cain said of his punishment, ‘greater than we can bear’—so pray let us get *down*, or we shall soon be going *up*, in spite of ourself, as ascendeth a phial of volatile oil with the cork out. There,—now, we feel cooler and calmer withal; and, while through our lattice the zephyrs come floating in, and, with their tiny fingers, wanton with our whitening locks,—“our head is gray, but not with years”—we fain would speak with thee, kind reader; so light your meerschaum and be seated, and let us puff away and moralize; for a sober mood hath crept o’er our spirit’s wings, even as a sombre twilight is fast creeping o’er the varied landscape before us. In the beautiful words of Wordsworth,—

“’Tis the still hour of thinking, feeling, loving.”

The last rays of the sinking sun are falling quietly upon the palaces of wealth and the hovels of poverty—upon fields strewn with withered leaves, and gardens decked in the last smile of fading flowers. The noisy bustle of the streets is hushed into a drowsy hum, and naught interrupts the dreamy stillness of the scene, save the fitful tones of some solitary student’s flute, or the monotonous roar of the old ‘white haired ocean.’ Around us are gathering the lengthening shadows of sentry elms, whose waving beauty the autumn frost hath blighted, and whose naked, trembling arms they are now extending over us, as if to pronounce, like a dying father, their last benison on our head. Seest thou, in the deepening twilight, the mingled hues on yonder maple—the crimson blended with the yellow? Even so blends the hectic with the pallor of consumption on the soft cheek of woman! At such an hour as this, how often have we stolen away from that haunting pest, which has been well termed by some old writer, “a weariness to the flesh,” and, from our watch-tower in the stars, gazed down, like the immortal Teufelsdröch, through this “hideous coverlet of vapors,” upon the pent-up city beneath us, and “looked into all that wasp-nest or bee-hive, and witnessed their wax-laying, and honey-making, and poison-brewing, and choking by sulphur!” How often, too, have we turned disgusted from these ‘insana studia, insani labores,’ and, with the exclamation on our lips, of Charon in Lucian, “O, stulti! quænam hæc est amentia?” strained our

eyes to catch a glimpse of the quiet scenes of our youth, till we fancied we could see, in the dim and shadowy distance, the tops of the hills we were wont to climb in our boyhood, and the glimmering brightness that whilom played around the spire of our native village church! And when, like a star of promise, vacation cometh, and the hated reveille of yonder 'dangler in the clouds' hath ceased to summon from his bed of straw the sleepy student, how gladly does he rush from his narrow prison-house, and hie him to those green spots, those bright oases in the waste of life, which were watered by the dews of his young affections! Oft from our aerie, happy one, have we followed thee in thy flight, and watched thee in thy wanderings. Scarcely had the last 'vale' of the class of '39, fallen from the lips of the eloquent orator, when, without waiting to witness the distribution of the 'sheep-skins' to their *bleating* claimants, thou wert off and hasting on thy way. Yes, and thou didst reproach the sluggish sea-god, who wafted thee o'er the waters, and chide the lazy-whirling cars, as, on fire-wings, they bore thee o'er the land. And when thou didst lay thee down to sleep, thy stifled cot became a dream-grotto; and visions of sunny hills and social circles—of dark eyes and raven tresses—of ruby lips and rosy cheeks—of a heaving bosom and fairy form, came flitting round thy pillow, and thou didst awake and shout with Æneas, 'O! Dea certe!' In a few hours thine imaginings are realities, and thine eyes look upon the goddess of thy dreams. Nay, forgetting the dignity of a man, thou dost bow down, like a bulrush, at the feet of a piece of painted clay, and stake thy happiness upon an 'airy nothing,' *a woman's smile*, 'varium et mutabile semper.'

Poor fool! from our heart we pity thee. But, perhaps, thou art ready to say in extenuation of thy folly, 'the bright being of my adoration is beautiful as the Houries.' So is the summer butterfly; and yet when thou hast caught it, what is it in thy grasp? A worm with two mealy wings! Even such is ———. If man, the 'lord of creation' is, as Dean Swift truly remarks, nothing but "a forked, straddling animal with bandy legs," what canst thou reasonably expect to find in frail, fickle woman? "Nos hanc novimus esse nihil," says Martial. So thought Milton when he exclaimed,—

"O! why did our
Creator wise, that peopled highest heaven
With spirits *masculine*, create at last
This novelty on earth, this *fair defect*
Of Nature?"

This question of the old blind poet we were certainly never able to answer; but still, whatever may be thought of the utility of the weaker sex or of the propriety of their creation, we are willing frankly to acknowledge, that, although we are naturally as bold

as a steam-engine, yet we have ever had a most palpitating dread of the 'dear creatures,'—a kind of *gynæphobia*, which has afflicted us from our earliest recollections. In our boyhood, when by any mishap we chanced to be shut up in the same room with some half dozen twittering damsels, we always, whether they were poking fun at us or not, felt as awkward and uncomfortable as would a young salamander in an ice-house. And even now, old and impudent as we are grown, we have not wholly overcome our boyish terrors, nor can we yet endure

—"the light
Of a dark eye in woman."

It was, however, but yesterday, as we were walking down Chapel Street according to our custom, that, in a sudden fit of gallantry, we did attempt to restore to its fair and blushing owner just before us, a glove which she had *accidentally* dropped upon the sidewalk; but, notwithstanding our usual self-possession under other circumstances, we were most horribly flustered in this operation. No sooner had her taper fingers come in contact with our dexter paw, than there was such a galvanic twitching among the nerves—such a *flutteration* in the region of the pericardium—such a rushing of the blood towards the upper story,* that our wits took to themselves wings and fled in all directions like a flock of frightened pigeons. What we did we know not; but this we do know, that, at the first return of consciousness, we found ourself walking alone in great haste up the tow-path of the canal, and reciting, in a most determined tone of voice, that emphatic line in Terence,

"Deleo omnes dehinc ex animo mulieres."

Mortified and vexed in the extreme, we immediately started for our room; and, having locked the door, we sat down, and read through a pair of *blue* specs, the third chapter of Job. That night our visions were dark and desperate.

"Methought I heard a voice cry, sleep no more."

The next morning we were missing: but after much search, a fellow Editor (may a mildew blight his memory!) barely succeeded, with the most strenuous exertions, in rescuing us from the dock, where we lay face downwards, kicking and floundering in the mud, like a strangled porpoise.

"Pol, me occidistis, amici,
Non servastis."

Since that luckless hour, shunning all society, we have lived alone. It is only when

—"O'er the one half world
Nature seems dead, and wicked dreams abuse
The curtained sleep,"

* 'Nature abhors a vacuum.'—*Printer's Dev.*

that we steal forth from our solitude, to wander in the darkness, or listen to the screams of the night-bird. There is one spot, however, to which in our midnight roamings we even now resort with our former regularity. We forget not to go up to the weekly convocations of the editorial corps—and, with thy permission, dear reader, we will now, for the first time, introduce thee into our ‘sanctum sanctorum.’ Doubtless thou hast already often pictured it in thy imagination, as Milton pictured Pandemonium, a rich, gorgeous hall,

—“From whose arched roof
Pendent by subtle magic, many a row
Of starry lamps and blazing cressets, fed
With naphtha and asphaltus, yielded light
As from a sky.”

But herein thy imagination hath played thee false; inasmuch as the place where we assemble ourselves together is none other than a back room in the fourth story of South Middle, furnished somewhat on this wise. In the center of the room stands an old-fashioned table, on which burns a tallow candle, whose doubtful radiance is reflected in ‘a dim religious light’ from smoky walls and sable curtains. Before the stove, in which three pieces of turf are slowly wasting away, there are arranged in systematic order one chair, two stools, and a bench—all bearing the sacred marks of a far-reaching antiquity. In a word, we may say of our furniture, as the ancient Henry once said of his ‘longitudinal extremity,’ when painted pea-green, “neat but not gaudy.”

After this brief introduction to the place of our meeting, perhaps thou wouldst like to know somewhat of our proceedings when there assembled. A rough and dreary night was that in which we last met in solemn conclave.

“The moon slept with Endymion,
And would not be awaked.”

The stars forgot their shining. Red meteors glared for a moment in the troubled heavens and then vanished in darkness. The spirits of the storm howled in the rainy winds, and the deep thunders uttered their voice in discordant bass.

“Some say the earth
Was feverous, and did shake.”

But, notwithstanding these ill omens, at the accustomed hour—half past twelve precisely—the College bell was rung for the space of seven minutes—a circumstance which did excite, the next morning, some foolish surmisings among the ‘commune vulgus,’ but not among the wise. Scarcely had its tones died away in the distance, ere, in obedience to its summons, we had emerged from our cells and were threading our way among overhanging elms

to the well-known rendezvous. Gozzi, who is remarkable for his promptness and punctuality, was, as usual, the first at his post. The others, however, soon came in wet and shivering, and gathered around the fire in silence. The meeting was forthwith organized by electing Psalmanazar President, by a majority of *one*; whereupon he arose and delivered himself of a short, *extempore* speech, which, it may not be improper to insinuate, had plainly been prepared for the occasion, at the expense of no little oil and labor.

"Gentlemen," said he—and he drew himself up to his tallest height—"how true is that memorable remark of the poet, 'there is a divinity which shapes our ends.' When I entered this room cold and dripping with rain, and sat down in my humility on yonder stool, how little did I think that, in so short a time, I should be raised by your free suffrages to this exalted chair! In the pressure of college duties, I am well aware of the seeming impropriety in my assuming new responsibilities; but as it is your choice I submit, flattering myself, however, that I shall experience a continuation of the same kindness which has elevated me to this lofty station of trust and honor.

"The fourth year has now completed its cycle since the 'Yale Literary Magazine' was first established, amid doubts and discouragements, by a few brave and noble spirits, who, in their night-vigils in this consecrated room, oft 'out-watched the Polar Bear.' (Cheers.) With their tunics on, they have gone forth from these time-honored walls to mingle in the dusty strife of the world's wide arena, and some of them are already shining as 'bright particular stars' in the firmament of American literature! (Loud cheers.) Their light will beam down upon us and—and—ahem—(hear him) upon us—hem—their light—hem—*ahem*—HEM—

"A very bad cough that," whispered Nym.

"As I was saying," the President proceeded, "when I recollect the place where I stand, hallowed associations, like 'thick-coming fancies,' crowd upon me, and my lips refuse to give my emotions utterance."

Amid the bustle occasioned by a slight rustling of canes, together with a horizontal movement of the feet upon the sanded floor, he resumed his seat, evidently deeply chagrined at having forgotten—as he undoubtedly did—all the middle and best part of his speech.

"Gentlemen," said he, after a short pause, in a mortified and angry tone, wiping at the same time the perspiration from his forehead, "it will be necessary to have a Secretary for this meeting—how shall he be chosen?"

"By the chair," replied a voice from behind a snowy cloud of Havana smoke, which was rising in graceful curls towards the dingy ceiling.

"I appoint then," said the President, "Zumbo;" whereupon Abul, who, it seems, had entertained sanguine hopes of receiving the office himself, got up and commenced a most violent speech against this mode of election, denouncing it as aristocratic and anti-republican—nor did he stop here—but, turning a petrifying glance at the Secretary elect, he began to hurl his thunderbolts in that direction, in a manner extremely careless. In the mean time it was plain that a storm was gathering in the dark bosom of Zumbo, who, at every fresh infliction of the speaker, squirmed about on his bench not unlike a bear in a log-trap, and exhibited in his swollen cheeks and rolling eyes all the elements of a smothered volcano. The President, however, prevented the threatening explosion by ordering Abul, in a stentorian voice, to take his seat. Quiet having been thus restored, he then proceeded without further ceremony to deposit on the table the contents of a large pillow-case. These, it soon appeared, were nothing more nor less than an enormous quantity of communications, which were made at once the unwilling subjects of editorial criticism. Essays, poems, tales, and biographies, in 'progression infinite,' were, each in its turn, brought to the test of the *fiery* ordeal.

"Tenet insanibile multos
Scribendi cacoethes,"

groaned out the wearied Gozzi.

At length, as diamonds in the desert, two letters from sister Institutions, containing a list of several subscribers to the Magazine, were found and read with a zest not a little heightened by the bank-notes which they unrolled to view.

"I move," said Nym, "three cheers for UNION and DARTMOUTH;" several voices seconding the motion it was carried by acclamation, and old South Middle rung like the great bell at Moscow. Next came a communication from one of the 'great rejected,' and being somewhat of the serio-comic kind, and portraying very truly, we doubt not, the excited feelings of the disappointed aspirant for literary fame, it was ordered to be published. So here it goes, entitled

"MY FIRST AND LAST COMMUNICATION FOR THE 'YALE LITERARY.'"

"Reader, did you ever experience disappointment in its very worst form? Did you ever in the course of your travels apply for a seat in a stage-coach, and on finding no other name besides your own on the way-bill, congratulate yourself that you were to travel "solitary and alone" for the next twenty miles, and did you find, on taking your seat in the coach, three women, four children, and two lap-dogs, who were to be the companions of your journey? And do you recollect what a huge oath rose to your lips on such an occasion? If you do, and can also bring to mind the high state of feeling which then possessed your breast, how you felt as though there were a small volcano within you ready to burst forth; you can in a measure sympathize with me when I relate to you my greatest, most heart-

rending, and never-to-be-forgotten disappointment. In the first place, then, night after night had I sat at my writing-desk, depriving myself of necessary sleep, penning what I thought to be a magnificent piece of poetry, for one of the most popular magazines of the day. I finished it; and in my mind it was truly worthy of Byron, inasmuch as it was grand, terrific, and horrible in the extreme. Grand! why, bless you, reader, the sublimest passage in Milton could not compare with it. Terrific! it was wholly composed of thunder, lightning, earthquakes, and hurricanes. Horrible! Byron's celebrated passage in the Siege of Corinth—

“From a Tartar's skull they had stripped the flesh,
As ye peel the fig when the fruit is fresh,”

suffered in comparison; why, it was absolutely disgusting, (so indeed the editors hinted, but more of that anon.) When I read it over, after having finished it, it made my hair

—“stand on end
Like quills upon the fretful porcupine.”

“There,” said I, as I folded it up into the form of a letter, and directed it ‘to the Editors of the Yale Literary Magazine,’—“there, if that aint good poetry, I don't know what is. Let met me see—it has all the necessary ingredients for it—one third love, one third exaggeration, and t'other third description of moonshine, &c.” I sent it to the Yale Literary because I knew it was the foster-mother of young genius. I already imagined I saw it published on the whitest paper and in the clearest type New Haven could produce. I thought I could see under the title of “To Correspondents,” these rapture-filling words,—“Will the noble author of the ‘Battle of the Thunder Clouds,’ again string his harp for us?” I was happy—perfectly enraptured. I went to bed with a joyful heart—went to bed! no, I did no such thing. Throughout the night I sat and thought what I should next favor the world with—whether it should be soul-stirring or soft and soothing. For the ensuing week of course I could not study. The Yale Literary filled my mind. Anxiously did I look for the next number, which was to fill old Yale with report of my talents and genius. At last it came—earnestly I ransacked its pages, and fain would have believed that it had not been received. I dared not glance at the *cover*, for that looked death to my hopes. But on second thought I mustered courage enough to enable me to look at and read its contents through. I never should have done so had I not flattered myself with the idea that it might have been received too late for insertion. I looked and read, and lo! the following remarks met my eyes—“The ‘Battle of the Thunder Clouds’ is too awfully sublime for insertion. It is indeed a prime burlesque on poetry, though unintentionally, as it appears, on the part of the author. We advise him to hang his harp on the willows.” Oh, Moses, how I swore! Yes, dear reader, I actually swore, and South Middle shook to its very centre with my stamping and shouting. From that day to this have I never written any thing for that periodical, the blast of all my hopes, the shears which clipped my wings, the razor which severed in twain the jugular of my poetical genius; nor ever will I dip my pen in the ink for the benefit of its columns.”

“That is what I call showing proper resentment,” said Abul, “and I have no doubt but that the writer, whoever he may be, is one of the real genuine, *tall* kind.” This glowing tribute to the unknown author was interrupted by the President, who announced ‘a piece of poetry,’ which he proceeded to read; but just as he was pronouncing those ominous words, in the second verse,

"For here a phantom pale and wan,
From setting day till peep of dawn,
Glides through our ancient College,"

we were suddenly startled by a kind of unearthly tread in the entry, accompanied by a hollow sound, as it were some spirit's voice. Our candle immediately began to burn a wild, 'disastrous' blue. The few dying embers on the hearth, which had long since ceased to shine, flashed out anew, and continued to blaze and crackle with incredible fury. The papers and manuscripts, which lay a huge and Pelion pile upon the table, on a sudden became animated, and darting off in all directions, began to dance like Sybil leaves around the room. The screws started from the lid of the massive coffin, which lay dark and dread before us, and unreal forms, like the ghosts which threatened vengeance on the head of Richard in the field of Bosworth, came forth in fearful numbers to mock and trouble us. The wind no longer blew without in fitful gusts, but died away into a kind of supulchral moan, as if it were wailing through the widening crevices of an old castle, or sighing among cypresses and weeping-willows in a grave-yard. "A strange invisible perfume hit the sense," not unlike that which proceeds from a box of Lucifer matches, when a coal of fire hath unluckily dropped therein. At length there was an evident attempt to knock at the door. It seemed, however, but 'as a puff of empty air'—for how can a spirit knock? In the mean time our weaker brethren began to exhibit palpable symptoms of alarm; or, as Virgil hath it, "Ubique luctus, ubique pavor." Gozzi, silently taking his feet from the stove whereon they had reposed all the evening, slowly removed from his lips his pipe, and rapped the bowl thereof on his left thumb-nail. Abul, hastily dropping the Knickerbocker over which he had been poring for the last hour, took in a tobacco quid 'horrendæ magnitudinis,' which he masticated in a manner that is a caution to all lovers of the filthy weed. Nym, who in times of no danger is ever ready to assume a great show of courage, but who is in reality a mere Æsop's ass in a lion's skin, seized his hat in one hand and grasped the President's coat-tail in the other, in which precarious position he awaited his fate with stoical indifference. Meanwhile the President, albeit in the general way he is, as Falstaff says of himself, "little better than one of the wicked," fell straightway to muttering his "ave marias" and "pater-nosters," with a zeal and volubility truly Catholic. "The Secretary stood alone." With arms a-kimbo, and face of cast-iron gravity, he continued to puff away at the wrong end of a long-nine, at a most furious rate. But at length, in the midst of these general manifestations of terror, the door slowly turned on its hinges, and in stalked a little smoky, sooty imp of Beelzebub, gnawing away voraciously, with

his great green teeth, upon a roll of something, which, but for its peculiar odor, might, perhaps, have been mistaken for a huge stick of molasses candy. No sooner, however, had his ugly foot crossed the threshold, than the President assayed to cry out with a loud voice—"Exorcizo te!" but a deep gurgling in the throat alone was heard—"vox faucibus hæsit." The little Satan drew still nearer. Abul made a rush for the coal-closet, in which he soon ensconced himself behind a dark pile of Lehigh. Nym started for the window, but, unhappily, stumbling over the bench, pitched into the now vacant coffin, where he lay amid the gathered dust and cobwebs of years, winking and blinking like a toad under a harrow. The Secretary dropped his cigar, and looking over his specs down upon the prostrate Nym, exclaimed, with Antony,

"O! what a fall was there my countrymen!"

Gozzi, however, judging from a suspicious looking scroll which the fiend held in his right hand, and which he was in the act of thrusting forward towards the table, that he was after all nothing more nor less than the '*Printer's Devil*,' with a bill, began to feel his ire rise within him, and straightway seizing the young Mephistopheles by the collar he applied his foot 'a tergo' with a skill and vigor which soon landed him at the bottom of the stairs 'this side up with care.' One howl arose to startle the leaden ear of night, and then all again was silent.

After a long pause, during which Nym and Abul ventured to crawl slowly forth from their dark retreats, Gozzi, who felt somewhat wearied in his nether limbs, suggested the propriety of deferring all further business to some future occasion, inasmuch as it had now grown somewhat latish, and as the candle, which was flickering faintly in its socket, threatened every instant to leave them in utter darkness. This suggestion being readily assented to by all, the meeting was forthwith dissolved, and the members separated for their respective dormitories. Psalmanazar, who with characteristic boldness had taken the lead in attempting to find the path, was heard to cry out from a ditch into which he had unfortunately fallen, "By Jemima! fellows, it's as dark as a stack of black cats!" Just at that moment the light of the dog-star came struggling through the opening chinks of a massive cloud, whereupon we all fled to our lurking places like spectres of night.

Attest,

ZUMBO, *Secretary.*

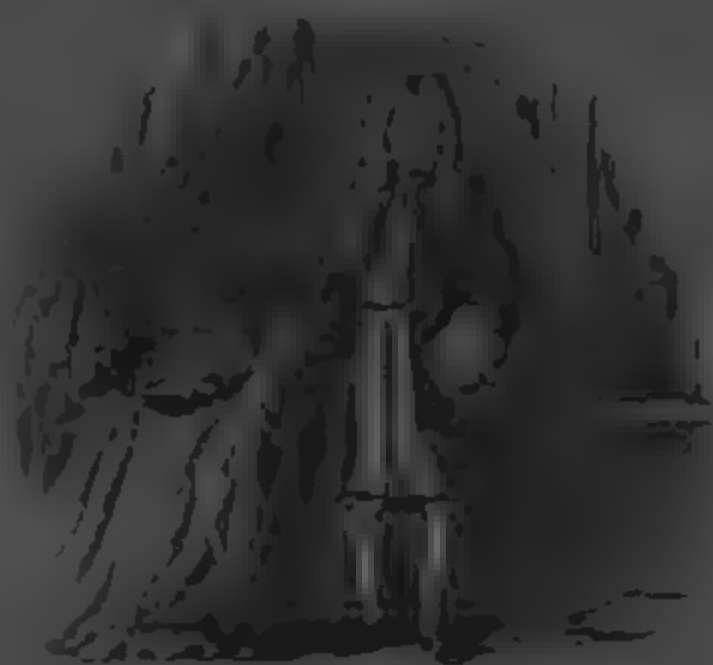
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NO. 2.

SUPERSTITION.

SUPERSTITION, like a Deity, has ever ruled the nations, and commanded universal homage. Her temples have been erected in each corner of the earth, and the millions of our race have worshipped devoutly at her shrines. There, art has expended its best efforts; there, the highest intellects have bowed to do her reverence; there, the vast multitude of those unknown to fame, have crowded, and with the fear and trembling of implicit confidence in her being and her power, have knelt in awe. At her bidding, armies have been enrolled, and embattled hosts have strewn the earth with carnage. She has spoken, and the torch has been put to the martyr-pyre, and the sword has drunk the blood of innocence; the dungeon, the scourge, and the rack, have been the instruments of her sport; and in her fiercest moods, destruction was her favorite minister. At other times, she has pleased herself with the vain frights of men, making them aghast by sights and sounds; and then again, she has whispered words of consolation to the mourner, and cheered the fearful, until the coward has become a soldier, and weak woman has been nerved with more than a warrior's boldness. Cruel, indeed, has she been in her exactions, as the fires of Moloch and the gory car of Jugernaut declare; horrid for her lewdness, as the shrines of Cnidos and of Cyprus tell; brutal in her enjoyments, as the houris of the Mahometan, and the heaven of the Scandinavians plainly show; and she has debased the nature of man by making him bow the knee to beasts and birds, and in the mighty catacombs of Egypt, has erected a monument of her sway, of man's mixed littleness and greatness.

We think it may, without much difficulty, be proved that there exists in the human mind a proneness to yield to superstition, a readiness to believe in supernatural occurrences. The appeal to history already made is evidence of this; and we might cite thousands of facts as additional testimony to the correctness of

our theory. On any other ground, how is the almost universal prevalence of superstitious belief to be accounted for? Why was it that the oracle of Delphi was so implicitly believed? Why was it that the laws of Numa received their highest sanction, and the veneration of the people, from his reputed interviews with the divine Egeria? How did the sorcerers and wizards of ancient time gain such influence over the people? Why has popular credulity given the glens and hills of Scotland to be the dwelling place, the palaces and courts, of fairies and of fays, or listened with rapt attention, to the prophetic words which fell from the lips of some white-haired seer? And why do thousands now bow before a painted image, and kiss, with veneration, the bone of some sainted priest; risk even life itself, that they may but light a candle at the sacred fire which priestcraft makes issue from a marble sepulchre; and travel many weary miles, and waste their substance, that they may count their beads, or be sprinkled with holy water, at the shrine of some departed saint? On no other ground, can these, and the various absurd notions that have prevailed in modern times with regard to witches, ghosts, and visions, and the ten thousand modifications of superstitious belief every where found, be satisfactorily explained. It is said that they are the result of ignorance, and that as the light of science and the knowledge of truth, are more widely diffused, these superstitions vanish. But we ask, even if this be granted, how came they to gain such hold on the minds of the vulgar? If it be a universal truth, that where philosophy, and science, and true religion are unknown, superstition is prevalent, and most influential, surely it would seem that there is something in the hearts of men which inclines them to such belief. But it is not true that knowledge entirely dispels superstition. The Greeks and Romans were learned and polished nations, and yet they were superstitious. The Germans are, surely, not destitute of learning, nor of the knowledge of true religion, and yet there is much superstition among them. Sir Matthew Hale was a man of sound attainments, and yet he was for burning witches; and there were men of stalwart minds, well stored with the learning of the time who condemned to death old women, in New England, for being on too familiar terms with the Prince of Darkness. And even now, there exist among the learned and wise, superstitious notions of various kinds, innocent, perhaps, though absurd, which their philosophy and wisdom cannot banish.

Again, it is said, that such notions are imbibed from the tales of childhood, when we have listened with open mouth and wondering eyes, to the awful recitals of some story-telling nurse: that the impressions then received adhere to us, and in advanced life in spite of our better judgment, we cannot help shuddering occasionally, when the wind moans through the church-yard willow

or some strange sound falls on our ear, or some dim form meets our eye, in the still, dark hour of midnight. But, in the first place, how came these stories to be told? Whence their origin? Let them be traced back to their source, and it will be found in the love of the marvellous, in the proneness of human nature to believe in supernatural occurrences. Or suppose that they were *invented* to frighten into silence a rebellious child, to calm his petulance or indulge his whims, that they were the extemporaneous productions of some shrewd mind which believed them not; what but a native readiness to be influenced by such tales, will account for the effects they produce, and the credence they so easily obtain? And what but a knowledge of this native readiness suggested to their author the design of their recital? We know it may be said that it is natural for a child to believe what he is told. But granting this, the matter is not more clearly explained; and it remains to be shown, why such stories, rather than others, are resorted to for the purposes mentioned, and why the impressions made are peculiarly strong.

We deny, however, that superstition is entirely owing to the errors of early education. It is, doubtless, fostered and strengthened, by the method of story-telling alluded to; but there must be something in the mind congenial to it, and prompting its indulgence. For we find that almost all the errors of childhood may be, and often are, corrected in after life; but this seems incurable; we cannot entirely shake it off. Besides, cases might easily be cited of men of strong minds, and extensive attainments, who have been slaves of superstitious notions, and ideal terrors. Even when we know and believe our fears idle and foolish, we yet fear; and habitual association with those things which are usually considered as having connection with supernatural occurrences, does not effectually obliterate our feelings of awe and hushing dread, when they occur to us.

Allowing, however, that our position is established, that there is something in the human mind which inclines it to superstition, we have not yet reached the ultimate principle; we may investigate the nature of that something. In our opinion, the whole matter resolves itself into this: the mind of man cannot rest satisfied, without a belief in a superhuman power, which established and governs the universe, and directs all the events that transpire. We stop not now to inquire, why man feels the want of such a belief, nor to state the reasons that form its support; nor is it material under what form or under how many forms, this power is supposed to exist and act. It is sufficient to say that such an opinion has ever, and every where prevailed; and to it may be traced all the various modifications of what we here mean by superstition: a belief of what is absurd, leading generally to a false religion, and the attributing either common or strange occurrences to supernatural

agency. On this principle, may the ancient mythology be easily explained.

Man felt the necessity of some cause for all that he saw around him. He knew that the grand and beautiful objects of nature, that the events which were constantly occurring, the change of seasons, the influence of heat and cold, the growth of the rich fruits of the earth, public and private calamities, were not his works, nor under his control ; that there was some superior power which ruled them. Gratitude for benefits received, and the desire of their continuance, prompted the worship of such power ; while dread of suffering urged him to appease its wrath, and conciliate its favor. At first he worshipped the material objects which appeared to be the immediate causes of these effects ; such as rivers, sun, and moon. But he could not be content with this. He saw that matter which he examined was inert ; he felt that a principle of vitality was necessary to such a power as he sought ; and as he found man the ruler of things within his reach, and the maker of many artificial objects, he naturally attributed human form and human faculties, to this superhuman power. And further, as the idea of ubiquity belonging to man, was so contrary to experience and observation, and as each effect must have a cause, and the different kinds of effects different causes, he inferred that there was a *number* of superior powers, each holding a separate and distinct province ; and he attributed to each a residence, where its effects were most manifest. Not that it required a long train of reasoning to reach such a conclusion. It was so plain a result of observation, as to seem almost the dictate of nature ; and in the sunny climes of Greece and Italy, imagination lent its aid to strengthen the belief. There, if “ the lonely herdsman,”

“ When his own breath was silent, chanced to hear
 A distant strain, far sweeter than the sounds
 Which his poor skill could make, his fancy fetched,
 Even from the blazing chariot of the sun,
 A beardless youth, who touched a golden lute,
 And filled the illumined groves with ravishment.
 * * * The traveller slaked
 His thirst from rill, or gushing fount, and thanked
 The Naiad. Sunbeams, upon distant hills
 Gliding apace, with shadows in their train,
 Might, with small help from fancy, be transformed
 Into fleet Oreads sporting visibly.”

Thus to each object of nature, and each phenomenon, men attributed an efficient cause ; to each cause they assigned a form and paid it worship ; and their own hearts being the judges, and appointers of that worship, it had great variety, and was often most lewd and disgusting. The adoration of animals, and the

grosser forms of idolatry, may, without doubt, be traced to the same source ; to a belief which, in some way or other, connected with the animal or the image, which was the object of idolatry, the power to benefit or injure. For it should be remembered, that in the adoration of images, the worship is paid, not to the mere block or picture that is before the eye, but to the being represented, with whom power is supposed to reside. Nor let it be thought that our remarks apply only to ancient paganism. Let the whole fabric of heathenism, and false religion, be brought to the proof, and we are confident that the position assumed will be fully maintained.

As knowledge increased, however, and the religion of the Jews, and afterwards that of the Christians, became known in many sections of the world, these superstitions declined, and a more rational belief began to take their place. Yet there clung, as there still, to a considerable extent, clings to the people, a belief in marvellous things. The old heathen notion of active spirits, assumed the form of credulity in witchcraft ; and every strange occurrence wore a supernatural appearance, and betokened good or ill. Men could not shake off the idea, they cannot now get rid of it, that there are spiritual existences, both good and bad, around them ; and to them the ignorant attributed their mishaps or their good luck. The traditions of by-gone ages were still remembered, and the Naiads and Oreads of old became the Brownie and Fairies of modern times ; the Pythia of Apollo yielded to the prophet-bard of Britain ; the outer courts of Elysium assumed the name of purgatory ; the hecatombs of the ancients became the scourge, the penance, and pilgrimage of the moderns ; and the ghosts of departed friends or enemies, inherited the office of the messengers of the gods of old. The meteor, flashing athwart the heavens, if not in men's view, the hurled weapon of Jove, yet seemed the awful minister of Almighty Power ; and the movements of the stars above, and all celestial orbs, were watched as if they were the arbiters of destiny.

“ Here, in the night, appears a flaming spire,
There, a fierce dragon, folded all on fire ;
Here, with long bloody hairs, a blazing star
Threatens the world with famine, plague, and war ;
To princes death, to kingdoms many crosses ;
To all estates inevitable losses ;
To herdsmen rot, to ploughmen hapless seasons ;
To sailors storms, to cities civil treasons.”

But time would fail to enumerate all the superstitions that have existed, and do still exist, and to show that they spring more or less remotely, from the source we have mentioned. We feel sure that this might be done, and that each new investigation

would add strength to our position. Not that every kind of superstition would seem, at once, to arise from a belief in spiritual existences, constantly acting, or ready to act ; yet it might be traced back, through the dusty labyrinth of tradition, to the necessity of which we have spoken ; to that sentiment of the heart which demands a cause for every thing, and yet feels that man is not the sole director of affairs. There are customs prevalent among the lower classes in some countries, which now wear the appearance, and have the force of superstition ; but when traced to their origin, they are found to have been memorial celebrations of some uncommon events. These, of course, do not come under the principle we have established. But as an instance of the least obvious kind of notions which may be traced to our principle, let us take that, so prevalent, which holds Friday to be an unlucky day. This we have always supposed owes its origin to the fact that Christ was crucified on that day. Now, may it not be, that, in the course of time, the people, moved with pious horror, supposed that the Supreme Arbiter of affairs *cursed* the day on which man so dishonored Him ; and hence the idea of ill luck ?

From this view of the origin of superstition, let us pass to consider some of its effects. And here let it be remarked that we have hitherto spoken principally of false religions, and of a belief in ghosts, witchcraft, and omens. This belief is far more prevalent at the present day, than many persons suppose. Within a few years some surprising cases of its influence have occurred in France, and among the ignorant in this country, it holds powerful sway ; very many instances have come under our own notice, and many will be suggested by the memory of every reader. There is another kind of superstition, found connected with true religion, which may properly be called excessive scrupulousness. Of this we will only say that it burdens the conscience with unnecessary strictness, and is apt, by occupying men's attention with minor points, to make them negligent of more important doctrines and duties.

The general effect of superstition is to debase the mind. This we have already seen to be true in many instances. Truth is always good, and its effects good. Error, being its opposite, must be bad. As the rational and correct belief of the existence of a God, and an overruling Providence, and the simple and sincere adoration of such a being, fails not to elevate the mind, and to give dignity to man's moral nature ; so the belief in gods many, possessed of like passions with sinful men, and worshipped accordingly, drags down the intellect from its high place, and sinks the loftiness of man's nature. Credulity as to ghosts, and visions, and omens, tends to make men weak and timid, or confident and presumptuous. They become alarmed by sights never seen, and

sounds never heard, and the very sources of happiness are turned by them into objects of terror ; or else, on some imagined token, they build undoubting anticipations of happiness, and schemes of action, secure of their success. In either case, they dishonor God, by appropriating to themselves special visitations for which revelation gives no warrant, or by supposing that He shares his prerogatives with created beings : while reason is disgraced by belief in things absurd.

But most superstitions, and those the most injurious, the investigations of science, and the diffusion of knowledge, will correct, and in a great measure banish ; and although many will still linger in the mind, to assert their inherent claim, enlightened reason will so control them as to prevent their bad effects. Among these bad effects, is the resistance they offer to the thorough study of truth, by covering the objects of investigation with a veil of sacredness, and a mystery not to be disturbed ; as did that notion of the ancients, which forbade the dissection of human bodies, and thus retarded the science of anatomy. This resistance becomes weaker and weaker ; and as the resistance weakens, truth gains ground, and error vanishes. The necessity of referring events to supreme causes still remains, but is fully and satisfactorily met by the doctrine of one God, governing by fixed laws. And it is worthy of remark, that the most hurtful superstitions are those which first disappear, while those which cling the longest to the mind seem generally innocent, or of injury too small to estimate.

And there are some superstitions which we could almost wish to retain and encourage. We desire no longer to see the high road to Palestine strewed with lifeless bodies of travel-worn pilgrims ; we wish not that pictures, and statues, and canonized mortals may receive the worship due to the One Eternal ; we ask not that the multitude should, through ignorance, attribute miraculous powers to senseless bones and clay, or think the phenomena of nature supernatural ; we would strip the church-yard of its gloom, and break up the midnight revels of its occupants, bidding them rest quietly in their sunless sepulchres ; though we care not to molest the fairies and strip Queen Mab of her prerogatives, we would even consent to this ; and we would explode, if possible, all the foolish notions about unlucky days, and the thousand kindred superstitions, and drive away the fortune-tellers from the earth. But there are some notions, so beautiful in themselves, so pleasing to the fancy, and so soothing to those who hold them, that we cannot find it in our heart to dispel them ; nay, we long to adopt them ourselves and gather from them joy. Who has not admired Pythagoras' doctrine of "the music of the spheres," and wished that he could believe it true ; and sorrowed, almost, that science should dispel the beautiful illusion ? So is it with regard to the opinions of which we speak.

The Irish mother as she bends over her sleeping infant, and marks the smile upon its lips, sees there the token of an angel's presence, and rejoices at the thought that her loved one is holding communion with pure spirits, is blessed by an "angel's whisper." Why destroy the illusion? It makes her happy: its harm, if any, must be almost none.—A bird of dark plumage and soft note, bears to the Brazilian a message from a departed friend; and as its voice is borne on the still air of night, "like the memory of joys that are past, pleasant and mournful to the soul," he greets the welcome messenger, and asks for news from the loved lost one.

"Thou art come from the spirit land, thou bird!
 Thou art come from the spirit land;
 Let thy voice through the dark pine grove be heard,
 And tell of the shadowy band."

Shall we dissipate his mournful pleasure?—The Christian, with more show of truth, believes that the spirit of the departed hovers around him, and is a ministering angel to guard and bless. And who can prove that this is mere illusion? But if it be, where its injury? Who would destroy it?

Such superstitions as these we care not to banish. We see not that great evil can result from them, unless they gain such entire possession of the mind, as to preclude the entrance of true religion. But of this there is little danger; while their belief may beguile many an hour of loneliness, soothe many a troubled heart, and bless us as we plod our way through this world of rough realities.
 F.

AUTUMN.

Næ mair is seen the simmer's sun,
 Sae brightly glintin owre the green;
 The lyart cluds o' grey an' dun
 Now kirtle owre his joyfu' sheen.

Næ mair the weesome thrifty bee
 Wi' bizzing hum salutes the ear;
 The hinny flow'rs it sip'd wi' glee
 Hae faded wi' the youthfu' year.

Næ mair the knowes an' braes amang
 The hawthorn sweetens a' the air,
 The leesome laverock's cheerfu' sang
 Amang the birks is heard næ mair.

The wimplin brook flows slaw and sad,
 The laigh win's sigh, and a' looks drear,
 For Autumn comes in russet clad,
 And gars ilk blossom dry an' sear.

She tints wi' skyrin hues the leaves,
 But steals at aince their life awa',
 At ilka mournfu' westlin breeze,
 Wi' rustlin noise they flittering fa'.

And as they fa' in sad decay,
 A spirit voice thirls owre the heart,
 Whilk seems wi' touching tones to say,
 Man's simmer sun must sune depart;

And Life's sear autumn come ere lang
 Ilk youthfu' joy awa' to tear;
 And still ilk aince lo'ed cautie sang
 That cheered the days we'll see nae mair.

And our cauld nippin winter sune
 Will bow us wi' its withering gale,
 Like histie leaves a' lawly strewn,
 As fleeting fu' as they an' frail!

But though sae sorrowfu', I lo'e
 Thee ourie Autumn dearly well,
 For thou dost aye on me bestow
 An unco sadly soothing spell.

Ye're a' too daft blythe mirthfu' Spring,
 When youthfu' Nature smiles serene,
 When winsome birdies chirp an' sing,
 And bonnie gowans deck the green.

And vauntie Simmer, ye're too gay
 Wi' a' your brankie flauntin' flowers,
 I donna prize your glad array,
 My saul's too sad for your bright bowers.

Wha is there doesna lo'e to meet
 A mournfu' maid wi' downcast e'e,
 Whase spirit-sadness touching sweet,
 Haes sic a charm nought else can gi'e?

Sae pensive Autumn is fu' dear
 To me wha aye wi' sorrow dwell;
 Maist warmly welcomed o' the year,
 She seems sae dreary, like mysel.

P. S. P.

SKETCHES OF REAL LIFE,
OR
SCRAPS FROM A DOCTOR'S DIARY.

No. I.

INTRODUCTORY.

DID any individual in the world, feel disposed to gratify the curiosity of the public mind by 'awful disclosures,' that individual would be a physician. Many circumstances, however, intervene, rendering such 'disclosures' impolitic, not to say impossible; and before commencing, I deem it a sufficient acknowledgment on my part, barely to state, that in presenting these simple sketches of disease, wretchedness, and death! trials so incident to humanity, no confidence has been betrayed, nor has any trust been violated. But kind reader, you are richly deserving of my tenderest sympathy, as you freely anticipate in my continued acquaintance with you, a tedious array of trifling circumstances, characterized by an undue sameness of form and conduct. But God's benison be on you! if you have enough of patience to follow me willingly through these first pages; and if, in future numbers you can repeat your whilom kindness, and toil through my fortunate columns, though under a feint of pleasure, and if you can, by a little self-denial, laugh in my mirthfulness, and weep when I weep, greatly will a knowledge of thy tender-heartedness, beguile the tedium of my labors.

THE VICTIM OF FEAR.

"Death in the midst of life's most sunny day,
Is a dark thing to think of."

M—— was a young man of my acquaintance, for whom I had ever had a sincere regard, coupled with real affection. His entrance upon life had been unusually auspicious. Blessed with parents, who had from his extreme infancy, watched over him with perhaps an undue fondness, he had lived thus far, with but little thought or anxiety for his after life; and the loss of a mother at the age of twenty, an affliction ordinarily so severe, was highly mitigated by the increasing tenderness of the remaining parent. Although, as I before said, thrown into communion with the world, under the most favorable circumstances, yet they were not grasped by him with that eagerness, which could alone insure success. Three years had elapsed since he had left the

university, and yet he had bestowed his attention to a study of none of the professions. Fluctuating in his opinions, it was not until about the period I commence extracting from my diary, that he had, influenced not a little by the precedent my choice had offered him, bent all his energies in pursuit of the art of medicine. He had prosecuted his studies but a short time, having read in fact, but a few general treatises upon anatomy and physiology, when his health, naturally feeble, began to fail ; not suddenly nor unexpectedly, but there was a gradual undermining of the system, accompanied by symptoms, which, to a practiced observer, were sure indications of the approach of some pulmonary affection. I well recollect the time, when first he was led to believe, by a remark of my own, that his fate *was sealed* ! I had been on terms of the greatest intimacy with his parents, had attended one to the dying hour, and now continued my acquaintance with the remaining members of the family, to all of whom I was much attached, and especially to the subject of the following sketch. He had under my *surveillance* commenced his studies, and I had called to ascertain what proficiency he was making, and if his fondness for this branch of business would warrant continued application.

“ Ah ! Doctor,” said he gaily as I entered, and throwing aside the volume of Bell, he was attentively perusing, “ I wish I could exchange places with you for a time, I’d soon discover if I had a taste for the practice of your art, for most assuredly I’m heartily tired of this preparation.”

“ I heartily wish so myself,” returned I, “ for aside from the leisure, which would be very desirable, I might hope to add considerably to my stock of knowledge, by a short time of continued application.”

“ And how long, Doctor, will it be necessary for me to study, before I can really emblazon my name upon the door as Dr. —, have my slumbers broken six nights out of the seven, with calls for my services throughout the—kingdom,” added he, with a smile.

“ Why, as to that, I cannot well inform you, but surely you might, before entering upon a regular practice, find professional employment in the dispensary, by the end of the coming summer months.” (It was now January.)

“ Ah ! Doctor, I could not live through it,—indeed I could not. But,” resumed he, “ I have a favor to ask of you which you *can* grant,—to allow me to accompany you through some of your daily rounds occasionally, that I may ascertain how the air of a sick room would agree with me, and if I have really a desire to drug some half dozen a week out of the world.”

I of course readily assented, and as the evening was yet before us, I suggested an immediate trial of his plan. My patient was a female, in the last stages of consumption. We found her al-

most gone. The small room, lighted by a solitary taper, offered but little inducement, for a stranger to prolong his stay. But the subject had interested me considerably, and as I sat by the bedside, watching every breath, I observed the unquiet air with which my companion waited my delay. The little cot just under the window, scarce large enough to support her sinking frame, with the humble stool upon which I was seated, constituted the principal furniture of the apartment. As the nurse retired to give me a place, the sufferer raised her head, and with a benevolent smile, extending to me her withered hand, attempted to speak; but a dreadful fit of coughing, for several moments baffled her endeavors: recovering slowly, however, she said in tones scarcely audible, "Doctor, it will soon—soon be over,—my poor body can't sustain such attacks long." I calmly shook my head, but said nothing. "And so then you think I shall soon die, do you?" I made no reply, and the wretched woman turning round, burst into tears. But she could not continue thus long—she had not strength to weep. Again addressing me after recovering a tolerable degree of composure, "My poor children,—doctor, can any one—?" I placed my finger upon my lip, not only fearing the exertion of speaking would be too great for her, as it undoubtedly would have been, but I had anticipated her request, and feared the consignment of some half starved vagrants to my charge, (a circumstance not uncommon,) which was more than I could presume to undertake. The poor woman looked imploringly in my face, and I was almost tempted to relent my imprudence, when, as if satisfied of my want of charity, she turned her mild blue eye reproachfully upon me, and sighed as if her heart would break. Alas! I never could quiet my conscience, as it harrowed up in after days, many a bitter recollection of that scene: I turned to my acquaintance; he had been affected even to tears, and looked upon me with an ill concealed scowl of distrust. I had been reading that day, a long paper in the Medical Journal respecting physicians' treatment of their patients, 'their apparent want of sympathy, justified by a constant attendance upon, and great familiarity with dying scenes,' 'their disregard of the feelings of the sick often necessary,' &c. These remarks having excited my attention at the time, I considered provocative of my singular conduct. I say this in justice to myself, since it indicated a cold-heartedness, I had never previously discovered, and which I have never since manifested. But I was soon walking home with my inexperienced friend, who seemed buried in a reverie of thought. I endeavored to arouse him and ascertain his feelings upon his first entrance in a sick room, but in vain; he preserved a steadfast silence, and accordingly bidding him good evening at his door, I hurried on shivering with cold. I did not see him again for several days, but was astonished upon meeting him, to find that he still manifested a silent thoughtfulness and reserve.

"Why M——," said I, "what can so trouble you? If this fit has continued since your visit the other evening, I shall despair of your ever succeeding in our profession."

"It has," returned he with an impressive air, which perplexed me. "But since I have now visited my first patient, suppose you profit me, by a statement of the circumstances of her illness and death; consumption you say was her disease?"

"Yes," said I, gladly catching at the opportunity, to lead his mind away from the burdensome thoughts, which now appeared to oppress it. All particulars being detailed, he somewhat anxiously enquired concerning the premonitory symptoms of the complaint. "Like those of all so attacked, and coinciding very nearly with the experience of all past ages," replied I, "a strong and sometimes excessive appetite, with no corresponding increase of person, in fact, the subject often falling away most remarkably,—a gradual diminution of strength,—pulse fluctuating,—breathing short and tremulous,—great fatigue following no more than ordinary exercise,—and in its more advanced stages, a slight cough,—ill rest at night,—frequent expectoration,—perhaps of blood,—great difficulty of breathing, &c. &c. till finally life *flickers* out; that figure of an expiring taper, I have often thought peculiarly applicable to the dying consumptive."

"And," continued he, faltering, "and Doctor, does a cough *always* attend the approach of the disease?"

"No," returned I, "I have myself known of four or five instances—" but he had unaccountably fallen in a swoon; by applying the usual restoratives he presently recovered, but being still faint I rang the bell, and ordering him immediately to bed, at the same time prescribing some little solution of valerian, to quiet his disordered nerves as much as possible, retired, promising to call the following day.

All this was to me a mystery. Could he have been so seriously affected, by a mere visit to a dying chamber? or was he himself unwell, and had he concealed it? I recalled all the incidents of the evening he had previously spent with me; again and again did I bring before my mind, every trifling circumstance that had taken place during the few hours I had passed in his society, and at last, partially satisfied myself with the idea, that a glance at the misery of a dying hour, operating upon a naturally sensitive imagination, coupled also with my belief, that he had lived uniformly careless of a future state, had thrown him into a strange sort of frenzy. I could not divest myself of this thought, during the whole of an unquiet night, and yet the very manner, in which so comparatively trifling an incident preyed upon my feelings, could not but impress me with the idea, that something was yet to be discovered relative to his state, which would prove of no less importance to him, than to myself. My morning visits fin-

ished I hurried to his door, wishing to relieve my mind as soon as possible, of the uncertainty which burdened it. I found him sitting at his table attentively studying, what had now become his favorite treatise upon anatomy. I thought he shuddered as I entered, but in a cheerful tone he says, "Good morning, Doctor, I have much to say to you. You noticed my unusual seriousness yesterday?" "Yes," returned I, expectingly, "and my manner after our return the other evening?" "Yes." "And now, Doctor, before confessing farther, I shall insist upon a full and explicit answer to all my questions." I assented, though with some strange feeling of doubt and apprehension of my indiscretion, in so readily complying with his unusual request; accordingly, I attempted to qualify my compliance.

"But," interrupting me suddenly, said he, "no conditions—no conditions, Doctor; unless you absolutely promise to answer plainly and explicitly all my questions, I cannot discover to you the emotions, which, to all appearances, have so singularly affected me."

Knowing the prompt and decisive manner of my friend, I found I must yield, or lose all knowledge of the case in which I had now become exceedingly interested. I therefore complied, and M——, without further reluctance, unravelled the whole mystery. He had, a few weeks previous, been reading among other medical works, Louis on Phthisis, and imagined he therein discovered statements, which led him faintly indeed, to suppose he was in a great degree predisposed to the baneful effects of consumption. To him, with high prospects and strong hopes of happiness and success in after life, this had been a blighting blast indeed; but the general nature of the work, could give him no means of determining definitely upon his case; he had, therefore, with the buoyant feelings of youth, easily reasoned it away. But the accidents of the late evening—the peculiar nature of my patient's disease, had revived all his fears with renewed force. In fact, he discovered in her case, sure evidences as he thought, of the truth of his conjectures. It had depressed his spirits, and as he walked home, he told me, every breath he drew seemed to be short and hard; his pulse fluttered; he felt, or fancied he felt, a compression of the lungs; in vain he threw back his shoulders, expanded his chest, the pressure was still *there*. Frighted, he had remained silent; one thing alone seemed to sustain him—he felt no inclination to cough; to this had he clung in the midst of all his dreadful apprehensions.

"But what was my horror and astonishment," said he, "to hear from your own lips, that I could not depend upon my last hope."

Here he suddenly burst into tears, unable longer to control his feelings. I attempted to soothe him, but for a long time in vain. At length, after he had gained some degree of composure, I asked his symptoms. If his report could be relied on, they might well

enhance his worst fears. But I had my doubts; *suspicion* will devise thousands of fancies to rack our feelings and hopes; hundreds and hundreds of instances have I known, where the stout, robust, and active, catch at a vague conjecture, hug it to their deluded hearts, till, ever haunting them, it has even thrown them into a decline which has proved fatal! One of my patients actually told me, that when his suspicions were first awakened, although in fine health, he fancied it was only by the greatest exertions, he was enabled to subdue a hacking cough; whereas, he did not expectorate at all, until a few days before his death, the following year. I feared that an equally fatal delusion had seized my friend. True, his frame was slender and weak, but there was no hereditary predisposition, and he had never discovered any proof of diseased lungs.

"Now," said he, startling me by the earnestness of his tone, "what think you, am I to be a victim, or am I not?"

I sought in vain to calm him before giving a direct answer, and then quietly told him, that his symptoms were somewhat unfavorable, if he had stated them correctly; "but," added I, "your fears and your suspicions may have awakened these thoughts out of nothing. Try to throw away every thing like fear, pay no regard to your symptoms, and would you follow my advice, leave your studies, attend particularly to your dress, that it may always be suitable to the season, never suffer yourself to sit for a moment with wet feet, or disregard even a slight cold. By such precautions, you may, though these symptoms prove real, preserve your life for years to come."

"But, Doctor," said he with great agitation, "is there no way of determining at once, that I may set my mind at rest, or—or—or pre——"

He could not finish the sentence; I told him there was none, unless it was by means of the stethoscope, and after having explained to him the manner in which it was employed, promised to try its effects the next day. I did this at his urgent request, and with great reluctance on my own part, since I had still fearful misgivings, and was too well aware that had he a knowledge of the reality of his complaint, it would hurry him on with tenfold precipitancy towards the crisis of the disease. I now left him with a mind ill at ease, to visit a patient several miles from town, not expecting to return till late in the evening. The following day, at the appointed hour I was punctually present, with what he, with a poorly feigned gaiety, termed my 'magic implements.' I shall not soon forget the occurrences of that morning. The family and friends of poor M——, acquainted by him of his conversation with myself, and his previous fears, distressed beyond bounds, had tearfully awaited this trial, hoping a final respite of their grief. They were seated with him in the parlor, all silent,

while he, with an assumed easiness of manner, as I before marked, alone welcomed me. As I was somewhat hurried in business upon that day, I was compelled to break the oppressive silence, by intimating that an immediate discharge of my trifling duty would be agreeable. As I spoke, his sister, who had been sitting in an opposite quarter of the room, apparently intent upon her work, raised her languishing eye full upon me, as if to read my every thought. I quivered under the glance, feeling that the result of my investigation, however inaccurately performed, was to effect forever the happiness of that sweet family. She had noticed my look, and rising with extreme difficulty, she tottered to the door and rushed from the apartment.

"Dear Doctor," whispered a soft voice in my ear, as the invaders with myself were retiring, "Don't deceive us, 'for the love of God ;' don't deceive us !"

This was her, as I afterwards ascertained, who was the object of his love, and his betrothed. I requested him to extend himself in the proper position, keep perfectly quiet, and breathe as naturally as possible. But how could I expect it ? his pulse was like a torrent ; his whole frame trembled with emotion, and although having but little more composure myself, I subdued my feelings as much as possible, and proceeded to apply the talisman to his chest. Long did I listen, but excessive agitation would admit of my hearing no sound. Presently, however, becoming more composed, I distinguished clearly every respiration, satisfied myself fully that his lungs were not at all diseased, and joyfully throwing aside the instrument, raised him from his recumbent posture. Pale as death, he raised his eye to meet my own, and although persuaded that I had discovered nothing which could justify him in his suspicions, he yet but half relinquished the melancholy smile which played about his lip, and manifested no paroxysm of joy, as I had confidently expected. Indeed, I felt a little provoked, thinking he placed little reliance upon my word, or was quite as bad, doubted my competency to perform properly, trifling with an experiment. I mentioned to him my suspicions, perhaps rather roughly ; for a moment, the color mantled his fair clear forehead, but speedily passed away, leaving it serene as before.

"Ah ! Doctor, I doubt not your sincerity, but—but you may have been mistaken, indeed you must, I feel it growing on me. I must discover for myself ; I will study the subject thoroughly. I will *know*, and determine for myself."

I tried ineffectually to laugh away his fears, and dissuade him from his purpose. Passing out upon my round of visits, I met his anxious friends crowding in the hall, and joyfully anticipating the many inquiries, by which I might have been detained, I merely stating, that there was no ground for fear ; his lungs,

all that I could discover, were as sound as my own. And ah! those looks, so full of gratefulness, showered upon me from all quarters, I shall never forget. Such things amply repay the physician for sleepless nights, continued labor and toil. Such greetings have more than once sustained my sinking frame, and but for them alone, should I have redoubled my exertions in early years, been supported under the trials of professional life, and eventually succeeded. Alas! I feared that the emotions which I had innocently called forth in their hearts, would meet a saddening reverse, confident that although I had strengthened their hopes, he, for whom they feared, would bitterly disappoint them!

June 5th, 18— As I sat in my office this evening, I was suddenly startled by an unusually boisterous knock at the door; upon opening it, I found that a servant of my friend M—— had been despatched to require my immediate attendance upon him, in a distant quarter of the city. Hastily buttoning on my overcoat, as the air was damp, I hurried through the streets upon a much faster gait than usual, even on calls for ‘immediate attendance.’ Months had passed since I had paid M—— a professional visit; indeed, I had scarce seen him since examining his chest. I was dreadfully in doubt, as to the state in which I might find him. Had he fallen a victim to the fever, now quite prevalent? Had some accident befallen him? or what, what, on earth, could have occurred? I hastily rang his bell, when he himself appeared to show me in. His emaciated person, sunken eyes, and compressed lips, completely bewildered me. He ushered me into his sitting-room; and “how are you?” said I, for I had seen in a moment, upon entering the door, that my professional presence was required.

“Ah! don’t ask, don’t ask, Doctor,” said he impressively.

“You have been reading quite largely,” continued I, glancing at a huge pile of tomes upon the table.

“Yes, yes. But just notice the character of those works will you, Doctor?”

‘Diseased Lungs,’ ‘Bronchitis,’ ‘Consumption and its Causes,’ ‘Louis on Phthisis,’ ‘Laennec on the Chest,’ all passed in rapid succession before my eyes. “What!” exclaimed I, “then you are qualifying yourself for that branch of practice more particularly, are you?”

“Prac-tice!” said M——, “don’t you recollect my stating to you a determination of mine, to *understand* my case, and here have I read treatise upon treatise, studying at all hours, employing every moment of my time, to satisfy myself, and learn fully if I was indeed a victim. But now, all the mystery is gone! in an instant, the object for which I have been toiling, like the eastern astrologer, now, that I had almost completed my task, flashes with

a *painful clearness* upon my mind! Doctor, I have been raising blood!"

Had not his first appearance warranted an anticipation of all this, I believe I should have fallen to the floor. "But my dear fellow," returned I, "your labor is by no means lost; and as for the blood, it matters very little how much you may raise, provided it come from no dangerous quarter."

"Ah, ah! Doctor," said he with a fearful smile, "those books, laying his shrunken hand upon them, "have made me no unskillful pilot, and it is not a hard matter for me *now* to discern the frightful reality of my condition."

I could not answer, and felt that I was losing that command of my feelings, which would be essential to the interest of my horror-stricken patient. I therefore recovered myself by a sudden effort, and calmly enquired after all his symptoms. "Was his appetite good?"

"Never better."

"Sleep well?"

"When I sleep at all," returned he, languidly.

"Did he exercise in the open air?"

"Not at all."

Ah! this was enough, with the morbid state of feeling in which I had left him on my previous visit, to have given him his death blow. Confining himself to those studies of the lungs, with a certain fatuity, which nothing could overcome; scarce leaving to take any nourishment; sleeping but little; ever melancholy in his feelings, he had drawn, forcibly drawn his unimpaired strength, his firm constitution, and his active mind into the meshes of a lingering, fatal disease; had unresistingly, bared his breast to the fangs of the monster, which would speedily rifle it of every vital principle. The quantity of blood raised was quite small, but none the less surely indicated a state of disorganization. I cautioned him against study of any kind.

"But, Doctor," interrupted he, in tones tremulous with extreme agitation, "my anxiety is at an end, why study longer?"

I however continued my advice, and after prescribing some powerful soporific, left. What a wreck of humanity had I beheld! Frighted into a mania, he had ruined his constitution by intense application, seeking to satisfy himself of the nature of the complaint, he was ripening in his bosom. But one name added to the long catalogue of those who have needlessly frightened themselves into that fatal disease—consumption! Alas! no investigation was now needed. His friends knew it! He knew it! I knew it!

June 14th.—Was prevented to-day by my engagements, from calling upon poor M——.

Wednesday, 15th.—To-day, find him more comfortable, he has in a manner recovered from the shock, and appears quite rational. Among other enquiries, he asked "how long a time such diseases as had befallen him, were preying upon the system?" I replied, "that in some instances ten, fifteen, and even twenty years, after there had appeared convincing testimony of an attack."

"Twenty years!" said he, "Doctor," his countenance brightening.

"But," said I, interrupting him, "such a length of time, the foe is rarely kept at bay; and then only by extreme care and vigilance." For I could not deceive him, now that the disease had reached so alarming a state.

"Doctor," again said he, "what now is your advice? What caution must I employ to escape so long?"

"Be not too sanguine in your hopes," replied I, "though with care, I doubt not you may long survive. You must, as I before reminded you, dress warmly in wet or cold weather; never suffer your clothes to remain upon you dampened by exposure; in short, avoid, with the utmost vigilance, catching cold. Never become highly excited, or undergo excessive fatigue; at the same time, exercise in the open air daily, in proportion as your strength increases. Frugal in your diet, be rigorously systematic, and regular in your habits. But above all things, throw aside this perpetual, harassing anxiety—this depression of spirits; be gay and cheerful."

"And is it not by some thought, that our inclement winters should be avoided, by residence in some warmer climate?"

"It is, but in your case," said I, decidedly, "I would be far from recommending it.* Pursue a plain, regular system of living, temperate in eating and drinking, and you may yet hope for long continued health." Agreeable to my request of the preceding visit, his books were now all disposed of, and his reading light, and such as required no intensity of thought.

July 7th.—M—— still continues quite comfortable, and I am induced to hope, that he may yet be spared for many years. I know of no individual upon my whole catalogue of patients, for whom I would more exert myself; just budding into manhood, with fair prospects and glittering hopes, so amiable, so devotedly attached to all his friends, and they no less to him.

Tuesday, 8th.—With extreme sorrow I learned this morning, that M——, contrary to my wishes, and influenced by a friend

* This may appear singular, it being the general custom, to decide with the opinion suggested by my patient. A residence in a tropical climate, *may* be beneficial; I have known it to be highly so, to a person of predisposed constitution. But when the fangs of the disease are firmly implanted in the system, it only provokes it to renewed attacks, the disease gaining strength, with the same rapidity as the constitution.

in the country, has gone to the south of F——, to spend the approaching winter. Much do I fear that he will never return. I had not attended him regularly during the few past weeks, wishing to do all in my power to quell his fears, and lull to rest his dreadful apprehensions; he perhaps has thought I was acting from indifference to his state, and for that reason has neglected to consult me upon so important a step.

April 4th.—M—— has returned, but how altered! embrowned by exposure to a tropical sun, his complexion is ruddy, and he may deceive himself, but there is no elasticity in that step, and the stooping frame, the pulse, as I felt it the other evening, ah! how infant-like! he cannot live a twelvemonth! * *

Tuesday to Saturday, April 10th.—M—— still continues in very much the same state, though gradually failing. His mind is constantly in a ferment, he is always glad to welcome me, and enquires with the greatest solicitude after every new symptom; and were it not for the most devoted attention of his friends, I verily believe he would become crazed. Meanwhile, his betrothed is in an agony of doubt; assured by his too confiding friends that all will yet be well, she is urged by his wan countenance, and weakening tones, to throw away her fallacious hopes. He had become connected with her in early life; they had lived together in childhood, and grown up together with deep-rooted affection. Possessed of great wealth, united with unusual personal attractions, she had early many suitors, but her constancy was not shaken, either by titles or honors; and her attachment for poor M——, continued until death.

The next time I saw him, he was for the first time upon his bed, his friends were around weeping; startled by the unusual appearance, I walked to the bedside, and took his hand, but observed no great alteration. They presently retired, and I ascertained from himself the cause. He had been in the habit of sitting at the table with the family, and although scarcely able to drag his feeble limbs, he had yet, with all the calmness he could command, and with a posture as erect as his feebleness would allow, uniformly walked into the parlor to breakfast. But that morning, unable to sustain himself, he had been obliged to ask assistance, and upon entering his room, had wished a bed prepared for him. His tottering gait had not lost its effect upon his friends, and together with this new confession of his own, awakened their slumbering suspicions, to a horrid realization of the truth.

“But, Doctor,” exclaimed he, “are they vainly frightened?”

I did not answer. He again asked, “How long can I live, Doctor?”

“I don’t think you have any reason to apprehend immediate danger,” replied I, lifting my eyes to meet his. But, gracious heaven! his marble brow was blanching to an unearthly white-

ness! The perspiration started like rain from every pore; his lip quivered; he gasped, and for a moment, I thought he was dying! but no: well had it been for him, if he could have passed off thus easily; he was destined to undergo severer trials, before his entrance upon the unseen world. My answer had startled him; it was the first and only confession on my part, that narrow limits were already affixed to his days—that his hours were *indeed* numbered. Presently he recovered, but was too agitated to speak; meanwhile, his difficulty of breathing was very much increased; of this, however, I partially relieved him, by aiding expectoration. He now ate but little, and his strength was fast failing—too fast to sustain him in his dreadful fits of coughing. He had been led to place great reliance upon my word and all that I did for him, little thinking how much I might be deceived. On one occasion, he had asked, “if persons in his situation usually died easily?” I told him they did; though well I knew, but found it not in my heart to inform him, that unless his strength increased, or cough abated, his would be no easy exit. I had often partially relieved him of his distress, and sometimes heard of his calling upon me while asleep; probably when breathing with difficulty. Alas, alas! he was fast getting beyond the reach of human aid. The next time I saw him, he was yet more feeble; his face was heated with exertion, and with inexpressible grief, his nurse told me his feet were swollen.* He had suffered extremely from coughing in the night, and at one time thought he was strangling.

Friday.—Had a call some distance from town to-day, but did not leave, sensible that M—— was near his end—and I was right.

Being aroused late last evening, by a violent ringing of the night bell, I was summoned to attend immediately, at No. 4 ——— st., the residence of poor M——. Hurrying on my clothes, I ran with fear through the deserted streets. Oh! how my blood curdled in my veins, to behold the scene presented to my view in my friend’s room! The nurse, fearful that he was dying, had summoned the weeping family. The windows had all been opened, notwithstanding the weather was wintry, to give the sufferer all possible air. Upon the casement of one, leaned the fragile form of H—— R——, the sweet being whom I have before had occasion to mention, as the chief sufferer. Her handkerchief was over her eyes, but her heaving bosom, and poorly suppressed sobs, told too plainly of the worm gnawing at her heart! I never saw her again, until the time of her burial, three weeks from that very day. The aged parent of the dying man, stood by his side, his calm gray eye gazing submissively, upon the writhing limbs of the sufferer! Dr. ———, who had been called in, from appren-

* Considered by many, as indicating the immediate approach of death; though in many instances, when the patient lies continually in a recumbent posture, has warming substances at his feet, &c., I have known them to enlarge for weeks previous.

sion of immediate death, was walking about the apartment, with an anxious and unquiet air. A little sister, with child-like innocence, gazed upon the brother, weeping most bitterly; while a companion was lying upon the bed, supporting him in an upright position, with difficulty suppressing the rising tear. And how!—how shall I describe M——! He had been troubled little with coughing during the night, but had suddenly awakened at this late hour, distressed for breath. In attempting to raise the secreted matter from the lungs, it was thrown at once into his throat, and he was now apparently strangling. His face was of a deep, purple color, and the large veins, swollen almost to bursting, showed conspicuously on every part of his head. His mouth was open, and occasionally uttering a most piercing cry, he gasped! threw about his attenuated arms in every direction! clenched his fists! caught in his clutches, the thin straggling locks, (all that now remained of his once beautiful hair,) twisted his limbs here and there, threw from him the clothes! Good God! what a sight! He alone can realize its horror, who has witnessed a strangling fellow being! Had he but half his full strength, he might easily have rid himself of all encumbrance, in the respiratory organs. But he had not the power of an infant. Observing me enter, he shrieked, “Doc— Doctor—can—help me? help me? I’m stran— strang— strangling!” I did not answer, but merely came and stood by his bedside. I could do nothing! “Can—can—you do nothing?” Ah! never shall I forget the sensations that thronged upon me at that moment. The color fled from my countenance! My knees trembled and I could with difficulty maintain an upright position, as I calmly replied, “No! unless you have strength to raise what is now obstructing your breath, you must await a speedy departure, I trust to happier scenes.” He turned his eye full upon me. Every tear burst forth afresh. H—— R—— had fallen upon the window insensible. I turned to meet his look, and oh! *such* a look! But I did not endure it long; he again turned away, and throwing back his head, was quiet as a child. Gradually his breath returned, the blood coursed more freely in its channels, and I left him as comfortable, as he had been for several days. Unfortunately I was not able to call again until the following evening. The door of the house was open, and I stepped gently into his room; in the center, upon a long table, covered with a snow-white cloth, rested a coffin! A similar attack to the one which I have described, had befallen him toward morning; vainly had he supplicated my aid, and had died in convulsions, brought on by the most excruciating agony! Walking to the coffin, long I gazed upon the face of my poor friend, and read from that sunken countenance! that withered hand! a lesson, which will be long—long remembered! Tearfully I strode home, and committed to the pages of my diary, the last sad record of his fate. I.

BEYOND THE GRAVE.

"Only the actions of the just
Smell sweet and blossom in the dust."

Shirley.

It passes now—this pulse is gone;
These fitting fancies melt away:
How idle is the race we run,
Poor transient vassals of decay!
The worthiest meed
For which we bleed,
Is but a phantom of the night,
To lure away our fickle sight.

Strange that the truth which none deny,
Is mock'd and slighted by mankind;
Strange that in spite of reason's eye
Regardless man is always blind!
Neglectful will
Is headlong still,
And urges to a rocky shore,
Whence the dash'd wreck returns no
more.

Oh! tell me not that love is bright;
Oh! say not earthly hope is dear—
That smiling nymph will cheat thy sight,
And crown her glories with a tear.
Our very breath
Doth nourish death:
In vain we shun his icy power,
He keeps his well-appointed hour.

Yet faith remains, though life may fade;
Her music is no syren song:
Her light is blended not with shade,
Her path may never lead thee wrong.
Away with fears,
Away with tears—
Let sweet assurance light the brow,
Nor dark distrust come o'er it now.

Come death—though cold thy triumph be,
Calmly I meet thine awful face:
Thy sceptre brings no dread to me—
'This chasten'd spirit knows its place.
Brief is the strife;
Death wakes to life—
As the dark bosom of the storm,
Calls forth the heavenly rainbow's form.

Then bear these ashes to the tomb—
Let the lone willow weep above;
Hang o'er the spot of silent gloom,
And waste its woe like drooping love.
Sad zephyr grieves
Among its leaves,
And falters forth in dying tone—
"How soon thy faded life is gone!"

CHANGE.

STILL Nature smiles in varying guise
To win our wayward gaze;
Still sings her olden melodies
She sang in happier days.
In vain! in vain! our hearts feel now
A mystic *something* flown,
How strangely altered seems her brow,
Her voice has lost its tone.

Ah, no! the self same scenes we view,
Our childhood loved of yore,
And these, those witching sounds that flew
Sweet our blithe spirits o'er.
Nor youth, nor charms from Nature part,
Though years on ages run;
'Tis only in the time-steeled heart
That change his work hath done.

LITERARY GENIUS AS CONNECTED WITH GOVERNMENT.

"LITERATURE, in its widest acceptation," says Madame de Staël, "embraces the dogmas of philosophy and the effusions of imagination; every thing, indeed, connected with the operations of thought, with the exception only of the physical and experimental sciences." Having thus confined within prescribed limits the vague and floating ideas usually associated with the term, Literature, we proceed at once to the discussion of the comparative influence of republican and monarchical forms of government in the development of literary genius. In the outset, however, we are met with the opinion, not unfrequently expressed, that true genius of every name, is rather the offspring of Nature than of Education; that it is governed more by its own free impulses than by any external circumstances which different forms of government may throw around it. It is true, that the peculiar *individual* characteristics of men of genius, can be explained in no way so well as by referring them directly to the caprices of Nature, or, rather to the sovereign choice of Omnipotence. We cannot, on any other hypothesis, account satisfactorily for the great diversity among men, preëminent in talent, who have always been subjected to apparently the *same* extraneous influences. The genius of one burns with the clear and constant flame of the Roman vestal; while another, in whose bosom the Promethean fires have been kindled up by a spark from the same altar, moves among men, Æneas-like, enveloped in the mists of some presiding Deity, and known only by the flashes which occasionally dart forth from his cloudy covering. The reason for this different exhibition of the energies of the same mighty agent, lies in

"The dark, unbottomed, infinite abyss"

of 'ultimate truths,' or, more properly, of human ignorance.

But still it will not be denied by any one, at all conversant with the history of his race, that the temper of every government is sooner or later transfused into the national mind, and that the many-voiced expressions of the subjects, are but the breathings of that spirit which pervades the laws. It need not be said that the manners, social condition and literature of the Athenians and Lacædemonians were for ages but the transcript of the civil codes of Solon and Lycurgus. It is equally obvious, to the student in history, that the tameness and submission of the Chinese may be directly traced to the mild and pacific nature of the polity of Confucius; while the wild and warlike Tartar is a roving commentary on the character of the government under

which he lives. In the expansive and high-toned literature of England, we recognize at once the influence of a liberal and enlightened constitution; while in the grovelling productions of Spanish mind, we read too plainly the blighting effects of an iron despotism. It has been said by some one, whose name has gone from our recollection, that "the romance of the fancy is a sunflower, that will open itself only to Apollo." This remark, somewhat modified, may be applied not only to all the various faculties of the mind, but also to that happy combination of the highest intellectual powers which men call, Genius. It must be acknowledged, however, that there are some minds of stern and uncompromising cast, which, in the consciousness of internal strength, burst from the shackles thrown around them, and, despite all obstacles and embarrassments, force their way into the guarded and holy enclosures of truth. Galileo, though by order of the Inquisition immured in a dungeon, could, nevertheless, still trace through his grated window the shining pathway of revolving suns and systems. The hooded monk of Wittemberg, though opposed by the embattled hosts of the whole Romish church, yet, relying upon the mighty energies of his own dark and determined spirit, firmly maintained his post; and his voice was loud above the thunders of the Vatican, and his arm was strong to revolutionize the world. These are, however, but isolated cases of peculiar individuals, from which it would be, to say the least, unphilosophical to infer that difficulties and discouragements are conducive to the power and progress of mind; still more unphilosophical would it be to ascribe the fame of the great Astronomer or the immortality of the Reformer to the despotic government which spared no exertion of power to crush them.

Believing, as we do, in the great doctrine of liberty and equality as taught by the author of the Declaration, and that, other things being equal, the human intellect attains its highest efficiency and perfection in proportion to its freedom from all those trammels and restraints with which society is wont to fetter it in its up-rising, we shall endeavor to maintain, in the remarks which may follow, that a free republican government like our own, is more favorable than any form of monarchy whatever, to the full development of literary genius.

But here we are reminded at once of the golden *patronage* of monarchies and despotisms. It may have been, that the poet of Epicurus and the bard of Mantua inhaled their inspiration amid the beauty and fragrance of the gardens of Mæcenas, on the Esquiline hill. A Frederic, a Louis, and a George IV. may have scattered their smiles upon some sallow student as, "sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought," he sought not so much to gain admission into the deep mysteries of truth, as into the deeper mysteries of royal favor. But let it be remembered, that in all

these cases, princely patronage has not flowed legitimately and necessarily from the nature of the government; but has come only as a free-will offering from the hand of gracious despots, whose smiles have ever been as fleeting and inconstant as the sunshine of a wintry sky. Let us look for a moment at a few facts in the private history of some of the brightest ornaments of English literature, and see how far their success and celebrity are due to the fostering care of royal power.

Chaucer, whom Dryden has rightly called the father of English poetry, so long as Horace-like he could prostitute his genius to the servile flattery of royalty, was cherished and regarded with all the attention of an ambassador of state; but when, in the exercise of the inalienable rights of man, he presumed to think and speak 'without leave asked' of kings, his court saloon became a dungeon, and his "pitcher of wine, daily delivered by the butler of England" was exchanged for a more healthy beverage administered by the shaggy Cerberus of the tower. Spenser—though the haughty Elizabeth did condescend, on one occasion, to smile faintly upon his muse, yet her ordered gift of a hundred pounds was deemed quite 'too much for a song' by her minister, the sagacious Burleigh, and the author of the 'Faerie Queene,' 'broken in fortune and in heart,' was left to drag out a wretched existence in the oblivion and obscurity of thick-breathing London. The distinguished author of 'Venice Preserved,' suffered to live in the "looped and windowed raggedness" of poverty, fell at length a miserable victim to penury and want. Chatterton, one of the brightest geniuses that ever flashed across the literary firmament of Britain, sought in vain the notice of the lordly Walpole, and finally, in a state of starvation, put an end to his life by his own hand. To these specimens of royal munificence in England even, the boasted patroness of worth and talent, there might be added, were it necessary, the names of Goldsmith, and Johnson, and Shakspeare, and Milton; but these are sufficient to show at least the fallacy of any argument founded upon the constancy of the patronage of princes, when no provision is made for it in the government itself.

But it is urged again, that, in monarchies, where every movement, civil and religious, is regulated by prescription, and the people have little or nothing to do with the affairs of government, men can find that calm and quiet leisure which is essential to success in the various departments of literature. It may surely admit of a serious doubt whether the lethargy of a despotism, or even the inactivity of a peace is favorable to those high and active exertions of the intellect, necessary to the attainment of renown in the field of letters. It is certain that the Periclean age, which, in the splendor of its literary achievements, transcends every other epoch in Grecian history, was also distinguished above all others

for its popular tumults—its bloody and exterminating civil wars. So too the stormy reign of Louis XIV, who shook all Europe to her centre,

“Frighting her pale-faced villages with war,”

was nevertheless the golden age of literature in France; and the martial glory of Condé and Turenne was mingled with the literary fame of Racine, Corneille and Moliere. The Augustan age of English literature was also an age of the most brilliant military exploits under the illustrious Marlborough. It was the note of preparation and the din of war in Cromwell's revolution, that awoke the giant though slumbering energies of Milton, and, as Wordsworth expresses it, broke the silence of a “voice whose sound was like the sea.” Indeed, the history of the world warrants the conclusion that national excitement, political or moral, or both, is indispensable to the full development of the national mind. This leads us to notice the great, and we may say, the only argument worthy of attention, which has ever been adduced to prove the inferiority of republican institutions in respect to their influence upon literature.

It is said, and with some show of truth, that the necessary effect of free governments, and of our own in particular, is to turn the talent of the nation into the channel of politics, and thus “draw the sons of genius from the haunts of the muses, to seek a more speedy eminence in the contests of the forum;” that the resistless motives of office and honor, here held forth to the gaze of all, must, of necessity, induce the young and aspiring to enter the lists and struggle for the palm of political glory. Hence, we are told, the people of this country are all politicians; every town, every village, every bar-room has its phalanx of rising statesmen who can already, as Shakspeare hath it, “Con state without book and utter it by great swarths.”

Now while it is readily admitted that the tendency of our institutions is decidedly political, yet, judging from the testimony of history, as well as from the suggestions of reason, it can by no means be admitted that this tendency is peculiarly unfavorable to the highest cultivation of letters. The brightest constellations of Grecian genius, as has been already intimated, shone down upon the wild tumults and bloody strugglings of *democratic* Athens. So universally we find that those governments, under which the rights and immunities of the people have been acknowledged to the greatest extent, have invariably been most distinguished for their attainments in eloquence, poetry, philosophy, and indeed, in all that can give dignity and honor to men or nations. It is reasonable and natural that this should be the case; for the fact, that a republic like our own constitutes every individual an acting element in society—a pillar in the great fabric of government;

that it recognizes in him all the attributes and prerogatives of a man, is in itself the strongest possible incentive to effort, and cannot but call into vigorous action, powers and faculties which had otherwise lain forever dormant. Even the dry field of politics becomes a garden of literature, and the groves of philosophy are again watered by the 'Illissus of the Nine.' The veteran statesman wears not always the tunic and cæstus of political strife; for our Webster and Everetts shine as stars of the first magnitude in the literary firmament. Untrammelled by the prescriptions of censors and unawed by the minions of power, every one is left to follow the upward guidance of his own free spirit; and the eloquence of his lips and the productions of his pen, alike unpolluted by the fulsome adulations of parasites, are the overflowing utterance of manly feeling—of lofty and independent thought.

The republican system, freed from the incubus of an artificial nobility and from the clogs of an ignorant peasantry, brings into the highest requisition all the talents and energies of the nation. The old distinctions of rank and caste are broken down, and the knowledge and intelligence, which, in monarchies are confined to the few, are here scattered with impartial hand throughout the mass. The people thus enlightened are enabled to *appreciate* the productions of genius—to understand the dark responses of the priests of science, and to catch that strain of upper music which floats on the song of the poet. And if the talented aspirant to literary fame is sure to find in the heart of the million a deep and gushing sympathy, what need that he fawn and flatter for the uncertain gifts of pampered greatness? Is there not more of inspiration in the unmasked plaudit of a nation than in the selfish smile of a despot?

With regard to what is disparagingly termed the wealth-acquiring spirit of our country, it is sufficient to say that the same spirit of enterprise, which whitens the ocean with our commerce, is also felt in every department of intellectual labor; and is manifested alike in the animated tones of the orator and in the vigor and vivacity of the writer.

But after all it may be asked, as it often is by those oracles of truth and candor, the English reviews, 'where are your literary men, your historians, your novelists, your poets and philosophers?' We might answer, perhaps, by pointing to a Bancroft and Prescott—a Cooper and Bird—a Halleck and Bryant—an Edwards and Franklin; but even if our higher courts of philosophy and poetry are thinly peopled, is there no reason for it but in the nature of our government? If we have had not many great *ones* who now live in the triumphal arch or the niche of the Pantheon, must the cause be attributed to the freedom of our institutions? Is not our country *new*? Are not our institutions *young*? Let but the deepening shadows of past centuries fall upon our battle-

fields, and the moss creep over the monuments of our father's valor—let age hallow the associations of our early history, and oblivion turn our 'old glories into dreams;' and then we may believe, without credulity, that the muses of Grecian mythology will take up their dwelling on our hills, and inspire the songs of another Homer and another Virgil. Already the aspect of things is changing. The morning hues of Nature are fading into a deeper, milder radiance. The spirit of poetry, like the star of evening, is beginning to shed its soft and sacred influence upon plains made holy by the blood of heroes—upon our mountains and valleys, our rivers and lakes. Even now

" 'Tis where Ontario's billow,
Like ocean's surge is curled,
Where strong Niagara's thunders wake
The echo of the world;
Where red Missouri bringeth
Rich tribute from the west,
And Rappahannoc sweetly sleeps
On green Virginia's breast.

Old Massachusetts wears it
Within her lordly crown,
And broad Ohio bears it
Amid her young renown;
Connecticut has wreathed it
Where her quick foliage waves,
And bold Kentucky breathes it home
Through all her ancient caves."

The wild, deep melody of our Indian names—enduring mementos of a wronged and wasted nation; the magnificence of our varied scenery—its 'star-neighboring' mountains and majestic rivers, its forests clothed in 'haggard beauty,' and cataracts resounding with "musical discord and sweet thunder;" the rich legacy of our fathers—their pure religion and freedom-breathing laws, their noble patriotism and Spartan bravery; these are the elements of an original literature whose scattered materials are now beginning to call with a thousand voices for the forming hand—the energizing power of free, American genius.

THE APPROACH OF WINTER.

He comes, he comes, old Winter, throned
On the driving tempests, that howling go;
And his look is chill, and his voice deep toned,
And his robes are wrought of the driven snow.

He comes, he comes, from the northern zone,
 Where the night-fires shoot and the icebergs form,
 And his sleety hair to the wind is thrown,
 Like the scudding rack in the van of a storm.

His hosts are such as he ever hath—
 The rain and the hail, that like arrows come,
 The sleet and the snow, that lie white in his path,
 And the winds that rush from his own drear home;
 And he leads them on with a furious haste,
 The fields and the woods, and the mountains o'er;
 And his minions howl through the dreary waste,
 Where the ice-plains crash, and the forests roar.

He comes, he comes, from the stormy north,
 And his legions wait on his sliding car,
 From their icy home hath he called them forth,
 And their banners are white on the hills afar;
 And they pour along with their glittering lines
 In the clear, cold light of the sparkling morn,
 And their blasts ring loud through the mountain pines,
 Like the distant note of a warrior's horn.

He hath spread his robe on the naked hills,
 And hung his gems on the forest tree;
 He hath stopped the voice of the summer rills—
 They are ringing now to the skater's glee.
 And the rivers, poured from the mountains down
 Through a thousand leagues on their winding way,
 He hath looked upon with his icy frown,
 And a frozen and motionless mass are they.

SONNET.

FROM A PICTURE.

Now bright beneath them gleam'd the sun-lit vale,
 And just discern'd, the cot from whence they pass'd,
 When stay'd the creaking wheels, and slow, and pale
 Stepp'd forth the sorrowing emigrants, to cast,
 Upon the home they left, one gaze—the last.
 The grandsire shaded with his trembling hand,
 The dim eye, strain'd upon the roof he rear'd;
 The son but look'd, and bow'd himself, unmann'd,
 Upon his horse's neck, whose rough breast shar'd
 His master's agony;—unlike the rest
 The wife gaz'd tearless, and her infant son
 Folded in silence to her tranquil breast,
 As though she felt, wherever doom'd to roam,
 With him and with his sire—*there would be home.*

LETTERS OF A MADCAP.

No. I.

TO THE EDITORS OF THE YALE LITERARY MAGAZINE,—

Dear Gentlemen,—Drawing inspiration and courage from that passage of the sacred volume which says, “Knock, and it shall be opened unto you,” one who has thus far experienced with you, the joys and sorrows of College life, would beg leave to make his first bow before your editorial throne. And if this epistle be not consigned to the “tomb of the Capulets,” a series shall in process of time follow, to delight your numerous readers and immortalize their author. I had thus, gentlemen, safely delivered myself on this beautiful sheet of paper, of the foregoing introductory, (and you know Byron has said there’s “nothing so difficult as a beginning, unless, perhaps, the end,”) when I began to scratch, with my thumb and fore-finger, the extremest projection of my cranium for a subject on which to dilate. The bump of composiveness, (I am a decided believer in phrenology,) I found on examination to be exceedingly small, and I was left in what a poet would undoubtedly denominate a reverie, and a common man a quandary. Could you have seen, as leaning back in my antique rocking-chair, I looked “like sculptured agony,” (I quote from the new tragedy of Mr. Hillhouse, have you seen it?) I know you would have ejaculated with Shakspeare’s African hero, “indeed, ’tis strange—’tis passing strange—’tis pitiful—’tis wondrous pitiful.” I had not long been buried in this mood of contemplation, before a voice as of an unseen spirit hovering over me, whispered in my ear: “Young man, let not your thoughts, like lazy steeds, be idle now. You may find monitors in every thing around you. The slow pacing cloud that now glides over the blue fields of heaven—yon ancient rock, that lifts its bald summit in the clouds—the blue waves of Long Island Sound, reposing now in tranquil majesty—yon murmuring river, rolling like the cherished hopes of your youth, to the forgetfulness of ocean—the flowers that now wither like friends grown cold—the dancing leaves in your footpath, perishing like the happiness of childhood—the echoes among the hills—the caves’ eternal silence—every where Nature furnishes a theme. Or, let your thoughts roll back through the star-light of memory, let them recall those eloquent imaginings, which, in the distance far away, once waked departed ages; resume those bright hopes you but now experienced of a happy future, ‘making sunshine in a shady place,’ and can you fail to write?” The voice ceased—the spell was broken, but the hint

was not disregarded. Start not, reader, nor think that I intend giving you a disquisition on the beauties of natural scenery. Oh! no; that subject was always a bore to me, and even if I wished to do so, how could I now, cooped up as I am in the fourth story of old South Middle, where no such beauties can be descried.

What I meant by saying I would follow the hint is, that I will look around me for a subject. Very well—here on this old table lie scattered slates, books, pipes, papers, etcetera, &c. There an Olmsted, the “ne plus ultra” in stoves, according to the distinguished professor of chemistry in this institution, is casting out its bright effulgence. Two or three chairs are kicked overboard on the floor, and the carpet looks as if it had been swept about six weeks ago. (We have a confounded bad sweep in this entry.) Well, these are certainly not very animating topics; but ah, look there! a portrait of the virgin queen of Albion. Beautiful picture! and by the bye, Messrs. Editors, have you seen Sully’s splendid portrait? Whom would not such a thought inspire? Let us examine this writing under the picture. “Alexandrina Victoria, born at Kensington, May 24th, 1819.” May 24th, by heavens, the very day when I first saw the blessed light! Well, here is a theme for a sonnet worthy of Wordsworth.

TO VICTORIA.

Fair queen, that sittest high enthroned in pride,
And peerless power; while the rainbow arch
Of glory, in the clouds above thy march,
Bends, glittering, like the purple at thy side;
Though thou be mistress of the noblest land,
On which the sun in all his course looks down;
Though many a sea-girt isle obey thy crown,
And pay its treasures at thy mild command;
Though thou be such—and I am poor and weak,
And unlike thee as any mortal man—
Yet, lady, I will say, as well I can,
(And sure, you won’t forbid me now to speak
The solemn truth,) upon the self-same day,
We both were born—the twenty-fourth of May.

The subject is tempting, but, beautiful Victoria, I am a decided republican, and think I have paid you homage enough. What have we here? “Ion, a Tragedy, by Thomas Noon Talfourd.” What a host of images crowd the mind at sight of this poem—a poem which is already one of the parlor ornaments of every enlightened family in the land—a poem to which a remark that was made of Pope’s Rape of the Lock may, with far more propriety, be applied, “its only fault is, it is too beautiful.” Who is he, where is he, who ever closed its pages, beaming with a sun-like brilliancy, without having his taste enriched, his thoughts refined, his intellect expanded, his heart improved? For myself,

dear Editors, I can only say I have almost committed it to memory; and then the "Captive,"—Gentlemen, your hearts must be deadened to beauty if you can join in the indiscriminate condemnation of this play by the critics. Ion, followed by the *Captive*, reminds me of Juno followed by Iris. But it is not for his efforts to purify the national drama, that Mr. Talfourd is alone entitled to our gratitude. Remember his unfaltering struggles in behalf of an international copy-right law. Have you hung with rapture over his delightful memoirs of Charles Lamb? Have you perused his splendid essay on the Genius of Hazlitt? that sublimest of all critics. If you have, then recall the fact that Talfourd is an American—a Yankee—a native of old Boston—and say if you can, say if you dare, that I am wrong in loving, almost to idolatry, this great and good man. I attempt another

SONNET.

We owe thee much, oh Talfourd! for the pall
Of darkness that had settled on the stage,
Is fled before thy magic pen, and all
Our hopes are brightening for the future age.
In weeds and desolation, now, no more
Like widow, for her first-born sorrowing,
Melpomene doth sit—but now thy Ion o'er
Our hearts, a thrill of gratitude doth fling.
The *Captive* too shall live when thou art gone,
And shed immortal honor on thy name.
The poet's wreath—the laurel's deathless fame,
Are thine, oh Talfourd! yes, are all thine own:
And now, farewell, for this weak lyre of mine
Is all too frail to sing of praise like thine.

Ah! before we dismiss this beautiful volume, one thought is present to me. This book, dear Editors, is not precious for itself alone—it is a present—turn to the first blank leaf and see; "to his friend, from Jno. Todd Breck." Oh, well did the minstrel say

—"Ever and anon of griefs subdued,
There comes a token like a scorpion's sting,
Scarce seen, but with fresh bitterness imbued;
And slight withal may be the things which bring
Back on the heart, the weight which it would fling
Aside forever."

John Todd Breck! what a crowd of recollections does not that name excite. The delights of boyhood recur once again; again return those hours, when with him I roved in the green woods, and saw the sunshine sleeping on the lake; when the breeze, laden with the perfume of spring flowers, wafted its fragrance upon us, as arm in arm we wandered through the sleeping valleys, or climbed the mountains overlooking the rich cornfields of our own

western home. Together we commenced the ascent of the toilsome hill of science. With a heart gifted with a fire from heaven, to purge off all the dross of life that would otherwise cloud and darken; with an amiability of temper, that won love from all; disease laid its cold icy fingers upon him—he withered—perished. And do not you, Editors, remember the classmate? that brow rising up like a mental pillar—the eye that beamed like a star of intellectual light—the voice, whose musical tones have forever passed from earth. Yes, he is dead! “like a tree, with the weight of its own golden fruitage, bent down to the earth.”

SONNET.

See, where yon willow lowly bending weeps,
 And fadeless blooms upon the hallowed ground,
 While summer flowers their fragrance cast around,
 And deck the spot where worth departed sleeps:
 There, in that garden, lies a mother's pride—
 Within that grave, repose a father's joys,
 Crushed by that ruthless arm that all destroys—
 The brother, friend, companion, he hath died.
 There rest his ashes—gloomy, dark and deep
 The curtain, fallen on that once proud brow,
 And worms are feeding on that figure now,
 Forever hushed in an unending sleep.
 But his pure, lofty spirit robed in bliss,
Hath found a fairer, happier home than this.

A change came over me. How strange are our thoughts! what intricate labyrinths, what mazes unknown! even to the will do they not pierce? When the body is hushed in the quietness of repose, what wild places do they not traverse! how do they people dreary shores with shadows of wild reality! In the dim twilight of memory, they see and recall objects and scenes of yore; they see the gold bursts that tell of sunshine; they see the blackness portending the thunder-storm; and fiery, restive coursers, what trifling incidents make them start off their track, to bound over the plains of imagination! It was so now. Dear Editors, in turning over the leaves of an old Casket, a book of gems—one I cherish in my heart of hearts—the dead leaves of a rose fell out. How came they there? Listen, and you shall hear.

Nearly three years ago, your humble servant left his father's hall, to make a pilgrimage to this fount of learning. With a heart open to all the delightful impressions of that romantic age, when, in this country, young men lay aside the *toga juvenilis* and assume the strut of manhood, he had already been often guilty of the wicked, the unpardonable sin of visiting the residence of a neighboring old farmer, whose myriads of acres, and “lots of niggers,” elicited the admiration of every passer-by.

Old Mr. Bradford was a strong "democratic Jeffersonian republican," brave, warm-hearted and zealous in defending the "rights of the people." Mrs. B. was like most Kentucky matrons, gentle, obedient, and industrious. "But what has all this to do with the rose leaves?" "Take it coolly," as Jacob Faithful's father used to say, and you shall know. Old Mr. Bradford had a daughter. Eleanor B—— was the belle of the whole county. At the time of which I speak, she had but just returned from Philadelphia, where she had been improving with all the accomplishments of a fashionable education, a mind of native brilliancy unsurpassed. I do but speak "the words of truth and soberness," when I say, her form was very nearly perfection. Her dark eyes were usually soft and languishing, but when lit up by passion or when discoursing upon the virtues of a beloved friend, or the beauties of a favorite author, I have seen them look like living coals. Well, on the ever memorable evening preceding the day when I was to set out for College, I called to bid Eleanor farewell. She received me kindly—tenderly, I thought. Seated by her side, and listening almost spell-bound to the tones of her rich musical voice, the hours glided away like moments. I begged her at last to play for me on the piano an air, that had been always a favorite of mine—Burns' "Wandering Willie." During this performance, no lover ever gazed in more rapt contemplation upon the star of his devotion, than did I upon the glorious being by my side; at thought of leaving her I shuddered. Intoxicated, maddened with passion, in the fullness of my heart I at length whispered in her ear, "Eleanor, I love thee." She at first seemed amazed—bewildered—doubtful whether she had heard aright. At length when she perceived my earnestness of manner, the brow of the beautiful creature was suffused by a crimson arch like a bow succeeding a thunder-storm, her superb bust heaved, her whole form dilated, as like the Pythoness swelling with the god she said, taking a rose that had been entwined in her hair, "there Walter, keep this; let it teach you a lesson; from the bottom of my heart I pity you," and with a sweet silvery laugh she turned away. In misery I hurried from the room; indignation, love, hate, shame—a thousand conflicting emotions boiling in my breast. The next morning found me on the road to N—— H——, and it was well; for old Mr. Bradford was so enraged upon hearing of "the impudence of the federal puppy," (my father was a whig,) that he came over the next day to horsewhip me. Gentlemen, I have kept that rose—"it *has* taught me a lesson." Whenever in passing along the streets of this beautiful city a fairy form has flitted by me, whenever the strings of a lyre accompanied by a female voice has broke upon my ear, whenever a fellow student has requested me to desert my books for the parlor or the ball room, the memory of that night of agony has recurred, and the co-

quetry of *that girl* has dissolved the charm of female fascination over me. I shall never take the degree of master of arts—I shall live and die a bachelor. I may as well remark, that about one month after I left home Eleanor was married to a young buck of the adjoining county, who possessed as many acres as herself, and who was of the same politics with her father. I have since learned that about twelve months after that event her husband was presented with “a fine chubby boy.”

WALTER WAYFARER.

THE WINDS.

How free are you, ye winds! Who can enchain
Your freedom, or who curb? Ye are like the soul,
All wingless, wandering o'er the earth in search
Of scenes of beauty or magnificence.
Where is the scene ye enter not? Ye glide
In zephyrs o'er the gardens of the east,
Kissing the dewy flower-lips, and ye sweep
With frozen blast o'er Greenland's plain of ice,
Chilling the dwarfish native through his furs.
Ye dally with the palm tree's stately crest,
Beneath whose leaves an Arab clan doth rest,
And o'er yon brow of mountain rock ye moan,
Amid the sombre foliage of the pine.
Now, pleasant as the breath of Hope in youth,
And gentle as an infant's sigh, ye come
And trifle with the locks upon my brow,
Or swing the ball upon the buttonwood,
Or shake the dew-drop on the spider's web—
Anon, all passion, with your viewless scourge
Ye lash the ocean, till its depths boil up
In torment. And ye have a voice, sometime
As soothing as the mother's lullaby,
It whispers gentle thoughts to human hearts;
And then, loud as the far-eyed eagle's scream,
It bids us pray for poverty and want.
And are ye sleepless? oh! ye love to lull
The weary one to rest with your lone wail.
The clouds are your companions—in your wrath
Ye scud together o'er the sky, like steeds
Racing in freedom o'er their native wilds,
Or sail across the blue so solemnly
And slow, that I have thought ye slept. But ye
Are sometimes terrible! When in mad sport
Ye strip from the frail mast the one last rag
Of sail, and drive the wreck, like a dead leaf
Right on before you—when ye scatter all

The farmer's hopes at night, that smiled at morn,
 Or bow the woods like grass before the wave,
 And twist, like infant twigs, the giant oaks.
 Amid the storm ye join the thunder peal,
 But when it passes, o'er the ruin wrought
 Ye sing a mournful dirge, and to the mother
 Bear tidings sad of her lost sailor boy.
 Had ye a birth? and will ye ever die?
 Methinks ye whispered to the blushing rose
 In Eden, and ye wooed the cheek of Eve;
 And ye will catch the last man's dying gasp,
 And round earth's funeral pyre wail a lament;
 Your sighs will fan its flickering embers—'mid
 Your howlings will the last faint spark expire!
 What is the lesson that ye teach frail man?
 I hear the voices of the winds—they say,
 "To-day we saw your birth; to-morrow, we
 Shall flit across your grave. Learn then that life
 Is but a breath, and fix your hopes above."

 ALMENE.

 A SPANISH LEGEND.—(*Concluded.*)

THE crescent moon shone through the soft air of Andalusia upon the silvery windings of the Xenel and the Darro, silently bathing in her pensive light the lofty towers and gardens of Granada and the white range of the Sierra Nevada beyond, as a cavalier in Moorish armor paused on foot under a wild olive on that bank of the river Darro nearest the Alhambra. On the other side lay the deserted encampment of the hostile force, beneath whose feet the verdure of the famed Vega had already withered, till what had been a paradise appeared a desert; while all that portion behind him which they had not ravaged, still bloomed with its thousand green meadows and gardens vocal with the music of birds and waterfalls, where the breezes loved to linger. After gazing long upon the magic scene, he turned his eye musingly upon the water that murmured at his feet.

"Oh, gliding stream!" he exclaimed at length, "why retest thou not, when nature wooes thee to repose? Must thou like the race of mortals be ever changing, forbidden to enjoy the present, but still hastening on in the fruitless chase of future happiness! But a little time and thou wilt have finished thy varied course, the peaceful and the wild, and wilt lose thy individual existence in the mighty ocean! Even thus *we* enter the dark *unknown*, and are forgotten! Thus empires spring and pass

away, to be succeeded by others ! O Granada ! * * * *
But thou art not fallen yet ! I will still struggle for thee, and for Almene !” Starting from his half reverie he strode hastily forwards, and plunging into the shadows of the Alhambra, approached its walls. Upon a signal given at the gate leading to the palace he was admitted, and ascending quickly through the fragrant gardens he entered, as it seemed, like a privileged inmate, and sought the queen-mother, Ayxa la Horra. He found her in the presence chamber that overlooked the wide plain of the Vega. After the final departure of the ravaging army at sunset, the indignant Boabdil, aroused at last to decisive action, had assembled his nobles in council, settled the plan of war, and departed immediately to put it in execution ; and, though the chamber was now deserted of them, the queen still sat upon the royal throne. There was a cloud upon her brow, yet a stern smile at times broke over it, as starting from her troubled musings she would turn her proud eye upon the massive towers and bulwarks of the royal city. “Ismael,” said La Horra, as the herald announced his presence, “why hast thou so long forsaken Granada ? and why comest thou at last so worn and pale ? Is it for a Moslem and a Moor to desert his faith and his country in their hour of danger ?”

“Events, O queen ! are in the hands of Destiny, whose issues we cannot control. Many moons ago, while conducting Almene, your royal daughter, to Granada, we were assailed by scouts of El Zagal—may they fail of Paradise !—our attendants slain, and myself struck from my steed with many wounds. My senses left me ; I awoke in the cell of a Santon, who has long made his rude dwelling in a cave beneath the bank of the Darro. A fierce fever was on me ; for many months death struggled with life. But Allah preserves the faithful ! I can now battle again for my country. But where is the king ?”

“Before the gates of Alhendin.”

“And where—where Almene ?”

“I know not, no more than you,” said the queen, but with little emotion ; for her thoughts and feelings were rather a sovereign’s than a mother’s. “ ’Tis rumored that Ferdinand’s guile”—her brow grew darker, and Ismael’s cheek paler—“has kept her in some one of his conquered fortresses. But why do you start ? or what is she to you that her name is so warm upon your lips ?” Reddening to the temples he falteringly replied—

“How, royal mistress, could I fail to feel an interest in the fate of a noble princess so rudely torn from my protection ?”

But Ayxa knew that the rush of the crimson flood brought other tidings from the heart. Fixing her dark eye upon his, she said in a deep, slow voice, “hast thou dared to raise thy thoughts so high as to rest them upon a daughter of Granada’s kings ?”

The youth repelled her gaze with one as proud, and his countenance became calm.

"The race of the Abencerrages, of whom I am the last, dare do any thing ; nor is it less ancient, or far less noble, than the royal line of Alaman. And, were it otherwise, yet love, O queen, is not awakened nor quelled at our bidding. It springs within us like a fountain from the earth ; it breathes upon us like the wind from heaven. For long years Almene has been the idol of my heart. *She* has not known it, but I have worshipped in secret ; and if I might hope"—he paused, and the queen, glancing her eye upon the ravaged Vega, more desolate in the moonlight, mused for a moment. She was artful, and instantly determined to make his love for Almene a chain to bind him more strongly to Boabdil's throne.

"Thou art most presumptuous, boy ! yet instead of punishing I will pardon thee ! But what wilt thou do to win her ?"

"Any thing, even to death !"

"Wilt thou shed thy blood for Granada and her king ?"

"Am I a Moor ?" said he proudly. "Thou askest but what I have already given, and should ever give were there no Almene ! Yet in winning her love and my country's freedom I shall be doubly armed."

"Away then to Alhendin ! If thou be brave and constant, and Allah restore the maiden, thou hast won her."

"I go to the battle, and I will find her if she be in any castle of Spain. But how if she smile not upon me ? Love knows not obligation nor constraint !"

"Am not I her mother ?" said Ayxa imperiously : "besides," she added, in a softer tone, "what Moorish maiden will disdain the love of him, who shall bravely defend Granada and the crescent against the Christian and the cross ? I tell thee, Ismael, be valiant—be faithful—she is thine !"

"Leoni," said Almene, as wrapt in the dream of their young love, they sat in the small garden of the fortress, where through the overhanging vines stole the still moonbeams and the low breathings of the wind, "how lovely, Leoni, is all nature around us ! It is a time to love and be beloved !"

"And are we not, Almene, improving the happy moment ? Are not our hearts—our souls as one ?"

"Yet," she answered, mournfully, turning her dewy eyes upon him, "I know not but it is a sin for me thus to yield to its influence ! For even now, surrounded and canopied by this same air and glory of the heavens, are encamped the ravaging armies of the enemies of Granada. Allah forgive me ! I am too tranquil and happy, amid the ruin of my country."

"Nay, cheer thee, Almene, all will yet be well! Look, how yon golden star twinkles by the silver crescent! Is it not radiant with love and hope? Be those our omens and symbols!"

"Alas! how may they be? for that moon waxes brighter and that star will grow pale by her side. But the crescent of the Moor, the glory of Granada, is waning, while my love for her burns stronger as her brightness expires! See, Leoni, in the distance, how sweetly her towers* rise in the moonlight, like the creations of a dream! Wo's me! like a dream must she vanish! But," she added, earnestly, "I shall not live to see her ruin!" and hiding her face in her hands and dark hair upon his bosom, she wept bitterly; the bright tears straying like rain-drops through her fingers.

"Nay, Almene!" murmured the youth, gently kissing her pale forehead, "grieve not so sadly, fairest! if thy country fall, will not love and Leoni still remain? I will bear thee to the sunniest home in Andalusia, and amid the delights of another dwelling-place thou wilt at last cease, Almene, to remember unhappy Granada!"

The maiden started back, as if the voices of Granada's sepulchred kings had called. "What!" she cried, indignantly, flinging the tresses from her tearful eyes, "dost thou bid me forget my country? Shall I go with thee and be happy in the home of the enemies, who have destroyed her? Allah forbid! I know thou hatest her and lovest not me—but Almene will perish with the city of her fathers! Yet," she continued, sorrowfully, subdued at the thought of so sad a separation, "when I am gone, and Granada has fallen, thou wilt weep for us both, wilt thou not, Leoni?"

Tears were his reply, and they ceased not, till snatching up her fallen lute she sung to its simple notes a mournful little song of love with which she had often beguiled her moments of sadness.

ALMENE'S SONG.

I.

O breath of music stealing
 With rapture to the heart,
 Yet ne'er to it revealing
 Or what or whence thou art,
 So enter love my soul
 With pleasing, soft control,
 But not like thee depart!
 May it forsake me never,
 Love! sweet love!
 Never! oh, never!

* Granada was visible from the fortress of Alhendin.

II.

Beloved, thou in Aden
 Shalt ever blessed be ;
 But I, ah luckless maiden !
 May enter not with thee.
 Yet in its light and love,
 Where dark-eyed Houries move,
 Oh ! still remem—

“Hark !” she exclaimed dropping the lute, “what noise was that? Methought it was the sound of the zell and clarion !”

“Nay ! it was nothing but the wind and your own wild fancy, my love,” cried Leoni, who had heard only the sweet and solemn music of her voice. “Surely thou art fairer, Almene, than any Houry in thy prophet’s Paradise !”

A sad smile stole over her features as she resumed the song :

Oh ! still remember me !
 My love forget thou never,
 Love, *my* love !
 Never ! oh, never !

III.

For beauty’s every token
 Must feel the touch of death ;
 E’en thou, my lute, be broken,
 And hushed thy gentle breath !
 But love, the breath from heaven
 To weary mortals given
 To cheer life’s toilsome path—
 Oh ! it should perish never,
 Love, sweet love !
 Never, oh !—

A loud blast of the Moorish clarion from beneath the very castle started them from their seat. Hurrying up a kind of rude stairs reaching to the top of the high garden wall, they beheld all the plain below the steep covered with thick columns of Moorish infantry and cavalry ; their pennons floating high, as if upborne by their wild martial music, while above all waved the royal standard of Granada and the silver crescent kissing the moonbeams. It was the Moorish army, led by King Boabdil, who was easily distinguished by his superior charger, and by the royal banner borne before him.

“My brother, my brother,” cried the maiden, overjoyed at beholding him for the first time in two long years of danger and death. “See ! it is Boabdil, and I shall be freed from this hate—

* It was, perhaps, the saddest point in Mussulman belief, that woman had no spirit and would not, therefore, enter Paradise.

ful prison and go to Granada, and you too shall go with us, Leoni!" and she flung her arm fondly about his neck, as if he could but wish with her the success of the besiegers. But far other emotions filled the breast of the young Spaniard. The ancient spirit of his race—hostility to the Moor, arose within him, though pleased at her joy.

"It was touching to behold," says the gentle chronicler of this legend, whose words we give faithfully, "how these two, of noble but hostile blood, stood in their beauty and youth gazing upon the martial array below, with souls blended by one deep love, yet alive with opposite hopes and wishes."

A challenge for surrendry had been sent and as promptly returned with defiance. The siege was commenced and urged with untiring effort for five days and nights. The sixth day beheld the Christians in possession of nothing save one massive tower, from which still waved the banner of the cross. The remnant of the besieged, weary and heartless, could hardly manage their engines, while the besiegers, constantly reinforced from the city, pressed on with the more vigor. Conspicuous among the foremost of them, and ever by the side of the king, was one of youthful mien, active and bold, now leading the assault, now urging on the rest; and Almene with wonder, recognized in him the young and graceful Ismael, whom she had long with regret believed to be slain. Every movement, without and within, did the maiden anxiously watch, beseeching Allah and the Prophet to aid the besiegers, though aware that the fate of the garrison might be that of her lover. Nay, she even secretly exulted at the idea of proving to Leoni the depth of her love, in obtaining his liberty by intercession with her royal brother. For this reason she had from the first earnestly entreated him to take no part in the defense of the castle, fearing lest his efforts should help put off the triumph of her affection and hinder his liberation; although, indeed, her country's triumph and freedom were foremost in her desires. But the youth met all her earnestness with a gentle, yet determined refusal; deeming the loss of honor too great a price to pay even for love. It was now near the noon of the sixth day. The enemy, under cover of thick penthouses, had, unharmed by the showers of stones and seething pitch, penetrated to the very walls, undermined them, and left them supported only by wooden beams. Amid the roar of artillery, the streaming of pennons, the shouts of besiegers and besieged, and the wild dissonance of zell and cymbal, Almene suddenly appeared upon the highest pinnacle of the tower, waving in her hands the ancient Moorish banner of the castle, long laid up in the armory as a trophy. When the Moslem host beheld her slight form standing as it seemed in the air, her white robes streaming in the wind, and in her hands the symbol of their faith, they be-

lieved it a vision from their Prophet and sent up a shout that shook the huge tower to its foundations and was heard on the heights of Granada. Leoni beholding it flew up to her side, and with gentle yet resolute force wrested the banner from the loved enthusiast's grasp and hurled it down upon their turbaned heads, earnestly chiding her for thus hastening destruction upon them all. The maiden answered not, but in her zeal, stripping the light female turban from her head and neck, held it forth instead of the fallen banner. But when the Moslems saw the sacred crescent drop, torn and dishonored, their shout of joy changed to a deep yell of fury. This soon was merged in a fearful calm, and like the heaving ocean, when the storm has ceased, the raging host rolled on, eager in obedience to the beckoning vision to tear or burn down the castle's frail support and bury all in promiscuous ruin.

And now Boabdil, whom Ferdinand's crafty prudence had from the first kept ignorant of Almene's fate and abode, deeming it like the rest a divine appearance on the tower's height, waving them on to its destruction, would have made to his country a sacrifice of the being he most loved on earth, had not his natural kindness persuaded him to give by the herald a last warning. Quexada heard the summons. He knew, that in the sister of the king, he had the means of averting the impending blow, but his chivalrous spirit scorned to use a means inconsonant with bravery. The flaring torches were seen ready to fire the unstable base. Casting a last despairing glance across the Vega for Christian aid, "Comrades," said he, "it is ours to save ourselves, or to die, like men. Yet let us not involve in our ruin youth, beauty and innocence. We will show ourselves to the Moslem at once Christians and warriors!" So saying, he led both Almene and Leoni from the tower-top down to the gate and bid them go to Boabdil, live and be happy; as for themselves, they would fall with their fortress.

"Nay!" said Leoni proudly, "think'st thou I can act so unmanly a part, as to forsake my comrades and the cross?" Then taking the maiden's hand with tears in his eyes and a faltering voice, "Go, my life!" he cried; "may the light of love and Heaven shine around thee! *Thou* may'st live—I cannot choose but die beneath the banner I defend! Thou wilt not forget me?"

Then it was that the maiden's lofty spirit was all subdued by the power of love, as wax before the flame. The thought of her own death she could well endure, but how, that he should perish! Claspings her hands in paleness and sorrow, she besought him to go with her to Boabdil and entreat from his clemency the lives of all.

"Alas! Almene," he replied, "we may not sue our enemies for mercy! Nay! fare thee well, now! Forget me—I know thou wilt not!—yet forget me and be happy!"

"Then will I die with thee!" and a smile like a sun-beam broke through her tears. "Shall we not slumber sweetly beneath this fallen tower?"

After vainly urging Leoni to go with her, Quexada gently forced her from his arms, shut the gate upon her and calmly awaited death. Finding herself thus severed from her lover and her life depending on the issues of a moment, the maiden flew like an arrow down the stony steep to intercede with her brother for the Christian lives. When Boabdil saw his beloved and long lamented sister, his astonishment was but equalled by his joy while to the young Moor she was revealed as a light from Heaven. And now Boabdil, even unpersuaded by her, would gladly have abandoned the siege, for it grieved his noble mind to requite such generosity with ingratitude; but the mixed host he led was still furious to destroy, and half of them were of the unsteady populace whom he dared not displease. Almene gazed in agony. The flames began to ascend among the wooden pillars at the tower's base, while on its loftiest summit stood Leoni and Quexada by the Spanish cross! Another moment, and her heart had broken! But won by the tears and entreaties of his wife and children and the assent of his hardy comrades, Quexada reluctantly lowered the standard. The flames were extinguished and the garrison with the sorrow of brave men surrendered themselves to Boabdil's mercy. The generous king granted free departure and an escort to the women, and wished to free the men likewise; but the untamed spirit of his army forbade, and they were led to Granada, though soon after secretly liberated. Great was the maiden's joy; yet she dared give no sign of her love for a Christian in the turbaned Moslems around; nor could any eye but that of a worshipper like Ismael discern it in their transient and furtive glances. She did not plead for Leoni's single liberty; for with the true love and fancy of a woman she dreamed how sweet would be to have him near her, in the halls of the Alhambra. This dream, however, was dispelled, as by Quexada's earnest request Don Pedro Leoni was sent to his father, De Aguilar. Thus were they separated in the spring of their life and love, perchance by the perils of war never to meet again.

The fierce enmity existing in El Zagal's breast towards his nephew Boabdil, extended to all his adherents, and especially to the wily astrologer who had been so spurned from his presence. This, however, was but a breath to the stormy power of another passion with which his fierce nature had been fired at the sight of Almene's beauty, as he bore her before him on his steed. To keep her at least from another's possession, he had endeavored to slay her in the ravine; and afterwards, knowing

could never gain her by the king's consent, his hatred towards him and all under his sway increased tenfold.

Impelled by all these, after El Zagal's humiliating capitulation he repaired to Granada, ingratiated himself with the credulous monarch by means of his mystic arts, and joined with the queen-mother and chief nobles in persuading him to throw off allegiance to Ferdinand, resolving to animate them to resist till their inevitable surrendry could bring but captivity and death, and then amid the common wreck bear off his prize to his wild home in Africa, thus gratifying at once revenge and lust. He had perceived the young Moor's passionate love for the princess at their first meeting in Velez, and Leoni's enraptured gaze by the rivulet in the dell, and, like Ismael, had discerned their mutual affection at the siege of Alhendin. With deep laid cunning, therefore, he determined by aiding the Moor against the Christian to fool them both.

Though restored once more to her loved city of groves and fountains, yet the maiden was less happy than when confined in the grim and solitary tower of Alhendin. Her friends indeed were around her—the friends of her youth; but one of a later day was not there—one more to a maiden's heart than the world beside! She was afflicted, too, by the desires and commands of the impetuous Ayxa, that she should favor the devoted attachment of the last of the Abencerrages. And though the noble youth did not himself importune her, for he chivalrously resolved to win first glory and a name in her country's defense and by these her love, yet this very devotion, so high-souled and pure, only gave her pain, whose heart was another's. Thus the months passed on, till the sunny April of another year brought to Granada the birds and flowers, and, besides, a visitation of terror—the Christian army; and yet not wholly of terror to Almene, for now her lover was nearer than before. Often from her lofty chamber in the Alhambra would she gaze forth upon their white tents outspread like a city beneath, fancying she saw him gracefully hurling the lance, or careering on his steed. Of her wishes, her hopes, her fears, Leoni was ever a part. Soon the blooming Vega was ravaged again, its pleasant gardens utterly destroyed, and its fountains crimsoned with the blood shed in many a bitter conflict. It was evident the contest was fast coming to an issue; “and with it endeth our history,” saith the sage chronicler.

The day, near the close of June, had been sultry; but little skirmishing had taken place, for Ferdinand forbid his cavaliers to accept the challenges of the Moorish champions. Evening came on serene and still with solemn starlight. On the lofty tower of Comares, the highest of the Alhambra, stood the astrologer with

King Boabdil. On an antique table in the centre was drawn a horoscope with revolving metallic figures representing the seven planets, and strange instruments of his art and mystic scrolls were scattered around.

"Tell me," said the king, "O learned in magi's lore, what readest thou to-night in the scroll of heaven? What saith thy horoscope?"

The astrologer, muttering mysterious words, gazed long upon the sky and the figured scheme alternately. "There are warnings," he murmured at length, "but perchance the stars will be more favorable at another time."

"Nay, speak, though they wither me! I can be but *the unfortunate!*"

"The signs are good and evil. See how the fiery Mavors, which is now the planet of your hopes, rideth ascendant within the second face of Taurus; this is the strongest sign of success in war. But, on the other hand, see Venus, a planet malign to the energies of war, rise in opposition within the first of Scorpio. Lo!" he cried, gazing upwards, "Love's planet groweth brighter—she dwelleth in light! Mars becomes pale—sinks—vanishes in darkness!"

"What means it?"

"Hath not thy sister, great king, made love to some Christian youth? It must be so! The stars lie not."

"Allah forbid! She dare not! I will restrain her!"

"The noble Ismael loves her; let her favor him. Then fight thou still for Granada; thou shalt conquer!"

"Allah! My stern father* destroyed his race, and I owe him thus much! He is brave, too, and"—

"'Tis well! I see thy star in the ascendant!"

As the bright sun of that day went down behind the mountains, gilding with his parting rays the Moslem banners and the Vermilion towers, Almene sat alone in her chamber, which overlooked the pleasant valley of the Darro and commanded a view of the Vega and the Christian camp. She watched the light depart and the shadows of evening steal on apace, and the sadness of the hour charmed her soul to tears. She wept, for all her love seemed idle as a dream. She loved her country, but it was near to ruin. She loved Leoni, but he was severed from her as effectually she deemed as by the broad ocean. Truly, she was miserable!

Her musings were interrupted by a light knock on the door. At her bidding it opened, and her maid entered bearing in her

 **Aben Hassan treacherously slew all the nobles of the Abencerrages.**

hands a silver lamp and followed by Ismael. Almene would have fled, but the presence of her maid reassured her. The young Moor moved not, but stood as in a trance gazing upon her fair and trembling form. "O lady!" he murmured at length in broken accents, "canst thou fear *me*? O lady! I have adored thee long and deeply! Nay, start not! Thy mother hath told thee thus much—yet not all. Almene! my life!" he cried more passionately, kneeling at her feet and clasping her hand, "I, the last of the Abencerrages, I, who have knelt to no being but Allah, now kneel to thee! I have fought for Granada and thee! I have sought honor and glory but to win thy love! Oh, say, canst thou accord it?" The maiden could not answer.

"Thou knowest," he continued, "I have never vexed thee with the story of my love, nor had I now, but there must, henceforth, be fierce battling for the city of our fathers, and I would not die with no sweet word from thee! Say thou hatest me not, 'twill be enough!"

"I grieve," said Almene, falteringly, "that so unworthy an object as I, must give you pain. For my affection—it is little worth; and I can love thee—not as a maiden, but that thou lovest my country. Nay, rise and forget me! why shouldst thou chase an idle fancy, when Granada totters to her fall?"

"I go now," said he rising, "but not to forget thee; and when the battle rages around these walls, surely thou wilt sometimes, Almene, remember *me*!" So saying, he kissed the fair hand he held and turning his eyes upon her till he reached the door, departed from the Alhambra, leaving her as bewildered as if in sleep she had roamed the mazes of a wizard dream.

While her troubled thoughts hovered dimly about the sad realities of her condition, she heard stealing up from the garden beneath her window, the notes of a simple Andalusian air, which Leoni had often played to her on the lute in the bowers of Alhendin. She started and listened earnestly. These words came to her ear distinct and familiar.

THE SERENADE.

I.

Maiden, wake thee from thy slumbers,
Though the sweetest dream must flee!
Lo! in softly, soothing numbers
Love addresseth hope and thee!
Bidding in life's dewy morn
Pluck the rose—avoid the thorn,
And joy's bright garland twine.
Bend thy starry eyes upon me,
Thou, whose loveliness hath won me
To worship at thy shrine!

II.

Bird of Paradise! sweet stranger
Strayed from thy bright home away!
O'er the gloomy earth a ranger
I would list a heavenly lay.
Let me hear thy gentle voice
That my spirit may rejoice—
Rejoice one transient hour!
Bend thy starry eyes upon me,
Thou, whose loveliness hath won me
To linger round thy bower!

With a trembling hand, a throbbing heart, and cheek changing momentarily from pale to crimson, Almene opened the casement and gazed down among the thick shrubbery at the foot of the tower. By the uncertain starlight she saw a form step forth from the shadow of the foliage and look up to her, but she discerned no lineaments.

"Almene," said a voice, which thrilled through all her soul, "Almene, love waits for thee!"

As fast as her faltering feet would carry her she hurried down, opened the door and fell into the fond embrace of Leoni. The treasured love of long months burst forth in that one moment. They did not speak, but gazed upon each other. The wind sighed among the leaves, the stars smiled sweetly from the sky, and the fragrance of flowers and murmur of fountains filled the air. These soon shed over their spirits a calmer joy; and she began to enquire, with girlish fondness, about all things which had befallen him during their long separation, chiding him that he came not before; and how, at last, he could have entered the guarded city. But when he told her, how with the bold Hernando of the exploits and others, he had, with peril of life, stormed* a postern gate on the Darro, and then, instead of returning with them, had dared, in the strength of love, to seek her in the Alhambra, she would chide him for thus rashly periling his life and her happiness.

"Alas!" saith the chronicler, "the brightest moment flies the soonest and is followed by the darkest change!"

Lights were seen moving among the trees, and shouts were heard as of men in a search. The lights and the voices came thicker and nearer. "You are pursued!" cried Almene, and seizing his arm she hurried him into the tower and up the winding stairway, intending to hide him some where in the chambers above. But when they came near the door of the great Hall of Ambassadors, the tramp of many and rapid feet was heard upon its floor and along all the passages before them. The maiden stopped in breathless anguish. It was but a moment. Opening a concealed door she drew him through, and they were about to descend a winding passage in the heart of the wall, when the astrologer met them bearing a lamp before the king.

"Behold," he cried, "the truth of the warning!" and raising his dagger was aiming a blow at his heart. But the maiden sprung before it and he dared not strike. Persuaded, however, by his wily representations and the queen's indignation, Boabdil confined Leoni in a chamber of the tower, and was prevented from putting him to death only by the earnest entreaties of Al-

* Such deed is recorded of this valiant cavalier.—*Translator.*

mene, whom he tenderly loved. This separation seemed to her more hopeless than any before ; and hourly dreading his death, as well as loaded with the bitter taunts of a mother she feared, and the affectionate chidings of a brother she loved, she spent her days and nights in anxious sorrow. Grief began to weave for her a garland of pale flowers.

The fate of Granada was now near at hand ; all sea-ports had been closed against her, the fruits of the country had been destroyed, and she began to feel the rage of famine. Still the astrologer, desirous of bringing her to utter ruin, urged Boabdil to tread no middle path between the kingdom and the grave of his fathers. But the spirit of the king and of his people was broken. In spite of the wily African's persuasions and La Horra's lofty counsels it was agreed to surrender, and the conditions were settled. Finding his scheme of vengeance abortive, the astrologer resolved at least to possess himself of the object of his fierce love. He began by urging Ismael to carry her off by force amid the final confusion, plotting to deprive him of her when once without the city's bounds ; but the noble Moor spurned such base counsel, nor would win the maiden without her love. Then he determined to spirit her away himself, for which he had great facilities by reason of the free passage through all the palace, which his power over Boabdil had gained him.

It was the night before the appointed surrendry : all Granada was filled with wailing and tears, but most of all the Alhambra. The Sultana Ayxa maintained her wonted mein of indomitable pride, though the keenest grief consumed her heart. Boabdil gave way to the full bitterness of the moment, accusing his destiny and the stars ; while Almene sat sorrowful in her chamber, thinking in silence and tears of each loved familiar spot of her home, unable to bear the pain of going to bid them adieu. Leoni had been liberated, yet he still lingered around her, though the Sultana's vigilance hindered their meeting. He had, however, secretly conveyed a letter to her, urging her to fly with him and become his bride : and the maiden had answered, that she could not become a bride, when it were more fitting that she mourn as an orphan. Yet as she thought now upon her destiny, she began to feel that a life of misery were too sad and useless a sacrifice to the memory of her country, and that in loving Leoni she would but cherish an affection for Granada, so blended was his image with the scenes of its calamities.

That sorrowful night Ismael spent not in lamentations with Boabdil and his gentle Zorayma, nor in the chafings of a proud heart with Ayxa the chaste ; but all night long he paced the lonely height of the tower of Comares beneath the silent sky,

seeking to calm his manly grief with the solitude around him. He had nobly ceased to urge the maiden when he saw her heart was another's; and he mourned not so much over the disappointment of his love, as the ruin of his country. In truth, he deemed it fitting, that his hopes should perish with the hopes of Granada. He gazed around—never had she looked so lovely. “Ye living orbs,” he exclaimed, turning his eyes upon the starry heavens, “that keep your eternal watch unchanged, ye here behold the last of an ancient race, and this, the fairest city beneath your reign. The destinies ye gave us are fulfilled; I feel in my spirit that we shall perish together!” A faint scream reached his ear. He started and listened. Another came, louder and more distinct. With frantic speed he rushed down the winding stairway to the base of the tower, burst through the bolted door, and springing along the avenues of thick trees in the direction of the cry, beheld, by the gate opening above the Darro, Almene, pale as a withered garland, in the grasp of the fierce African. He had lured her to the garden by a feigned note from Leoni. The young Moor sprung upon him, and with the strength of madness wrested her from his hold. With demoniac coolness the dark magician plunged a dagger to his heart, and was bending down to seize his victim again, when Leoni, who had been hovering around the Alhambra, rushing down with the speed which alarmed love lends the feet, smote his head from his body with so swift a blow, that it rolled down the steep like a ball into the river. The wounded Moor as he fell by the side of his only love, convulsively clasped her feet, sighed forth “Almene!”—and expired.

“Alas!” said the maiden, gazing upon his face, beautiful in death, “alas! how baleful to thee and thine, poor youth, has been the star of our house! My vindictive father slew all thy race—and I have slain thee!”—and she pressed her lips in tears to his pale cheek. By this time Boabdil and his mother had reached the fatal spot, and were looking with wonder upon the bloody scene. Leoni tenderly raised the weeping girl: “Mighty Boabdil,” said he, taking her hand and gazing a moment into her dark eyes, eloquent at once with love and sorrow, “prince of a fallen people, thou knowest that the hand of heaven hath wrested Granada from the Moor, and thy Alhambra must pass to another. Yet why should this flower, which hath grown so fair in its shade, be crushed in its calamity? Shall I not take it and cherish it in my bosom?” Ayxa, darting an angry glance was about to speak, but the king restrained her.

“Almene,” said he, mournfully, “the star of Granada has set forever! The glory has departed from our ancient line! A shadow rests upon the Alhambra, and it will darken all my life! Yet why shouldst thou be miserable with me? Go, and be happy!”

As the rising sun gilded the minarets and towers of the city the snow-capped mountains beyond, Boabdil and Leoni, with Almene between them, passed slowly from the Alhambra by a side gate, often looking back upon its turrets and gardens. It was to Almene the saddest, sweetest moment of her existence. Her thought of parting from her brother and the home of her childhood, and the tear was on her cheek; she thought of love and Leoni, and the smile usurped its place. Meeting the sovereigns of Spain surrounded by their nobles, he delivered to them the keys of the city. "Allah," said he, "and the fates have given you my kingdom; but grant me one favor. I leave among you my gentle sister—my light—my joy from childhood! I pray for my sake, cherish her and this noble youth who hath won her love." The sovereigns and the father of Leoni gave earnest and joyful promises. Then embracing her with tears, Boabdil departed into what seemed to him an exile; Almene to her father's ancestral home, to become his bride and the mother of the house of Aguilar. Years passed away, and the light of love shone around them; yet often as her thoughts flew back to the scenes of her youth, a sigh would steal forth for the beauty Granada, and the vanished glory of the Moor. ?

LOVE AND BEAUTY.

A PARAPHRASE OF ANACREON, ODE XXX.

THE muses once young Cupid caught,
And bound his wings with flow'ry chain;
Then, as a prize, to Beauty brought
Their captive, flutt'ring all in vain;
In vain t' escape the god essayed,
In vain invoked fair Venus' aid.

But soon to free her stolen boy,
The goddess-mother ransom brings;
Surprised, she finds, the promised joy
The captive Cupid from him flings!
And though permitted to go free,
He chooses Beauty's slave to be.

And still in Beauty's court he stays,
Attentive to her slightest nod,
A willing slave, his service pays,
A willing slave though yet a god.
For Beauty rules both gods and men,
And Love is ever in her train.

A WISH.

Oh ! light let every sorrow be,
That grief or care may cast on thee ;
And may each joy and pleasure gay
Attend thee on life's flowery way.

May friendship with its hallowed light
Around thee shine serenely bright ;
And love its purest bliss impart,
And gentle peace possess thy heart.

And as the tints of closing day
In mellowed radiance pass away,
Calm may thy joyous spirit rise
To mingle with its native skies.

P.

IMMORTALITY OF NATURE.

" While universal Pan,
Knit with the Graces and the Hours in dance,
Led on the eternal Spring."

Milton.

IN Nature there is much to excite raptures of joy, and impart the consolations of hope. Few, very few, possessing human sensibility, have lived amid the luxuriance of creation, without feeling the pulsations of inward joy quickened and strengthened by that luxuriance. And who has lived and never experienced the subduing power of music in the breath of morning—in the gentle zephyr of evening—the melody of the meadow stream, or in the bass of a world of rolling waters? Who has felt the fresh breeze of a summer's eve cooling his feverish brow, without an emotion of lively delight, and without an irrepressible desire that such might ever be the soother of his care? Who has surveyed the new-robed fields of spring, without looking for some evidence that that gladdening season would never cease its annual return?

Who has stood amidst the profusion of autumn, and seen there the wonderful provisions made by the Eternal for the wants of his created millions, without asking himself if the Creator would ever suspend so full and rich an exhibition of his beneficence? And who has noticed those tints of golden beauty that linger with so winning and heavenly radiance after the departed sun,

without reading in them of their Author's purity ; and without feeling that God would never blot out so glowing representations of his changeless excellence ! And who can contemplate the starry world—that system boundless, yet in the hand of Deity—and not feel that this at least might remain an imperishable monument of creative power ? Does man long for the immortality only of his own spirit, and that, too, when he sees above and around him a magnificence that mocks the flights and vision of that spirit ? Does he wish that all else were buried in oblivion, and that he, a spirit, with others—spirits, were ranging the vast of measureless, vacant space ? Ah, no ! the associations of life are too grateful to be thus voluntarily surrendered. Man would bear with him on his endless journey, either the scenery or the living memento of the scenery of his earthly career. If he is to live again, after his eye has closed upon the grandeur and glory of terrestrial objects ; he would again call back that glory and mingle anew in its joy-imparting felicities. Ah ! he feels as he bids adieu to the visions of youth, and to the engagements of his riper years, that it is not for an eternal separation. He thinks not of a returnless journey ; he feels an assurance that he shall stay amid the springs and summers of his early days, or bear with him their freshness and hope. He expects yet to listen to the music that first awoke his senses by its inspiring power ; or to transport with him the same lyre that hushed his infant spirit to repose, or that quelled the agitations of his manlier years. Yes, yes, the spirit does recognize an immortality in the “handy workmanship” of Nature.

But what of creation is immortal ? Will these hills which now tell of power no less than omnipotent, remain the endless monuments of such power ? Will the gentle stream, which plays so beautifully through the meadow, *ever* inspire with its spirit-pleasing melody ? Will the mighty ocean *ever* “shrink and grow again ?” Will the sun pour forth his floods of “everlasting light,” “rejoicing in the brightness of his course ?” Will Nature, the grosser material nature, ever continue on in the same changes,

—“as those which we and all our sires
Have seen her wear on her eternal way ?”

Ah ! the hills may melt, “the valleys burn,” and “old ocean roll his waves of flame,” and still the scenery that once gladdened the chafed spirit of man shall remain unchanged and glowing forever, in the same peculiar beauty and enrapturing power.

But how ? We would not clothe our subject in mystery ; it is too common, and its solution too obvious. Does not the aged hero oft-times fight over the battles of other years, and does he not glow with the same ambition, amid the same dangers as those which once nerved and fired his youth ? Does not the toil-worn

wanderer often find in the "land of strangers," the renewal of those circumstances that blessed his younger years? Look upon that father, long absent from his little boys and from the sympathies of *her*, dearer to him than all others. Just now he was sad, and the tear that stole unchecked from his manly eye, told how painful were his thoughts. And now his eye has kindled with the same joy that beamed from it when listening to the prattling of his boys; yet hundreds of miles separate him from their smiles and sports. But has he not, think you, visited them since his eye told of the sadness of his heart? He is far away; but has he nothing to do with the scenery and hopes of home?

Follow the spirit of the departed hero. Will that spirit no more return to tread back the path of its victories on earth? Is Marathon nothing now in the eye of her Miltiades? Has Leonidas forever done with the valor and daring of his own loved Sparta? Has Charlemagne forgotten the scene of his earthly power? and can ages cancel from his France a single line that awoke the ambition of her hero? Do the Cæsars never look back to the Rome of their glory? and should other years perfect the work of commenced ruin, would they find upon their return less than the "mistress of the world?" Would Bunker Hill suffer in the view of a Warren, though it be levelled for the use of man? Can time affix the seal of oblivion upon Lexington, Saratoga, Long Island, Brandywine, Yorktown? Can eternity so efface the lineaments of New England, that the Puritans shall no more read her story of other years? No, no; nature may crumble down under the weight of years, but she "will not all die;" she will still live in the memory of her sons.

But there is still another feature of the immortality of Nature. Go, follow the Indian as he passes along his midnight path; the stars of heaven gleam brightly upon him and point him to the Great Spirit. The moon comes, and though perhaps faintly, yet surely does she direct his eye and heart upward to the Great Unseen. Will the Indian ever forget the evening star? Will the moon ever cease to shine into his heart? or will the mid-day sun from the Indian's eye ever withdraw his beams? Ah, no! it would shut out from his soul its clearest views of the Indian's God: it would rob him of the shrine of his divinity. Yes, Nature will ever exist embodied in the religion of her children.

Again, where did Ossian, "king of songs," gather that light that first "arose in his soul," and that now glows from his page of song, though the son of the lyre long since "aged and weary, fell asleep beside the stone of Mora?" Will the "plain of lovely Lutha," or aught of the "Isle of Mist," ever fade from the vision of Ossian?

And what but Katrine, "Benvoirlich's head," and all the beautiful and wild of "fair Mentieth," moulded the genius of

Scott, who tuned his "Harp of the North," in thrilling song of
 "Knighthood's dauntless deed, and Beauty's matchless eye!"

And shall these genius-forming "realms" give way to the wasting of oblivion, while that genius shall ride above the ruins, "to wake once more its harp," and bid

—"its skill command
 Some feeble echoing of its earlier lay?"

It cannot be. Lutha and Katrine must ever remain, for they exist, the very life of imperishable genius.

Yes, Nature is immortal. Memory will preserve every line, every feature of her. Religion will guard her from the hopelessness of oblivion. Genius will ever rescue her from the grasp of decay, and hold up her beauty, her magnificence, and her glory, undiminished by the wasting of time, untouched by the blight of eternity.

EUSTA.

HYMN.

"My heart is awed within me, when I think
 Of the great miracle that still goes on,
 In silence round me—the perpetual work
 Of thy creation, finish'd, yet renew'd
 Forever. Written on thy works I read
 The lesson of thy own eternity."

Bryant.

The hoary mountains and the sky,
 The streams, and sounding sea,
 The verdant plains, the forest high,
 Great God! are full of Thee!

When morning comes with robes of light,
 Or glows the noon-day air;
 When planets gem the dome of night,
 Still beams thy presence there.

The earth beneath the tempest reels,
 Forth at thy bidding poured;
 The lurid lightning's flash reveals
 The glittering of thy sword.

And when the parting clouds between,
 Looks out the sun awhile,
 The rainbow, bending o'er the scene,
 Portrays its Maker's smile.

The glorious fabrics of thy will
 Throughout all nature shine;
 Nor less a marvel of thy skill,
 This wayward heart of mine.

Send, send an angel from the throng
 That circles Thee above,
 To touch my lips with hallow'd song,
 My bosom with thy love.

F. W. R.

New Haven, 1839.

REMINISCENCE OF THE REVOLUTION.

STORMING OF RED BANK.

THE bright period of the American revolution has now almost become "olden days," and antiquity is beginning to cast over it a dim and sombre coloring. The vividness of its living scenes, the freshness of its thrilling details is fast wearing away, and their remembrance fading like the vision of a past dream. On the lips of a surviving few still faintly linger the tales of that glorious time; but they are growing mute, and soon shall be heard no more. Those hoary forms, age-worn and bowed, are tottering over the brink of the grave; one by one they drop from our sight, and ere long will all "be gathered to their fathers." Then who, when the voice of the warriors are hushed, shall resume the narratives they were wont to tell? Another generation may seek in vain for living witnesses, while vague tradition shall ill supply the story of many a wild adventure and stirring incident through freedom's proudest struggle. To snatch from forgetfulness a few memorials of that heroic period, is deemed a sufficient apology for recording the following recollections. They are, in substance, from the lips of an aged veteran who took part in the scene he relates; their faithfulness must rest on the narrator's memory.

After the defeat at Brandywine and consequent taking of Philadelphia, in the summer of 1777, the British, in order to open a communication with their fleet and thence obtain supplies, were under the necessity of capturing the fortresses on the Delaware. These had been erected by the Americans to protect the city, and by their strength and position could effectually cut the enemy off from their shipping. Two of these strong holds commanded the river—Fort Mifflin on Mud Island, and Fort Mercer at Red Bank, across on the opposite Jersey shore; hence the importance of their possession to the enemy. It was their great aim to attack and carry both at the same time; the former with their vessels, the other with a strong body of land forces. The detachment destined for this duty were about two thousand Hessians, headed by Count Donop, a brave and chivalric leader.

The garrison consisted of less than four hundred men, commanded by that gallant officer, Col. Greene, who was afterwards slain in battle. Anticipating an attack, the American commander had taken the precaution to strengthen his post by every means in his power. The fortress being too large for his small force, a new breast-work was thrown up through the middle, and the fort, thus cut in two parts, both to be held or one abandoned according

to the number of assailants. A neighboring orchard was cut down, and the walls thickly palisaded with sharpened stakes, driven deep and firmly into the earth, to baffle an escalade of the foe. These preparations were hardly made, before they were put to trial. The morning of the 22d of October gave the first signal of the approaching contest. The thunder of the enemy's ships opened on Fort Mifflin, and warned the opposite garrison of the danger that threatened them. At an early hour, Count Donop's band crossed from Philadelphia to the Jersey shore, down which they were to march to Red Bank. But from some delay, they did not arrive in time to make a simultaneous attack with the squadron, as had been planned. The morning was dark and lowering, but the day brightened up as it advanced. The little garrison, on the look out, anxiously awaited the foe—but they came not. Noon drew on—it passed—still no foe was seen. At length about 3 o'clock they suddenly hove in sight. The view was fine and imposing. The tall columns of the Hessians came moving on in solid masses. The sun was shining from a clear sky, and their polished armor glittered brightly across the fields as they marched along. When near, they halted, and a flag approached the fort with a summons to surrender. The answer sent back by Col. Greene, was characteristic of himself and worthy the hero of Old—a spirited defiance. "I keep this fort as long as there is one man to stand by me." The bearer returned and the foe came on. A desperate and bloody struggle must now be made; on the one side, by valiant and veteran troops flushed with their former success and confident in their overwhelming numbers; on the other, by men trusting to their secured position, and nerved by the justice of their cause.

The garrison after a few well aimed fires, finding their strength too weak to hold the entire works against so powerful antagonists, retired into the inner entrenchment, where their battery was planted. The Hessians elated with hope, pressed on in close ranks to gain the deserted outpost—the bait to lure them to destruction.

Greene, confident in his scheme, forbade a discharge of cannon or musketry until the enemy were within the vacant space. The impatience of the soldiers could scarcely be restrained, so fair a mark did the enemy present. Among the rest a British refugee, an artillery man, who had deserted for the infliction of some humiliating punishment, earnestly begged leave to open his fire on the densely serried platoons before him; burning to wipe out the disgrace he had suffered with the blood of his former partisans. The permission was soon granted. The assailants deeming victory already won, with shouts of exultation, were now pouring in torrents over the front ramparts; another moment and the whole arena was filled. Then followed an awful scene. The word of discharge was given—one tremendous volley and a storm of fire

broke in an instant upon them. The whole fort, like a volcano, belched forth streams of flame from every embrasure, and the entire breast-works were girt with one broad, blazing sheet. Through and through the thickly wedged multitudes, swept the murderous cannonade, and down dropped whole ranks before it, like corn beneath the mower's scythe. The assailants seemed paralyzed for a moment, but quickly recovered their wonted firmness. Fresh troops rushed in and closed up the gaps as fast as their comrades fell. In face of the tempest which was thus raining shot like hail among them, they long and obstinately persisted in striving to scale the ramparts. Above the roar of cannon and the din of small arms, rose the shouts of commanders urging on to the deadly strife, while mingled at intervals the shrieks of the wounded and dying.

But the strife waxed too hot and sanguinary to last—the strength of the enemy was fast sinking under the overpowering tide that was bearing them down—their efforts to carry the walls by storm grew fainter and fainter till the attempt became desperate. Then their thin and shattered ranks began to waver—faltered—recoiled—and slowly withdrew from the hard fought conflict. The dense cloud of smoke now rose up like a funeral pall, and heart-rending was the spectacle disclosed; the whole space around was one deluge of blood, heaped with piles of dead, or strewn with mangled forms writhing in their last agonies. Nearly four hundred lay slain and many wounded. Those who were yet alive were treated with humanity by the Americans; a single exception only must be recorded. One of the Hessians mortally wounded, had crawled up on the parapet, where, faint with the loss of blood and parched by thirst, he imploringly called out to the British deserter in broken English: “Good Rebel, water.” This name the Hessians had been taught was the proper title for the Americans. The imaginary insult, the haughty Briton could not brook. “Don't call me Rebel,” exclaimed he with an oath, and tumbling the wretched suppliant from his seat, broke his neck by the fall and thus put an end to his misery. Count Donop, the leader, was taken; he had received his death-wound in the engagement, and survived but about two days, attended while he lived with the kindest care and sympathy of the American officers. This unexpected treatment touched his heart, and to his last moments he bitterly regretted the fate that led him to draw his sword against a stranger people—a people who had done him no injury; whose valor in battle he had so fatally proved, and whose kindness, when it was ended, could soothe even an enemy in his sufferings.

THE ROSE'S ERRAND.

Go twine thyself amid her waving tresses,
 Go linger on her gently heaving breast,
 And when she warms thee with her fond caresses,
 Or folds thee in her bosom there to rest ;

Remember then, transfer to her these kisses,
 That I with burning lips imprint on thee,
 And whispering softly, tell her all my bliss is
 To dream, ' were one our future destiny !'

Within thy tiny leaves, I breathe this sigh,
 And when her ruby lips their folds are greeting,
 Oh hasten, send it forth that it may fly,
 Soft with her own in sweet effusion meeting.

And when her spirit sunk to rest reposes,
 Go lay upon her cheek this bitter tear,
 And let it be a token which discloses
 How he hath loved, who, sorrowing dropp'd it here.

If but in dreams it wakes one kind emotion,
 For him whose melting pen all trembling strays,
 'Twill well reward this tribute of devotion,
 Her emblem'd self that now her lover pays.

THE BIBLE.

WE are unwilling to believe that the subject of these pages will be deemed an intrusion on the domain of letters.

A book, whose history is identified with the advance of art, learning, and civilization, whose expounders have been often the great champions in science and philosophy, whose principles are inwoven with the highest efforts of eloquence and song, can hardly be circumscribed within the narrow pale of theology, an exile from all other departments of study and of life. Esteem it a mere human production, it is still on a par with all other writings ; suppose it a wild and distorted fable, it will be as true as many of the first works of genius. Believe life the whole period of existence, these pages may as well occupy the attention as aught else in the range of phantoms. The ancient knew no higher happiness than to study the mystic legends of mythology and sacrifice to her ten thousand fabled gods. And we too, in the same blissful delusion, may pore over the pages of this imposing mockery ; explore, with astonishment, its sublime yet lying

wonders ; be led captive by its persuasive and fascinating eloquence ; then lie down to die,

“ This sensible warm motion to become
A kneaded clod ; ”

well satisfied with the improvement of so fleeting moments. It is to man as a being of thought and sentiment, apart from all religious obligations ; to the scholar as a scholar, that we present these oracles of God. We treat of them as fraught with high and ennobling sentiment, as arrayed in a garb of mingled loveliness and grandeur, apart from all considerations of their truth or falsity.

What then are the topics of the Bible ? How are they presented to the mind ? The subjects which it unfolds can nowhere be surpassed in dignity and importance. It treats of the existence and qualities of a God—his perfect knowledge, his universal presence, his boundless power. Nor less, of the moral perfections which adorn his being—his inflexible justice, his long-suffering forbearance, his forgiving love. Of man, too—his nature, his duty, his character, his destiny. Above all, of the great work of redemption, the shortness of life, the approaching judgment, the worlds to come. These are the themes of the sacred Scriptures, the subjects which they present to the consideration of men. How do they present them ? Let us contemplate the varied forms in which the Scriptures unfold these doctrines.

First, as a history. The Bible is the most ancient record which learning boasts. The profoundest research of the antiquarian has rescued from dusty oblivion no forgotten legend, so old as the simple story, which every child may read, how “ in the beginning God created the heaven and the earth.” From this birth of time it describes the progress of our race for forty centuries. As it traverses this mighty field, it embraces within its capacious limits, every variety of incident, every shade of fortune ; all which is beautiful, touching, thrilling, in the rise and fall of men and nations. We are introduced into the midst of a lovely garden ; the air is redolent with fragrance, and the songs of a thousand birds of varied plumage mingle in matchless harmony. ’Tis the hour of noon, and amid the sheltering foliage sit the sole inhabitants of earth, one holy pair, holding sweet converse. No step intrudes upon their solitude, save of some winged messenger bearing good tidings from the upper Paradise. We stand upon a lofty summit and mark the swollen deluge, overtaking the fleeing nations as they climb the hills, till the earth is a heaving sea, and a lonely bark bears up from death the remnant of its teeming multitudes. We become inhabitants of a princely metropolis, and are startled from sleep by the wail of waking millions, as the burning flood rolls through its halls and palaces, and the dull wave of a sullen

lake buries the "cities of the plain" in its gulf for ever. We are led to a river's brink, and descry, amid the sheltering osiers, an infant, lulled by the placid wave to slumber. We see him next, with stately mien, confronting the king of Egypt, and by his potent wand, summoning the portentous cloud of judgments,

"That o'er the realm of impious Pharaoh hung
Like night, and darken'd all the land of Nile."

Now, we stand by the foot of the quaking mount and mark his retiring step, as he disappears within the cloud to speak with Him, at whose presence the agitated elements are mingled in wild and terrible commotion. We leave him on the top of Pisgah, to die a nameless death. We pass up the streets of a vast and magnificent capital, and enter the banquet hall of imperial luxury,

"From the arched roof
Pendent by subtle magic, many a row
Of starry lamps and blazing cressets, fed
With naphtha and asphaltus, scatter light
As from a sky."

The voice of rioting and revelry rings through the vaulted dome. But, an unclaimed hand, slow gliding o'er the wall, hushes that ill-timed mirth forever. The doom of empire, written in liquid fire, is read by the summoned prophet. That night Chaldea's monarch is slain upon his throne, and the Mede holds sway in Babylon.

We enter a lowly stable, and discover, all meanly clad, an infant, whose birth was foretold in Eden. We follow his path to manhood, and mark his gentle demeanor, his spotless purity, his meek forbearance, yet ever the mark of scorn, and hate, and outrage. We read, upon his care-worn brow, his only title, "the man of sorrows." We attend him on his errands of love, and look with wonder as disease, and pain, and death yield to his peaceful mandate, and resign their vanquished victims. We kneel with him at midnight in the garden, and witness his hour of agony. We attend him, arrayed in the gaudy robe and crowned with the plaited thorns, to the bar of Pilate. We follow, afar, to Calvary—we are, early in the morning, at the sepulchre—we meet him, on the road to Emmaus—we watch his flight to heaven.

Such is the historical aspect of the Scriptures. Look at them as a prophetic record. Here, the Bible surpasses all the fabled wonders of the oracles of old. The coming doom of states and individuals is proclaimed, with a distinctness and graphic force of delineation, quite unlike the ambiguous and ever-changing suggestions, derived from the leaf of the Sybil, the cave of Delphi, or Dodona's vocal grove. Whether we listen to the visions of holy seers, as they foretell the dim and shadowy judgments, re-

served for a distant age; or catch, from the lips of Him who spake with unaided utterance, the ruin so soon to burst in unexpected terror upon the palaces and altars, which rise in majestic stateliness around us; or are pointed onwards to the end of things, and forewarned of the scenes which shall usher in the judgment, and precede the footsteps of eternity; we witness in the sacred page, a dignity and grandeur which removes it to an endless distance from all other records.

If we consider it as a model of literary excellence, here too, it admits no rivalry. The testimony of the most gifted and refined combines to establish the proud preëminence. Its beauty, its pathos, its sublimity, stand alone in unapproachable majesty. Are you fascinated by simple and delicate description, read it in the story of Isaac; as, with unconscious step, bearing himself the wood, he follows his white haired sire to the distant altar, wondering, as he goes, where they will find a lamb for sacrifice. Do you sympathize with deep and subduing tenderness, seek it in the narration which tells of the grave of Lazarus, where "Jesus wept." Would you thrill with the might and majesty of eloquence, repair to Isaiah's burning page, and be overwhelmed by the power of his vast imaginings. These are the outward garb which the Bible wears. Over all this, is thrown the mantle of divinity. It comes to us as a revelation from heaven. It purports to be the work of an infinite mind—a message to man from his Maker, his Redeemer, his Judge. Such are the truths which the Scriptures utter; such the peculiar qualities, which centre in this volume, imparting to its doctrines such interest and power.

Nor less remarkable its history. Commencing certainly in a remote antiquity, receiving accessions from age to age, it has survived the change and violence of time, ever widening its sphere of influence, till it commands the homage and veneration of the most enlightened portions of the globe. True, it has not wanted opposition. Pens the most powerful and virulent have been enlisted for its overthrow; folios innumerable have laid bare its fallacies; but for some reason or other their name and memory have perished, and the frail object of their combined hostility still struggles on.

How imposing seems its destiny. Already has it been translated in whole or in part into an hundred and fifty tongues. No longer confined to the academy or the cloister, it is making its way to every clime. You may find a copy on almost every shore. True, they are often but few and scattered; yet, already the moral night has begun to dissipate, and along the eastern horizon are faint signs of the coming dawn. The mysterious influence has begun to energize, and, if you listen, you may hear the clank of the parting fetter, and know that the slavery of sin has lost a vic-

tim. It has begun to energize, and, if you will look, you may see the grave of ignorance and pollution opening, and the waking victim coming forth to an endless life. It has begun to energize, and, if you will observe, you may detect, beneath, the premonitions of the approaching earthquake, which shall upturn the foundations of idolatry and superstition, to make room for the shrines of freedom and religion. If we judge only from the past, every thing is to be expected from the future. It is in the power of no obstacle to withstand this progress. The Bible must pass the wall of China, it will enter the guarded mosque, it will intrude on the dark rites of idolatry. They shall hear it in the tent of the Arab, in the palace of the Lama, in the cell of the Brahmin: The lamp which lightens the tomb at Mecca, shall shine on the sacred page; and the Jew and the Greek, the Moslem and the Hindoo, the Infidel and the Christian shall kneel at a common altar, led thither by the teachings of one "Book of Life."

Such is the Bible—its nature, its history, its destiny. How deserving a place in every library. How worthy the curious and careful investigation of every scholar. The orator may here cherish a loftier eloquence than "fulminated over Greece." The poet,

"Smit with the love of *sacred song*,"

may find a theme

"Not less but more heroic than the wrath
Of stern Achilles."

And sage philosophy—

"From heaven descended to the low roofed house
Of Socrates,"

imbibe a still deeper wisdom than honored the streets and groves of Athens.

And, perchance, as one ponders the solemn record he may find proof of its *celestial* origin; and seeking but human learning, "become wise unto salvation."

STANZAS.

SILENCE and Sorrow! Ye were born
Twin sisters in that saddest hour
When our first parents passed forlorn,
From Eden's blissful bower;
Mournfully they went, and slowly,
And hand in hand ye followed lowly.

Silence and Sorrow! It is well
Ye never from each other part,
Since language can but feebly tell
The anguish of the heart.
Oh! words are for ecstatic gladness,
But voiceless is the soul of sadness!

SCIPIO MUSING OVER THE RUINS OF CARTHAGE.

Scipio is said to have shed tears of regret on the destruction of this famous city ; and pondering upon the uncertainty of human power, the destiny of cities and empires, mournfully repeated those ominous words of Hector when presaging the downfall of his country :

Ἔσονται ἡμᾶρ, δὲ ἂν ποτ' ὁλώλῃ Ἴλιος ἱεή,
Καὶ Πριάμος καὶ λαὸς ἱυμμελίῳ Πριάμοιο.

Iliad, B. VI, 448, 9; IV, 164, 5.

"The day shall come, that great avenging day,
Which Troy's proud glories in the dust shall lay;
When Priam's powers, and Priam's self shall fall,
And one prodigious ruin swallow all."

Pope.

THE sombre Day 'neath Afric's main,
Now drove his chariot down,
And bathed in yellow flood the plain,
But lit no lordly town;
No rising dome flash'd back his ray
The reddening waters o'er;
In smouldering heaps the city lay—
Proud Carthage was no more!

Then gazed the conqueror on the scene,
And heaved a mournful sigh;
While sadness wrapt his pensive mien,
And tears bedimm'd his eye:
The gathering gloom and silence sate
Like midnight on his soul,
While ages past—the wrecks of Fate,
Back o'er his memory roll.

"Thou ocean queen! the tide of doom
Hath overwhelmed thy head:
Thy crown is dust, thy throne a tomb—
Thy might, the lost—the dead.
Yon sun shall melt the shades that fall
Along the dusky wave,
But ne'er withdraw this deathlike pall,
Th' oblivion of thy grave.

Yet late, beside the sea, thy dower,
Thou sat'st a beauteous bride,
Looking from many a dazzling tower,
Far o'er the deep blue tide.
Its isles their costliest jewels gave,
To grace thy radiant brow;
But all their price was vain to save
From night that shrouds thee now.

Along thy desert, shipless shore,
The rough surge moaning beats;
And gales that once thy navies bore,
Sigh through thy voiceless streets;
Yet Desolation's withering blast
Has smote not thee alone;
A solemn voice from years long past,
Tells histories like thine own.

'Where Troy once stood, the grassy lawn
Skirts old Scamander's stream;
Her ancient state and grandeur gone,
Like phantom of a dream!
And other seats of power and pride,
Shone bright their transient day,
But Fate pass'd by with conqu'ring stride,
And swept them all away.'

Yea, time shall come when Rome laid low,
Her sceptre must resign;
And in her turn of misery know
The doom that now is thine:
O'er all her hills Destruction set
The stamp of ruin hoar;
And gemless lie that coronet,
The world's proud Empress wore.

And all the boast of man must yield,
Like thee, low fallen one!
For fabric, founder, Fate hath sealed
With doom they may not shun.
Greatness no long renown can claim—
'They rose, they lived, ~~and~~ went,'
Is all that Age shall say of Fame—
Earth's proudest monument!"

X.

OUR MAGAZINE.

Ridentem dicere verum, quid vetat?—Horace.

"BLESSED be the man," said honest Sancho, "who first invented eating;" but thrice blessed say we, be the one that first devised a good jest. Mirth is as necessary as eating and quite as agreeable at times, even to the epicure himself. 'Tis man's best comforter in many a wo, the surest antidote for many an ail, "while jogging o'er life's rugged road." It charms to playfulness or lulls into torpor, those serpents that "lurk by our path," sharp toothed Care and sluggish Toil. It chases off "those shadowy demons of ill" so often hovering around us, the pallid Spleen, the mopish Dumps, and sable Melancholy. Whenever *pestered* "past endurance" by these "evil emissaries," kind-souled reader, there is yet one remedy for you, more certain than potions of the 'pothecary, or the pills of the quack. Start not. We are no medicine-men, we are not going to send you on "a long sea voyage," nor starve you on a meagre regimen of water-gruel. No, the nostrum is simple—the cure quick. Just cheer up your drooping spirits with one loud, jovial laugh, and we will wage a groat against a guinea, that your tormentors will quit you

"Like gloomy owls scared at the rising sun
Or scampering rats from some old house on fire."

This is the effect—now for the means. Well then, afflicted patient, take our advice; "Get thee an easy rocking-chair of lavish proportions, seat thee therein and pore over those comical old chaps of our gray antiquity, 'Don Quixote, Bob Burton, or droll Hudibras,'" and if you fail of a laugh we set thee down on the list of "incurables"—a hopeless case. Yea, "go cast thee down in sorrow, and yield thee to despair." A *heart*y laugh is the token of an honest *heart*; merriment shows itself in your genuine villain, at best but by a fiendish smile or a malicious chuckle. Again, your warm-souled men love a laugh—but the cold-blooded "sons of Saturn" can seldom raise one. And why? the rationale we opine, is plain. Warmth, by its very nature, begets expansion, lightness, cheerfulness; coldness, on the contrary, gives birth to heaviness, dullness, gloom. Reader, have you never known certain ones, who, when warmed by the infusion of "fiery fluids," were unusually disposed to sport and jollity? but who ever heard a chilled or half frozen man fall to laughing. The very thought is absurd. Such a fellow is always as *waspy* as a hornet, or dumpish and stupid as a patriarch donkey. Finally, "laugh and be fat" is an antique saying, and we too much respect your shrewdness, to doubt your knowledge of its philosophy. With these sage reflections, beloved reader, we will give thee an insight into the mysteries of our "sanctum," and invite thee to sit down beside us while we "rock and laugh in our big elbow-chair." For,

"A little nonsense now and then,
Is relished by the wisest men."

In these few pages is our arena for amusement; here is our play-ground, right at the back side of our field of labors; where, after toiling and drudging, we may halt and sport awhile "like pranksome urchins when their *stent* is done."

Editors' Meeting, Dec. 1839.—All at their post but Nym—he, who had before been so prompt, was now missing.

"Guess he has'nt got over his Thanksgiving spree," intimated Gozzi.

"Perhaps he has been cast away in the canal again," suggested Zumbo.

While these shrewd surmises were going round, Nym at length made his appearance, scrambling up the stairs with puffing and panting like a steam engine, and waddling under an enormous bag, as big as Uncle Sam's southern mail in Congress time.

"*Solid Matter*," groaned forth Nym, as he entered, and opening the budget, down poured an avalanche of papers, insomuch that "the old round table staggered neath its load."

"Heaven save us," sighed Zumbo.

"A more spacious *Long Box*," dolefully drawled out Abul.

"What can't be *buried* can be *burned*," slily hinted Psalmanazar.

"Condemn not *untried*," interrupted Gozzi; and seizing a ponderous package began to read.

"How *long* is that?" growled Zumbo, casting, at the same time, a suspicious glance.

"Hav'nt time to *measure*," returns Goz., and goes on. Page after page was turned over, but the *other end* seemed to go backwards, even as the "Hesperian shores" to pious Eneas. Zumbo sat all the while in fidgets, (he is a mortal foe to all bores,) wriggling and writhing himself about, as uneasy as a short-tailed nag in fly time.

"I move the farther reading of that *written eternity* be *infinitely* postponed," at last grumbled out Zumbo, after a full half hour was gone. (Motion passed unanimously.)

"I propose, farther, that each man read for himself," added Abul. (Proposition carried.)

All now went to work to a man, and soon the huge heap began to melt away, as some giant snow-bank in a vernal rain-storm, or a great plumb-pudding at a *training* dinner. Sad was the havoc thereof—many the victim that sought his long resting-place—"a remnant only was saved."

"In their white shrouds those victims lie,
No more to weep, no more to cry."

"What's here?" exclaims Gozzi, at length, while rummaging among the mountain of manuscripts. "Bah! another 'sighing Strephon' venting out the fullness of his swelling soul, even as a firkin of new beer with the bung out. Just hear him." (Reads.) "Ah! with a condition tacked on, 'to receive it or scatter its ashes to the four winds;' 'out of thy own mouth will I condemn thee'—of thee make a warning example," exulted Goz. (No opposition.) "Here, devouring element

'Creeping on thy gilded edge,
May thy blaze be light and warm,'"

chanted he, and consigned it to its fate.

The flames now curled up in graceful wreaths, fanned, no doubt, by the escape of the spirit, or the evaporation of the sighs hoarded within.

"An *ardent effusion*," murmured Psalmanazar.

"Aye, 'thoughts that *breathe* and words that *burn*,'" muttered Nym.

By this time, in came a sudden gust through the half-opened window, and the martyred relics vanished forever. "Earth to earth and dust to dust," (others in chorus.)

"Dirt to dirt," (chimed in Zumbo.)

Task resumed. Not long after, a merry twinkle from the eye of Nym, told that he had stumbled on some *queerish* sort of a thing, and he was soon heard humming "Some deed of darkness to be done, without doubt," (to himself.)

FACTS IN RHYME.

Cum mortales lecto jacent,
Nobis catalogi placent;
Illi tamen sunt ingrati,
Nisi furto sint parati.

The winds they *roar* with *fever* rude,
They whistle o'er the plain,
And creep upon my solitude
Like mice upon the grain.

"Admirable simile." (Goz. in a low tone.)

But lo! before my sight *appears*
A tall and angry form;
My mind is filled with *grand ideas*
'Tis the genius of the storm.

"Wonderful rhyming! beats Hudibras or Don Juan out and out." (Nym to himself.)

I saw him on *that awful night*,
Forth from the College stalk;
And oh! it was a dreadful sight!
To see that tall one walk.

He walked unto the *donjon keep*,
Where catalogues were laid;
He entered, seized a *mighty heap*,
For which he had not paid.

His soul was awed by conscious guilt,
And he began to grieve;
No genius of the storm was he,
He'd only made believe.

"A *strange genius*," muttered Gozzi.

He fled, and from his room he went,
Not once for full a week,
His mind on darker deeds was bent,
Of which I now will speak.

Afterwards were heard some broken
sentences of *foul deeds* that were done

Upon that cold and gloomy night
Before Thanksgiving day,
followed by this pathetic stanza:

Imagine, then, for well you may,
How sad those students looked,
Who had to *eat* beef-steak that day,
Because their fowls were hooked.

Closed by the following dubious
finale:

And now should any one enquire
What fate the thief befell,
I answer in the words of Prior,
“*I really cannot tell.*”

Ere long, behold! another packet came to light, ycleped on the front with this unique title, “Ohio of Oddities.” Here follow a few specimens.

FANNING AND FLIRTING.

“Sir, can you *flirt a fan*,”
Once asked a coquette pert;
“I never tried,” replied the man,
“But I can *fan a flirt.*”

“Wonder where the rogue pilfered that,” exclaimed Gozzi.

EPITAPH ON A LOVE-LORN COBBLER.

Bootless he *sued*, till, hope *all* past,
His *closing end* *waxed* *dun*;
His *thread-bound soul* was *loosed* at last,
His clay *lapped* 'neath this stone.

“Whew!” cries Psalmanazar, “how he *strings* out his puns and *double entendres* one after another, for all the world like a chain of sausages.”

CONUNDRUMS.

Why is a man fallen into the fire like one travelling to a city of Switzerland?
Because he is going to Berne, (burn.)

Why is a peeled tree like a shipwrecked mariner? Because it has *lost its bark*.

Why is an importunate wooer like a tailor? Because he *presses his suit*.

“I’ll bet a *goose* he *cabbaged* that,” muttered Abul.

“So it *seems* to me,” ejaculated Nym.

AMATORY ODE TO BETSEY.

Soft the blush when day hath set,
Ruddier blush is thine, fair Bet;
Faun-like eyes and tresses jetty
Speak thee for some houri, Betty;
Peerless damsel! gaudy dress
Vain might add one charm to Bess;

Ne’er this faithful heart forgets thee,
Tho’ by thee forgot, sweet Betsey;
All the love I bear, I guess ye
Would be plagued to dream of, Bessy;
How blest my lot could but I get
Bess, Bessy, Betsey, Betty, Bet.

CORYDON.

“Tender-hearted swain,” sighed Zumbo—“that’s what I call poetizing with a vengeance.”

A sudden mania has bitten certain youthful poetasters about these days—the *fifteenth* of its species, kindly offered to us to blazon abroad to the world.

But here kind reader we must break short off. Many a *funny* scrap—many a droll conceit and amusing detail we had thought to have added for your especial benefit, but we must, though reluctantly, cast them aside. Our close-crammed *sheets* can *wrap* no more. So good bye, till we meet again. May the slight snack at the present cloy not your *gustatory* organs for our next banquet.

 OBITUARY.

Once more has the hand of Destiny chosen a victim out of these walls ; another from the number of our fellow-students is missing. The funeral bell hath just tolled the departure of the amiable, the beloved to his long home—DUGGER of the Sophomore Class is gone ! Within a few brief months how frequent has been the inroad of Death ! Scarcely had we borne SPARHAWK, our own lamented class-mate to his resting-place, when HURN, of the next higher class, was summoned to follow him. In a few weeks, PORTER became their companion in the "world of spirits." Shortly after, the sad tidings reached us, that FIRCH too was no more. In him, the class of '38 have lost one of their brightest ornaments—a scholar, a fellow and friend. With high hope and flattering prospects, he sought distinction afar off, but found only a tomb. He now sleeps on a distant shore away from the land of his home. Such is the fate of those whom we have known and esteemed—thus early have they fallen in their pilgrimage. When the present gave expectation of long life ; while the future smiled sereno and sunny before them,

"The Spoiler came, and all their promise fair
Has found the grave, to sleep forever there."

A tribute to the memory of one of the above, by a classmate, is given below.

 LINES

ON THE DEATH OF CHARLES H. PORTER, A MEMBER OF THE JUNIOR CLASS,
WHO DIED AT NEW HAVEN, SEPTEMBER 4TH, 1839.

AGAIN upon a comrade's bier
The thrice* wept tear we shed ;
That form but yesterday moved here—
Now slumbers with the dead !

Yes, thou art gone ! Fate's stern decree
Hath called thee hence away,
And naught remains to tell of thee,
Save this pale breathless clay.

As cloud before the morning sun,
As flower beneath the blade,
The dream of thy young day is done—
It brightened but to fade.

With bosom'd grief, and sorrowing eye,
We give thee now a tomb,
Where willows droop and sad winds sigh,
And Spring's gay nurselings bloom.

Thy early fate this warning brings,
That youth may soon decay ;
The fairest, dearest, earthly things
Oft wither first away.

We'll meet thee in our walks no more—
Farewell thou much loved friend !
Thy woes are past, thy pangs are o'er,
Thy joys shall never end.

W.

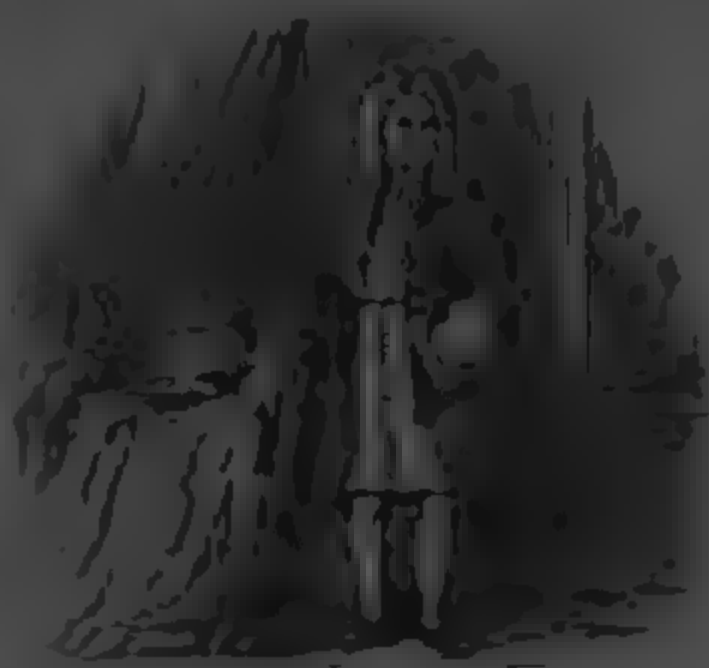
* Sparhawk and Hubbell of the same class had died before.

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BY

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MUSIC.

"There is in souls a sympathy with sounds,
And as the mind is pitch'd the ear is pleas'd
With melting airs, or martial, brisk or grave;
Some chord in unison with what we hear
Is touch'd within us, and the heart replies."—*Cooper.*

Music is the language of the heart. In other words, it is the expression of feeling. Why it is that it has the power, we may not be able to say; but the fact we know, that the heart is seldom insensible to the emotions of joy or sadness, when addressed by the bright and gay or the melancholy strains of music. It is *the heart* that speaks in the sounds; it is the heart that is touched. Is it not unjust, then, to rank music among the mere pleasures of sense? Yet thus it is considered by many, who either cannot feel, or who are not in the habit of attending to their feelings. Even the sounds of nature are full of feeling; it is from nature that the musician learns his first lesson. Her sounds, the murmuring of the brooks, the singing of the birds, the lowing of cattle, the deep tones of the forest, "the music of the ocean's roar," are the first elements of his art; if he is insensible to these, he cannot be a musician. But it is not the ear alone that is gratified by the sounds of nature; her music is

"A melody that stirs the soul;"

Her strains bear upon them something which dies not with the sounds upon the ear; which lives still to keep alive the feelings thus awakened. The sensation of taste ceases with the excitement of the bodily organ, and all that the mind retains of it is a recollection and faint conception of its quality. But when musical sounds have ceased to act upon the ear, we retain not only the recollection of their particular quality, pitch and loudness, but the feeling and sentiment which first accompanied them; and this sentiment may continue to affect us even when our recollection of the sounds has become so indistinct that we can no longer

conceive of their particular characteristics. On the other hand, music is not merely an intellectual enjoyment ; it calls into exercise the imagination and the fancy, but cannot be said to belong to these exclusively. Strange combinations of notes, curious modulations, and intricate variations, all fail in producing the proper and legitimate effect of music, if there be not expressed throughout the whole some feeling and emotion of the soul. Feeling and passion are the first and essential properties of music. Pure sounds which charm the ear, and beautiful combinations and variations of them are only accessories, which indeed heighten the pleasure but do not wholly constitute it. Music to be music simply, may address only the heart ; but to be perfect, it ought also to address both the mind and the ear. On the contrary, that is not properly called music which addresses only the latter.

If this view of the nature of music be just, it follows that the first requisite of a musician is to have *good feelings*, and a heart ever overflowing with genuine sentiment. If he possess these, even a deficient ear will not prevent him from being a musician. Every one knows that Beethoven was deaf the last ten years of his life ; and yet during that time he produced numerous compositions, strange indeed and wild, but full of beauties which it yet remains for musicians to understand and appreciate fully.

In confirmation of this view, several other facts may also be adduced. Some of the airs of savages, to us often extravagant and wild, often simple and unmeaning, have been found to produce upon these unpolished people the most surprising effects, for which the stranger could see no adequate cause in the music ; performed as it was upon rude instruments, and with sounds that (to our ears at least) are far from pleasing. But travellers who have related these things, have not often been sufficiently skillful to catch the sentiment or idea which the music conveyed, either through their ignorance of the art itself, or of the language, thoughts and feelings of the natives. Is it not plain, however, that the effect in these cases depended not upon the fine sounds, nor on curiously wrought chords, but upon the feeling which was conveyed, and which was intelligible to the minds of the barbarians ? Thus, too, it is not merely the sounds of our martial music that arouses the courage of the soldier ; for these sounds taken separately, are often little else than a most disagreeable and even painful noise. This may be proved by any one who will, in listening to a band, withdraw his mind from the expression of the whole to listen to some of the sounds which seem to give the music its character. He will find the sound of the drum most painfully monotonous, and if he have a delicate ear, even the trumpet will be a torture. An instance of this we have in Mozart, who, in the early part of his life, had an insurmountable horror for the trumpet when it was not used merely as an accom-

paniment. "The sight of the instrument produced upon him the same impression as that of a loaded pistol on other children, when pointed at them in sport. His father thought he could cure him of this fear by causing the trumpet to be blown in his presence, notwithstanding his son's entreaties to be spared that torment; but at the first blast he turned pale, fell upon the floor, and would probably have been in convulsions if they had not immediately ceased."* The Lacedemonians used the music of soft pipes when advancing to battle, which proves that it is not in the loudness and quality of the sounds that the power of inspiring fortitude consists; for the Lacedemonians were no less courageous than the modern soldiers.

It would be no difficult matter to show, also, that musical effects depend not wholly on the ingenuity and complexity of the modulation. To cite a single instance, the famous *fugues* of Bach, the most highly wrought that have yet been produced, in which the greatest ingenuity is displayed in wandering through all the intricacies of this most intricate class of composition—what effect have these even upon the skillful musician? They indeed entertain and astonish him; but play him a *romanza* of Mozart's, full of tenderness and love, but no less scientific than the fugue of Bach, and he will turn from the latter as the student turns from the logic and the grammar to the inspired strains of the bard, and the rapture of immortal verse. He will smile with delight at the exact and wonderful thoughts of Bach, but he will *weep* with Mozart; he will say that Bach has the greatest ingenuity, but Mozart the warmest heart.

We know then, negatively, that of certain things music does *not* consist, but it is still difficult to comprehend the secret of its power. We know that some strains affect us in one way, some in another, and we call these strains gay or melancholy according to the emotions which they arouse. But do we call an air melancholy, because we can perceive in it the expression of sadness? Can we, as in the impassioned descriptions of poetry, point out that which excites our feelings? When we see before us, on the stage, the gray-headed Lear exposed to the pitiless storm by ungrateful daughters, and calling himself

"A poor, infirm, weak and despised old man,"

we have the distinct picture and the expressive language of the poet to explain the indignation, horror and pity that we feel. But this distinctness does not exist in the expression of music; we feel, though we do not understand the meaning of each sound; we catch the meaning of the whole passage in some mysterious manner, without seeming to understand the words. There is,

* Bombet's Life of Mozart.

however, as we know from universal experience, a fixed connexion between the strains of music and our feelings; and it may be, for the present, a sufficient explanation to say that there is in the heart the power to understand (or rather feel) the expression of certain musical passages, and to distinguish between their characteristics, though that power is beyond our observation.

It may be asked, what should we know about music, if it were not for the ear? Does not then all the pleasure in music spring from *sounds* which please the ear? It is true, we can hardly conceive of music independently of the sounds by which it is conveyed to us; even when recalling a strain of music to the mind, the enjoyment seems to consist in a vivid *conception* of the sounds. We have no means of determining whether a person born deaf enjoys pleasures similar or analogous to those of music; but is it not most rational to believe that this deficiency of the bodily organization will affect him only in this life, and that in the next he will possess the same powers with his fellows? We have no desire to enter into speculations with regard to another life; and if we had, the most profitable course perhaps would be to follow the ingenious author of the "Physical Theory," who goes so far as to suppose that the language of *tones*, in other words music, may in the next world be the only means of interchanging our feelings; and this because melody and harmony have a *fixed affinity* with the several emotions of the soul, and awaken with unvarying certainty, precision and force, this or that sentiment or passion. When we assume the existence of an inward sense (if sense it may be called) corresponding to the external sense of hearing, by which we appreciate the feeling of the music, without regard to the simple quality of the external sounds or to the art with which they are combined, we assume no more than the mental philosopher when he supposes the existence of a mental faculty which understands and retains ideas without regard to the words in which they were expressed, or to the peculiar skill of an author in presenting them. This inward faculty, then, much extended and improved as we may easily conceive it, is that which is to remain with us in that future world; and which will take delight in that "harmony divine raised by celestial voices." But why not go one step farther, and ask, shall there not be *instruments* also, in that new state?—"golden harps ever tuned," upon which

—" with preamble sweet
Of charming symphony to introduce
The sacred song."

At least Milton found it necessary to introduce them in order to give us a vivid conception of the spiritual world; as in the jubilee of the heavenly host on the completion of the work of creation :

—" the harp
 Had work and rested not ; the solemn pipe
 And dulcimer, all organs of sweet stop,
 All sounds in fret, by string or golden wire,
 Temper'd soft tunings, intermix'd with voice
 Choral or unison."

The expectation of the enthusiastic organist who fully believed that he should have an organ to play in one of the congregations of heaven, is by no means so absurd as might at first appear. We are in the habit of considering our consciousness and our inward promptings as proofs sufficient of another life. "What," say we, "this intellectual being, these thoughts that wander through eternity—shall we lose these, and we at death be

—'swallowed up and lost
 In the wide womb of uncreated night,
 Devoid of sense and motion ?' "

No, we reason, we shall not die ; "else whence this pleasing hope, this fond desire, this longing after immortality?" But if these presentiments of our future existence simply are sure grounds of belief, certainly our presentiments of the *manner* of that existence deserve some consideration. If these "thoughts," limited and restrained in this world, whisper to us that they shall continue to exist and expand in another ; surely these feelings, these pure enjoyments of "social reason's inner sense," also tell us they shall live, but supported with more exquisite harmonies and "notes angelical." And if we have the sense of hearing, or at least the faculty of enjoying music, shall it not be employed and gratified ? The simplest conception we can form of music is that produced by the voice ; but if we can conceive of this, the simplest of all musical instruments, in another life, why can we not suppose, nay, believe, the future existence of "the harp, the dulcimer, and the flute," and the modern organ ? Or perhaps some may think that this inner sense shall find sufficient exercise in understanding the harmonious relations of space, and forever, according to Pythagoras, drinking in the "music of the spheres ;" an idea, by the way, very happily borrowed by Shakspeare :

"There's not the smallest orb which thou behold'st,
 But in his motion like an angel sings,
 Still quiring to the young-eyed cherubins ;
 Such harmony is in immortal souls ;
 But whilst this muddy vesture of decay
 Doth grossly close us in, we cannot hear it."

But we promised not to enter upon speculations. We have said that it is the sentiment which is of the first importance in music. This sentiment is principally expressed by the air or melody ; the harmonies must of course agree with the spirit of

the melody ; but such is the intimate connexion between melody and harmony, that if the first is good, the latter will be at least agreeable. Gardiner, however, has defined melody to be "a succession of sounds at harmonic distances ;" thus making it only one of the accidents or forms of harmony ; and he remarks, that its excellence and beauty will always depend on the order of chords through which it is made to pass, or in other words, on the correctness of the harmonies by which it is generated. But this, it seems to us, is inverting the order of dependence ; the harmony is but an accompaniment of the melody, and is by no means essential to its beauty. The famous air of Rousseau, which by its very simplicity melted the audience to tears, contained but two notes of the scale. The same air was harmonized by one of the first musicians of the day in the most masterly manner ; but though it was still beautiful, it had lost the charm which made it so powerful. It is the beautiful air which gives a beauty to the harmony, and all the fine chords in the world could not transform a poor melody into a good one. It is a fine form alone which will appear well in a beautiful dress. A good melody in fact requires to be stripped of its accompaniments in order to prove it really fine. It is attractive when clothed in a rich dress of harmony ; but tear this off if you would behold its highest charms ;

"Induitur, formosa est ; exuitur, ipsa forma est.

Beauteous when robed, unrobed, she's beauty's self."

Thus is it with Mozart's inimitable melodies, the sweetness of which gives a grace to all his chords and makes the commonest harmonies pass. He has been well styled the La Fontaine of music, for the sprightliness and ease of his thoughts. Haydn, who had heard some of the finest music in the world, declared that a simple air that he heard sung at St. Paul's in London, by four thousand children, had given him more pleasure than some of the most labored compositions. "This simple and natural air," said he, "gave me the greatest pleasure I ever received from the performance of music." He has gone farther, and has given us a definite principle in the art, which greatly confirms what we have said. "Let your *air* be good, and your composition, whatever it be, will be so likewise, and will assuredly please. It is the soul of music ; the life, the spirit, the essence of a composition. Without this, Tartini may find out the most singular and learned chords, but nothing is heard but a labored sound ; which, though it may not offend the ear, leaves the head empty and the heart cold."

Another hint of Haydn's is of great value to the musician, while it unfolds to us one of the chief characteristics of the art. "The whole art," he used to say, "consists in taking up a *subject* and pursuing it." The orator states a proposition and endeavors

to establish it; the musician proposes, in perhaps a few simple notes, a subject, and endeavors to make you *feel* it. A musical composition is, in short, a discourse expressed in sounds instead of words. The genuine musician, as a Cimerosa, a Pergolesi, a Paisiello, or a Mozart, never loses sight of this principle, that in one piece of composition, or at least in one division of it, he is to represent but one thing. These Raphaels and Guidos of music seem to paint before you a beautiful picture, embracing perhaps many and various figures, which all nevertheless bear a part in one design, one action. Even those unacquainted with the principles of art, take pleasure in looking at a picture or in hearing a strain of music; but they cannot enter into the feelings of the painter and the musician. They see at the first glance all they are able to see, and a repetition discovers to them nothing new. Hence they soon become weary; as is unfortunately proved in many of our musical audiences (so called,) which we have often seen so much exhausted by a two hours' entertainment, that during the performance of the last piece, the time was passed, not in listening to the music—but in putting on cloaks and bonnets! Often, however, the ennui of the audience has a just cause in the character of the music performed, which instead of consisting of a subject, argument and conclusion, is often nothing more than a display of mechanical difficulties, or of wonderful modulations. These, of course, are important accessories to music, but they are only the *oratory* of the art. We admire them as we admire fine elocution in a speaker; but would it not be absurd to think of entertaining us a whole evening with mere elocution? We want correct language and graceful delivery, but we want with them the fire and passion of true eloquence.

Music is no longer an art in the hands of the wandering minstrels, but a science which has called forth some of the first talents in the world. Music, like poetry, seems to spring up spontaneously in the early ages of a people, without much polish indeed, but with a certain wildness and charm that succeeding times often endeavor in vain to imitate. From these snatches the modern composer often derives his most successful passages. They are, like the first rhapsodies of the muse, fresh from the heart; and hence, even in the present advanced state of the science, the simple and native airs of a country possess an irresistible charm. Paisiello employed himself for a time in collecting ancient airs supposed to be of Grecian origin, which are still sung by the peasants of the south of Italy. Haydn, whose name occurs in every department of music, also collected many of these original airs. Hungary, Scotland, Germany, Sicily, Spain, France, Russia, were all laid under contribution, and supplied him with a constant store for his imagination. Thus the first rude bursts of passion become the inspiration of the accomplished artist; but

they by no means lose their beauty in passing through the hands of a Paisiello. It cannot be said of music, as it has been of poetry, that

“ The first that touch'd the immortal lyre
Stole away its sweetest sounds.”

Science *has* improved, and we had almost said perfected the art; and we now enjoy, or rather may enjoy the music of the best masters on every proper occasion, sacred or secular.

Sacred music has made rapid advances from the time of Handel to the present. It has been proved that genius and fire could pervade even a serious composition; and that the music of the church is the most exalted and enrapturing of all music. Yet how often is the true end of church music lost sight of, in the bigotry of some and the vanity of others. Some wish to hear nothing but lugubrious wailings, expressive of sorrow and penitence; the performers, on the other hand, fearful lest the scientific part of the art shall not be sufficiently displayed, often go into the opposite extreme, of vain exhibition of light and unbecoming music. The latter, however, would find a remedy both for their own vanity and the dissatisfaction of the pious church member, by introducing more of the pure compositions of Handel and Haydn. They would find sufficient scope for the display of the highest resources of the art without offending the laws of propriety and taste, or violating the best religious affections.

There are many too whose prejudice goes so far as to discard all music on Sunday except that which is performed within the walls of the sanctuary. How seldom do we hear the sound of musical instruments on this day in the family circle! How seldom even the sacred song! And why? Is music the less truly music? does it lose its power over the heart on this day? Would a soothing strain be less soothing, or a cheerful one less inspiring on a day which should be the most genuinely cheerful of all days? The truth is, music is of all the fine arts the least capable of perversion; it cannot be made to express bad passions unless joined with words. The muse is chaste; she is ever smiling indeed, but she is inviolable. The effect of good music on the feelings is indeed always good; it seldom produces a high flow of the animal spirits, but rather a sober cheerfulness favorable to serious thoughts and feelings. He who would feel the true power of music, must be able to say with Jessica,

“ I'm never merry when I hear sweet music.”

What is there then in music—we mean simply instrumental music—that makes it improper for Sunday? There is in this, however, as in most things, an extreme which is censurable. We would not wish to see any one spending this day after the manner of Cowper's *Occiduous*:

• —“ a pastor of renown,
 Who, having pray'd and preach'd the Sabbath down,
 With wire and catgut then concludes the day,
 Quav'ring and semiquav'ring care away.
 The full concerto swells upon your ear,
 All elbows shake. * * * * *
 * * * * *
 Strike up the fiddles, let us all be gay ;
 Laymen have leave to dance, if parsons play.”

Progress of Error.

But these things would not be, if music were rightly esteemed, not as a mere diversion and pastime, but as the expression of the good feelings of the heart in a language that is intelligible to all hearts. There is, it is true, music that is inconsistent with the feelings of this holy day ; but on the other hand, there is no want of good instrumental music calculated to inspire the mind with real devotion. Haydn's sacred symphonies, known as *The Seven Words*, are examples of this. He thought them the best of his works ; and they breathe all the fire and exaltation of an enraptured mind ; but they are not mournful ; there is no sadness in true devotion. Some, however, have charged Haydn with too much gaiety in his sacred music ; but he replied, that whenever he thought of God he could only conceive of him as a being infinitely great and infinitely good ; and that this last quality of the divine nature inspired him with such confidence, that were he to write even a *Miserere*, it would be expressive of joy.

SONG OF THE WINDS.

“Thou hearest the sound thereof.”—*Bible.*

THE Ice-king rose from his snow-capp'd throne
 And gazed far on the southern lands,
 Then summoned the blasts which round him groan,
 That fleetly perform his commands.
 “Up ! up !” he cried, “for why lag we here,
 Where all my dread power obey ;
 Here ye can puff but the fleece of the bear,
 Then up ! and for sun-climes away !”
 Joyous they left their chilly domain,
 And o'er mountain and valley they fly ;
 Zephyrus gentle, that stirred on the plain,
 Fled timid away with a sigh.
 Africus fierce, their wild fury to check,
 Swift sprang from the desert of sand :
 The onset was dire—the dark tempest's wreck
 Spread ruin like flood through the land.

The battle was long ; but Notus' hot blast,
 As smoke from the fiery volcano,
 O'erpowered by their frosty breath at last,
 Hurried off on the winged tornado.
 And then far up in the leafless trees,
 Through their hoarse wailing branches shaken,
 Shrill rose their pœans and chanted cries,
 Like the screech of the monster kraken.

BOREAS.

From a sea-washed cave
 By Norwegia's wave,
 I come ! I come !
 Where the Maelstrom's roar,
 Echoes loud to the shore,
 I find my home.

On the nipping frost,
 O'er the waves white tost,
 I fly ! I fly !
 With an icy smile,
 Winter awhile,
 I chase away.

Near a schooner I fell,
 Loud pealing her knell,
 I hurtled on.
 Down in ocean dark,
 They shall feed the shark—
 Their course is done.

The maiden I've kiss'd,
 In the deadly mist,
 Has sunk away.
 Wherever I go,
 I bring death and wo—
 Hurra ! hurra !

NORTH WIND.

As I scour o'er the wold,
 I am rough, rude and cold ;
 Ghastly pale is my cheek,
 And my shattered bones creak,
 As I tramp by.

A man in a darksome glen,
 Who long had toiling been,
 Had laid him down to sleep—
 Far down in his snow-shroud deep,
 He sleeps for aye !

Ye hear, as I hoarsely howl
 The dirge of his parted soul ;
 While o'er him the snow congeals
 His body shall keep concealed,
 From garish day.

I serve but the bold Ice-king,
 And war with the flowery spring ;
 Where I sweep my wild career,
 I fill every breast with fear—
 Up then, away !

NORTHWEST WIND.

I am come over mountain, valley and glen,
 Where the bear and the moose are less wild than men ;
 Have roamed the forest, so lonesome and dreary,
 And wreathed the smoke, that rose from the prairie.

The lake is all foam where I ploughed up my way,
 And dashed on the breakers the silvery spray ;
 The dewy stars flew a brief moment in azure,
 Then vanished, like drops in the beaker of pleasure.

A Syren in tongue, but a Circé in heart,
 My victims I slay by the stealth of my dart.
 In summer all love me, in winter all fear—
 'Tis winter, and the word of the Ice-king I bear.

C.

ELOQUENCE OF MIRABEAU.

A **DARK** cloud hung over France. Ages of despotism were about to meet with a fearful retribution. Men had at last begun to understand their political rights, and were determined to maintain them. The eagle of liberty had already proved victorious in the young and dauntless west—America was free—and France could be enslaved no longer. The memorable revolution which was now commencing, though private ambition and public licentiousness afterwards made it indeed a “reign of terror,” had its origin in the true spirit of liberty. All the enthusiasm which the love of freedom could inspire, all the courage which patriotism could rouse, animated the breasts of the people. Arrayed against them, were the noblesse and clergy, armed with determination and pride. The great National Assembly was now convening, and there the battle was to be fought—in the hall of the States’ General the storm was to burst in its fury. Let us enter that arena of fierce debate.

Among the assembled great of France, there is one who cannot fail to attract our notice. His proud and lofty bearing as he paces the long hall; the withering look of his piercing eye, as ever and anon it glances over the room with a wild and startling energy; his disproportionate forehead, which seems piled in huge masses upon his brows; the nervous activity which he manifests in every motion; bespeak, at once, a giant intellect and passions of no ordinary power. He attempts to speak, but his voice is drowned by the clamor of his enemies. “Down with Mirabeau—down with the traitor,” is the tumultuous cry. He turns upon them a look of ineffable scorn and again resumes his walk. But his step is prouder—his eye is darker than before. The fires pent up within him were soon to burst forth with redoubled energy. At length seizing upon a favorable opportunity, he is heard for a moment. It is enough. The mighty spell of his eloquence has fallen upon them. There is the silence of death throughout the hall. The lowest notes of his full and manly voice are heard distinctly in every part of the crowded room. At first, there is some hesitation in his manner, but it vanishes as he becomes warmed with his subject. His huge, ungainly form then loses its ugliness. The size of his body seems to correspond with the greatness of his ideas. Every feature of his countenance speaks with emotion. His eye gleams with a still more dreadful intensity. This resistless tide of eloquence is not noisy or rapid—it is the mighty river—quiet but powerful. But when his enemies rally and again attempt to crush him, the stream becomes a torrent of fire. Never

were human passions seen to glow with so fierce an intensity. They quail before the thunderbolts of his wrath. He has reached at once the pinnacle of power. Ever after did this moral Colossus, this Jove in eloquence, maintain an undoubted and unrivalled preëminence.

Every circumstance, both of nature and fortune, conspired to make Mirabeau an orator. He was born a genius. His extraordinary powers manifested themselves in his earliest youth. The boy of six, and the man of forty were the same.

His father, who was one of the last relics of the stern nobility of feudal times, and whose cruelty to his son was as incessant as it was bitter, was accustomed to say that he had all the powers as well as the malignity of a fiend. The latter part of the charge however, belonged more truly to himself. Seventeen times was Mirabeau imprisoned by this tender parent—who, though himself a man of no mean abilities, was completely awed and mastered by the superior intellect of his son. It was by such means that he was to be prepared to act his part in the great drama of the revolution. Doomed to suffer most keenly from the tyranny of a cruel father and a despotic government—all that was manly, all that was noble, all that was great within him, demanded revenge. In the deep solitude of his cell, he devoted himself to the cause of French liberty ; and often did the gloomy dungeons at Vincennes hear the solemn vow uttered, “ France shall be free ! ” But he was not alone. The nation was aroused. From a million of tongues came the enthusiastic declaration, “ France *shall* be free ! ”

With such sentiments and at such a time did this extraordinary man enter upon public life. Through what a school had he passed for rousing to its full power his transcendent eloquence. What a field was opened for its display ! The world was awakening from the sleep of ages. The human mind had burst its fetters, and had sprung into the “ life and beauty of freedom.” The institutions of another and a darker age were tottering to their fall. The surges of conflicting opinion were beginning to meet and rage with unprecedented fury ; all was change—all was commotion—all was fear. It is at such times that every feeling, passion, power of the mind is roused to action—action the most constant, the most intense. Then too comes forth the spirit of eloquence ; then is heard above the roar of the tempest, the deep voice of the impassioned soul. The genius of eloquence is the child of the storm ; to rouse its highest energies requires the collision of the elements. When the political heavens are shrouded in blackness ; when the dark rolling clouds of passion are rushing together with fearful rapidity ; rising in its might, like the wind from the north, it rolls back the gathered tempest and restore light and peace to the troubled state.

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THE VOICE OF THE PAST.

"There comes a voice that awakes my soul;
It is the voice of years that are gone."—*Ossian*.

METHOUGHT I stood beside a ruined pile,
Round whose majestic form, in sportive grace
The clustering ivy twin'd; o'er its gray towers
And moss-crown'd battlements, the last faint gleams
Of day were lingering, and the giant shadows
Slept 'neath the shatter'd columns, like dim forms
Of spirit-warriors resting amid the shrouds
Of their own fallen greatness. The dying breeze
Sighed gently through each crumbling arch, as loth
To kiss too roughly, what time's chast'ning hand
Hath "moulder'd into beauty."

I gazed in silence,
While the deep harmony of that lone scene
Fell on me like a spell. Sudden there rose
From out that hallow'd shrine a plaintive strain;
Soft as a zephyr fann'd by angel's wing,
Lingering it rose, like some enamor'd air
From Brescian shepherd's lute, pensive, yet sweet,
Soothing the soul to sadness.

It told of love—
Of joys long faded, and the kindling blush
Of life's fair morn, ere friendship's holy chain
Was broke; and the bright fairy dreams
Young fancy wove, to lure the halcyon hours
That pass'd too swiftly, leaving as they fled
No memory save their fragrance.

The strain grew wilder,
As when through serried groves the night wind wakes
Its low, sad requiem; and its deep tones
Awoke a wilder spell. Aside seemed rolled
Oblivion's sacred pall, and stately forms
Of grandeur rose, peopling the softened twilight;
Proud fanes and gorgeous palaces, where ruled
The princely great, ere time had hallow'd them,
And steel-clad heroes, to whose measured tread
The mighty past hath echoed. Silent now
And desolate they stood, while the low breeze
Swept through their shadowy pageantry.

It ceased—
The charm dissolved; and from that hoary pile
I turned aside in pensiveness—and wept.

SKETCHES OF REAL LIFE,
OR
SCRAPS FROM A DOCTOR'S DIARY.

No. II.

"Of all authors, those who retail their labors in periodical sheets would be most unhappy, if they were much to regard the censures or admonitions of their readers; for, as their works are not sent into the world at once but by small parts in gradual succession, it is always imagined by those who think themselves qualified to give instruction, that they may yet redeem their former failings by hearkening to better judges, and supply the deficiencies of their plan, by the help of the criticisms which are so *liberally* afforded."—*Rambler*.

UNSUCCESSFUL LOVE.

"Oh! how this spring of love resembleth
The uncertain glory of an April day,
Which now shows all the beauty of the sun,
And by and by a cloud takes all away!"

"My senses!" exclaims one of my fair readers, "a Doctor confidant in a love affair! Goodness! I should expect no quarter—a rough, unfeeling son of Esculapius entrusted with my secrets! secrets which—" Yes, even so kind reader, secrets which upon all ordinary occasions, should never be unbosomed to the world, again and again, have I had entrusted to my keeping, but never under so thrilling, so heart-rending circumstances, as will appear in the following narrative. Meanwhile, I beg of you do not deceive yourself. Although conversant with scenes which necessarily befall the practice of my profession,—scenes but little in keeping with light hearts and lighter words, yet I have some sensibility left; I have retained it as a relic of times that were; I have nurtured it until it has gained positive strength; I have cherished it as a playmate for my gayer hours, and now, I rejoice while I grieve that I have nourished it. It recalls pleasantly, the memory of departed days—it makes me a man again; but it is the source of many a bitter, bitter pang! True, I can with the utmost *sang froid*, extract a tooth of enormous dimensions, regardless of screams and groans; yea! wrench it out, at the risk of dislocating a jaw, or bearing away a portion as a trophy, and then probe the cavity with my iron forceps in search of another fang! But I have not the firmness to witness unmoved, two noble spirits baffled in their first love by the brutal hand of malice. I can am-

putate a limb, adjust all the ligatures of both nerves and arteries, with an unflinching hand. Yes, I could with the utmost coolness, lay aside the intestines, and attempt the removal of an aneurism from the carotid artery, did circumstances require the operation. Yet I cannot, cannot, with any degree of composure, gaze upon the wreck of a broken heart! Aye! and sigh after sigh escapes me, as I recall the incidents of my story, and as images flit by of departed forms, once lingering in the agonies of death. But I must not anticipate.

The particulars of this narrative may appear to some, extravagantly exaggerated; indeed, they might to all, did I not assure them, that the leading incidents are founded upon fact. I never was connected with any family professionally or otherwise, whose affairs presented such a chapter of accidents; accidents not of that incongruous character, which fortune sometimes showers lavishly in rapid succession, but a systematic series of calamities, brightened by no kindly gleams of prosperity, until all is darkened in the—grave!

The large, patrimonial estate of Sir Richard V——, had been squandered by his most extravagant profligacy, until his income had dwindled away to barely £2000 per annum. This sum was by no means sufficient to sustain both his country and town establishment; accordingly, he had been compelled to dispose of the former at a great sacrifice, and entirely to consume the private property of his wife. Married in early life, to a branch of the noblest family in the kingdom—the sister of Lord H——, he had long since lost the confidence and esteem of her connections, and by his dissolute habits had hurried her to a premature grave, leaving a lovely child to mourn bitterly her loss.

I had long been a professional visitor at his splendid residence in Queen street, not only on *his* account, who was often thrown into the most distressing turns of illness, by his dissipated mode of life, but to watch over the frail constitution of his sweet daughter. And ah! what a contrast in the appearance and characters of my patients! He, worn down by continued participation in scenes of boisterous gaiety and mirth, and by the anxiety experienced over the gaming table, was sour and petulant in his disposition. His body, once slightly corpulent, was wasted away by such a life; and his bloated face, formerly handsome, together with those red swimming eyes, evinced that he was no stranger to intoxication. She, on the other hand, inheriting all the graces which eminently distinguished her lost mother, united with them so amiable a character as to charm me into frequent attendance. She had been early thrown under my care, and while very young had won a place in my affections, which not the more active pur-

suits of a professional life could wholly subdue. So gentle and patient a sufferer—so fully contented with every scheme adopted for her welfare, however disagreeable—so grateful for the least alleviation of any occasional suffering—all these endeared her, in an uncommon degree, to my heart. Indeed, were it not for such delightful interviews with resigned and humble sufferers, the life of a physician would present still fewer attractions than it now possesses.

A few months before the period, at which her name appears conspicuously in my diary, I had been summoned to the residence of her wretched parent—a call, which with great precision, I relied on, at least once a month; for his system weakened and impaired, could not for a longer time, sustain him in the grossness and enormity of his vices. I found him in a high fever, the result of an unusually boisterous revel the preceding evening. He had returned home about three o'clock, and had lain in a state of unconscious stupor from that hour till morning.

“Well, how ar' ye, Doctor,” growled he, as I entered the room, “what do you think you can do for me now?”

I walked to the bed, and felt his pulse. He was in a state of high excitement, having staked heavily the night before, and lost on every hand; consequently his pulse was unnaturally high. A wild look was in his eye as he turned over to receive my answer, and read from my looks the opinion I had formed of his present state.

“Mr. V——,” said I, with all the earnestness I could command, “you are by your present course ruining your constitution and throwing your daughter helpless upon the world. Depend upon it, Sir, if you continue your present habits, you will be a dead man in less than two years!”

“Heavens!” exclaimed he, as the cold sweat started to his forehead, “so soon, Doctor? I can't afford to die so soon, no! But Doctor,” changing his tone, as he relapsed into his former stupidity, “what business is it o' yours, what my course is, or when I die? You expect a deuced heavy purse, I suppose, and want to secure it before I raffle it off; but don't fear, Doctor, don't fear.”

“You mistake me, Sir, entirely,” replied I, “it is for your daughter's sake, no less than your own, that I would convince you of the ruinous tendency of your present mode of life.”

“Your business, Doctor, is to drive away this cursed fever if you can, and if not, why then I've no further need of your services.”

He had worked himself into such a passion, by his vehemence, that it was impossible for me to judge correctly of his present symptoms. But thinking his indisposition the result of the ordinary causes, together with long continued exposure, I merely

prescribed some simple anodyne, and was about retiring, when he again called me to him, and in a somewhat softened tone, said, "Doctor, I don't know but I treated you rather rudely, but hang it, I was deucedly frightened, when you talked about two years; but I suppose it's only a way you doctors have, of scaring people out of their wits, isn't it?"

"Sir," returned I solemnly, "I have spoken candidly; I see nothing yet alarming in your present illness, but such continued attacks, brought on as you cannot deny they are, by an uninterrupted course of vicious habits, would ultimately shatter the strongest constitution; and recollect, this is the fourth time I have been summoned during the present winter."

"Zounds! and that's another affair, truly; just clear me from this, Doctor, and the devil a bit do I care for what's to come; 'sufficient for the day, is the evil thereof.' Eh! Doctor, that's good authority, an't it?"

I said nothing, but hastily bidding him good morning, hurried from his room.

"Good morning, Doctor," called a sweet voice from the parlor, as I was passing out of the hall, and stepping in, I found my youthful patient, of whom I have before spoken, sitting at her piano-forte.

She was dressed in plain white, adorned with a single moss rose-bud fixed in her bosom; her flaxen hair parted on her marble forehead fell carelessly upon either shoulder, while her waxen fingers swept lightly the polished instrument, calling forth its richest tones. And oh! how surpassingly sweet did she appear, as she now sat before me, arrayed in her simple morning dress.

"Good morning," responded I, entering and clasping warmly her tiny hand.

"And how do you find father this morning?" returned she—"I was sure he would be sick, when he told me he was going to Lord Ellmore's last night; he always stays there until morning, and I fear he gambles there, for Hellenor told me he sent John to the banker's towards evening, and 'twas only yesterday he took my watch my poor dear mother gave me. He said he must pawn it, and would give me another; and when I told him I was afraid he would lose it at play, would you believe it, Doctor, he slapped me and told me to hold my tongue."

Heavens! how irresistibly charming! I could sit and listen for hours, rapt into an ecstasy of feeling! Yet it was not her beauty, for I have often seen those who in the opinion of the world were incomparably more beautiful; nor was it all her manner, or the sweet intonations of her voice. But all, united with the pensive shade that overcast her thoughtful brow—it was the melancholy smile that floated on her features—it was the sorrowful glance of that dark eye—it was all these that made her what

she really was, an enchantress! Often and often have I been moved to tears, by merely gazing on her seraphic countenance, or listening to the plaintive lays she drew from her favorite instrument. Overcome by her emotions she had now burst into tears. "But," said I, soothingly, "can you not leave for a stay among your connections in the country?"

"Ah, no!" said she bitterly, "father would never consent, and I could not leave him, though I sometimes feel tempted when he brings that odious Lord Ellmore here, and says I must try and entertain him."

Ah, thought I, as a conviction of the truth flashed upon my mind, he is bartering his daughter for paltry gold! Yes, Ellmore has ruined him, and see how he would recover himself. Base dotard! and I trembled with indignation as I left his door. What could I do to snatch her from the misery her brutal father was seeking as her portion? I at once determined to exert all my feeble influence to save her from the impending ruin. Sleeplessly I passed the ensuing night, devising plan after plan for her rescue, but all appeared sooner or later unsatisfactory. Of course her parent had authority which no legal power could check; but fortune devised a method, which, though it rescued from this calamity, yet contributed to involve her name with some of the darkest pages of my diary.

Among the acquaintances which I had formed at the University, was Sir William F——, who, unlike most at his time and age, entered little into fashionable society, but possessed an extraordinary fondness for literary research. Possessed of great wealth and a prepossessing exterior, he cautiously avoided the brilliant circles, of which he might, had he chosen, have been the center of attraction. In his person there was something noble; dignified and gentlemanly in his manners, his clear expansive forehead, bespoke a mind of no little energy and depth. Full of a deep fervor of feeling, he had entered upon the vast field of learning with warmth and vigor; ardent in his passions, he had prosecuted all his literary schemes with a zeal approaching to madness. He had mastered the most abstruse theories and indefinite propositions in the whole range of science; had drank from the purest and the wildest founts of Grecian literature, and with unaffected delight had roamed over the whole field of classic lore. Nor did he little regard knowledge as it now is; his investigations of modern learning were carried on with no less alacrity, than those referring to discoveries of an older date. The beautiful mysticisms, so to speak, of ethics and polemics, were entirely at his command. Judicial knowledge he had acquired with astounding clearness; mental as well as natural philosophy, in all their extended branches, he had made the subject of his untiring industry. But our portraiture appears extravagant; indeed we should

much wonder did it not. Yet notwithstanding this eminence, this extraordinary manifestation of intellectual superiority, few knew the extent of his acquirements. As I before said, he entered little into fashionable society, nor was it because he had no leisure, but as he has often with great modesty assured me, he dreaded contact with the cold-heartedness of the world, no less than he despised the affected and artificial gaiety—the progeny of dissipation. His soul loathed the false glare, the showy tinsel which concealed the depravity of too many who composed fashionable society. The coxcomb he could never affect, his soul was above it ; consequently, though compelled in order to avoid repeated importunities, at times to thrust himself amid the votaries of mammon, he was an unwelcome suitor at her shrine. His mind, sick of the hollowness of humanity, as there presented to his philosophic gaze, repined at its emptiness, and in silence mourned over the silly weakness of man. But he was not always silent ; in the society of the learned, apart from the coquetry of the ball room, and the sickening cant of the devotee of fashion, he was *himself*. With characteristic modesty, he slowly entered into a discussion ; but when aroused, his dark intelligent eye gleamed with an unwonted lustre, and he uttered truths with so logical a definiteness, so forcible a precision, as to astonish while they convinced.

With sincere pleasure did I see an intimacy which I had been the humble instrument of originating, rapidly growing up between him and my sweet patient, the daughter of Sir Richard. She, attracted by the resources of his mind, no less than by the versatility of his genius, and he, by the artless simplicity of her manners, and not a little, as I apprehended, by her personal attractions ; for he was by no means destitute of the most refined sensibilities, with the more amiable traits of character. The brutal father, however, saw this connection increasing with vengeful malice, and I feared the moment when restored to health, he should forbid him his house ; and I could not but expect it soon ; he was on a galloping recovery, and was in expectation of returning in a few days, with renewed buoyancy of spirits, to his former haunts. “ Really, Doctor,” said he one morning, as I was about leaving in great haste, “ can’t ye wait a moment ? Hang it ! one would think you’d got business enough for all the ‘pothecaries in the kingdom.”

“ Business of a rather serious character,” returned I, gravely.

“ Quite serious, I suppose ; it’s a way you doctors have of calling every body deuced sick—cursed ill—never’ll recover—going to die—and then—why then it’s very easy you know to effect wonderful cures ! Eh ! Doctor, an’t that it ?”

Provoked at this unexpected sally, I somewhat indignantly replied, “ It is business, allow me to inform you, Sir, which though

it may interest you little, yet is of the most vital importance to your daughter's welfare."

He observed the sneer with which I had alluded to his indifference to his daughter's interests, and maddening with rage, raised himself fiercely upon his elbow, and eyeing me angrily for a moment, he hoarsely growled, "Hear me, Doctor; if you had'nt got me up as you have, curse me if I would'nt order you—but pardon me," his discretion at length getting the better of his passion, and recollecting that it was through me alone he was to receive information of business so important. "Pardon, I beg, sir," continued he.

"Cease your apologies, Sir Richard," said I coldly, and at the same time retiring, "another day and we may have some farther conversation. Meanwhile continue quiet, nor presume on any account to leave your room until I see you again." Thus I had merely excited his curiosity, though I had previously determined to acquaint him with the serious accident which had befallen Sir William, thinking that possibly a keen recital of his sufferings might enkindle something like sympathy, in the breast of this inhuman parent. But I must not longer tax my good reader's patience.

Sir William had been visiting, a day or two previous, a small country estate of his a few miles from town, and was returning about dusk upon a high-spirited horse, which, frightened by some dark object in the road, had started upon a full gallop, and thrown him with great violence upon the pavement in an obscure quarter of the suburbs. He had been taken up for dead, and as I afterwards learned, conveyed into a house near by, where the attendants had been bathing his temples, and employing all the usual methods for restoring him to consciousness, while he lay in a state of profound stupor. The apothecary, summoned from an adjoining shop to attendance, had recommended trepanning, and assisted by a young and inexperienced surgeon, was preparing for the operation, when I providentially drove by, and attracted by the noise and bustle made inquiry, and upon ascertaining the serious nature of the hurt stepped in. But I was shocked to see, in the person of the sufferer, extended upon a rude slattern couch, the accomplished Sir William F——. I could not discover the precise point of injury, or any indications of a fracture in the skull; accordingly I objected to the hasty measures proposed, and prevailed upon them to postpone the operation, until we should more fully learn the exact nature of the injury he had sustained. Applying a blister to the back of his neck, and bleeding copiously once or twice, appeared to produce no effect whatever, nor did he manifest any tokens of returning consciousness, until late in the evening. But alas! how fearfully was I disappointed, to find in the faint sounds which my ear occasionally detected, the mutterings

of delirium! Satisfied that his life was in a most critical situation, and that a long course of most careful and judicious treatment, would alone restore him to health, I made my arrangements accordingly; and having procured a nurse in whom I placed implicit confidence, left him for the night. The following morning I visited him in my rounds, and found him in the height of a brain fever. I exercised the greatest precaution, and saw him situated as comfortably as the habitation would allow; having, by no means, dared to remove him from his present lodgings. His state I saw to be extremely hazardous, and I entertained no very sanguine hopes of his permanent recovery.

It was upon this morning the last mentioned conversation took place with the worthless Sir Richard V——. I had now determined to postpone the intelligence I had to communicate, to some favorable opportunity, when possibly, his feelings might be in a manner wrought upon, by the critical state of him, whom he knew to be so tenderly attached to his lovely daughter. To her I had not yet borne the sad tidings, and feared dreadfully the result of any attempt. Her constitution was extremely delicate, and already taxed to its utmost power, in supporting her under the continued trials of home. To Sir William she was most tenderly attached, being estranged, as she necessarily was, from a fond and endearing connection with a parent, who had manifested ever, so little regard for her welfare. All earthly affections were now naturally centered in one, whom she believed her real friend—to whom she alone looked for protection and support, and in whose being were at once concentrated all her fears and desires.

But my fears for the sweet being were needless, although I regarded the composure with which she bore the announcement I had to make, as a remarkable interposition of Providence. Throwing up her clasped hands, she stood gazing with unspeakable anguish upon me, as I a few days afterward acquainted her of the unfortunate condition of her friend. I waited in anxious and fearful suspense the event. But to my great surprise and pleasure, a copious flood of tears speedily relieved her of the suffering, which I had much feared would weaken, if not entirely dis sever the frail tenure of her existence. Meanwhile, Sir Richard had returned to his former haunts with his accustomed zeal, and the increased restrictions of poor Ellen's pleasures, and necessary expenditures, were evidences of his continued ill success. His peevishness and petulance had now become almost intolerable, and my heart bled for the poor suffering patient, who was wasting away under so severe trials.

The odious Ellmore, encouraged by her brutal father, yet strove assiduously to gain her confidence, notwithstanding all my attempts to dissuade the inhuman parent from so unkind and disgraceful conduct. He uniformly heard me repeat my reasons,

and urge every thing which my earnest wishes could suggest, but always concluded with the same contemptuous evasion, "and what the devil have *you* to do with it?" I informed him of the dangerous situation of poor F——, but the mention of his name provoked only a sneer. He, in the mean time, had been suffering under the trials of delirium and stupor. I attended him as often as my business would allow, although shocked to see his fine mind and noble intellectual capacities, as they really were, subjected to the tossings and buffetings of delirium. What is there, I have often thought, as I witnessed the effects of the chaos which reigned in his mind, what can there be, which so vividly and fully instructs the understanding, of the utter nothingness of man, of his mighty intellect, when unrestrained and unguided by an Omnipotent power. Awfully impressive was it, to see all his most commanding energies, exhibited in their fullest power, yet *wasted*! Often have I listened to the most splendid bursts of eloquence, of fine effect and tremendous power, peals that would have startled and electrified a listening multitude, lavished upon the vitiated atmosphere of a sick room, with no larger an auditory than an ignorant nurse, and a humble apothecary. At times, he fancied Sir V—— was before him, and fearfully would he reproach him for his inhuman conduct; again, he execrated the vile Ellmore; and his wayward mind in its milder freaks, would bestow the most endearing epithets upon the object of his passion; or roaming over childhood's fairy days, he would bound through the glens of old Northumberland, and in childish glee repeat the songs of those earlier years.

" Warm, lively, soft as in youth's happiest day,
The mind was still all there, but turned astray."

As weeks however flew on, the most vigilant care and attentive medical treatment, had by degrees subdued the extreme height of his fever; and I was rejoiced upon entering one morning, toward the close of April, to discover in the intelligent sparkle of his eye, an indication of returning reason. Nor was I mistaken.

"Doctor, Doctor," said he earnestly, "have I been dreaming?"

I made no other answer than merely nodding, and beckoning him to keep quiet.

"But, Doctor," continued he in a whisper, as I approached nearer and sat by his side, "I must know, where am I? Did't I ride? yes, I did ride from S—— last evening."

I then explained the whole affair to him, as far as was in my power, and cautioned him explicitly against exertion of any kind.

"But, good Doctor," exclaimed he with hoarseness and energy, "where is Sir V——, and Ellen, is she safe?"

I nodded assent, and forbade any more interrogatories, ensuring obedience to my commands by hastily leaving, and hurrying to

communicate so glad tidings to one to whom they would be inexpressibly dear. I found her preparing some new delicacies for the poor sufferer I had left. Leading her mind by degrees into the proper channel, that the intelligence might have no serious effect, I at length acquainted her of his perfect restoration to reason and consciousness. A moment she gazed upon me doubtfully, then encouraged by my look, clasped my hand, and kneeling down, sobbed out her gratitude to the humble bearer of so welcome news. But leaving her to fulfill with tears of joy her charitable duty, I went from the parlor to visit my other patient, Sir Richard, who had again fallen into his wonted periodical sickness and was now more quarrelsome than ever.

"Well, Doctor, you see I'm down again," said he, as I entered the elegant apartment, now spoiled of its most gorgeous trappings to sustain the miserable occupant in his continued course of profligacy; "but," and his voice was rather tremulous as he spoke "I'll live long enough yet, at least, to baffle that cursed F—— and teach you, Doctor, that I mean to be obeyed in such matters."

Reasoning, I had long since found to be vain, and prudence, I was well aware, required a toleration of even so abusive and insulting language. The odious Ellmore was fast swindling away the shattered wreck of his princely fortune; and had Sir R.'s inclination alone been consulted, he would speedily snatch from him, with equal villainy, her who should have been the agreeable and sweet solace of a parent's declining years. All affection seemed to have been rooted out of the inhuman father's system; and with the utmost coolness would he speak, even upon the sick bed, of the eternal sacrifice of a daughter's happiness. But Heaven had decreed otherwise, and although a kind Providence thwarted his fiendish aim, yet was the result a fearful one. But I must hurry on to the crisis of my story. F—— gradually gained strength, and many were the *billet-doux* I bore from the feeble occupant of a sick chamber, to the lovely attendant upon a profligate father's illness.

L

(To be continued.)

BATTLE OF SULLIVAN'S ISLAND.

"You might have heard it on that day
From Salamis to Megara."

Borne onward by the steady breeze
Britannia's stately war-ships come;
Their heavy prows convulse the seas,
And wake to rage the angry foam.

Their sails are swelled with life—
The lion-standard streams on high
And gaily now the fleet draws nigh ;
I hear the gallant leader's cry—
 " Prepare the deck for strife !"

Where is the foe?—on yonder isle
 See Carolina's genius stand !
On his bold lip a haughty smile,
 A weapon in his hardy hand—
 Around him throng the brave,
Spurning oppression's fatal blight,
With darkened brow and eye of light,
Each soldier burns to test the fight—
 For freedom or a grave.

Hark ! with the earthquake voice of war,
 Their deadly cannon shake the shore :
Affrighted echo from afar
 Gives answer to the sullen roar.
 While to the beach resort,
The palsied sire weighed down with years,
The trembling maiden pale with fears,
Watching the war with anxious tears—
 Her lover guards the fort !

That fort from out its brazen breast,
 A stern and awful message sends—
It gives the Briton's spirit rest,
 And British oak in fragments rends.
 Smoke hides the upper air ;
While—as the foes each other greet—
The space below, from fort to fleet,
Wrapped in a living, lurid sheet,
 Proclaims that death is there.

Above Columbia's goodly host,
 Spread like a seraph's guardian wing,
O'er peril's hottest, darkest post,
 Soft winds the striped banner fling :
 Unsullied as the sky—
Untarnish'd as the blazing sun,
It streams as when the strife begun,
And cheers their drooping courage on—
 Or smiles on those that die.

That golden flag is torn away,
 Upon the barren beach it falls !
What fearless one shall dare essay,
 To plant it on the shaken walls ?
 Doth Jasper dread to die ?
Where the thick tempest darkly flies,
All blindly down the steep he hies,
And plucking back the holy prize,
 Loud shouts for liberty.

They faint—they fail—the Britons sink—
 On deck their mangled numbers lie ;
 Their shattered ships, on ruin's brink,
 Turn from the stubborn foe and fly.
 Then Moultrie raised his hand—
 "God guard you well my sturdy ones!—
 Columbia knows no bolder sons ;
 But hush the thunder of your guns—
 The Lion flees the strand?"

Oh! 'twas a joyous day for those
 Who throng'd that happy strand ;
 To see old Carolina's foes,
 Swept from their bleeding land.
 But joy was blent with tears ;
 For there the bold McDonald fell,
 The youth whose name was Freedom's spell,
 And she shall weep his tale to tell,
 When Time is bow'd with years!

POLITICS AND LITERATURE, AS FIELDS FOR PATRIOTIC EXERTION.

WHEN political economy was in its primeval purity, and in the youth-time of a new world assumed its rank as one of the great civilizers of mankind, then this alone opened a theatre for the exertions of patriotism. But other pursuits have now become a nucleus about which the patriot can concentrate his powers.

To none of these do we attach more value than to that of Literature. In this age of intelligence, small indeed is the number of those who are not conversant with literature in one form or another. It is the charmer of a thousand solitary hours ; it beguiles in weariness ; it cheers in sorrow, and almost imperceptibly becoming engrafted on our minds, it springs up and bears fruit in every situation of life ; and like the fabled thread of fate exerts a mystic but mighty influence where perhaps we imagine ourselves most independent. Nor is this true of the higher ranks in society alone. There is, in every civilized land, a literature adapted to the capacities of the *common people*, often the most effective and beautiful of any—a literature more potent in moulding the character than the edicts of royalty, or the statutes of law.

What more frequently stirred the spirits of freemen, in olden time, to resist oppression and annihilate tyranny, than the patriotism which breathed in their literature? And in more modern days what has oftener roused the courage of the gallant

Swiss, and bade him hold in freedom or defend till death those mighty mountains, his rude but happy heritage from his father's sires? What can exert a higher influence in calling into living, breathing action the patriotism of Scotland's dauntless sons, than the wild minstrelsy of him who sang—

“ Scots wha hae' wi' Wallace bled,
Scots wham Bruce has aften led;
Welcome to your gory bed,
Or to victory.”

Here opens upon the man of letters a stage as broad as patriotism itself can demand, whereon to exert his powers for the good of his species. How different an aspect would society present if all the literature, which tends to form the plastic mind of youth, were of that description which the patriot scholar would desire! And where can he who would see his country free, intelligent, and glorious, find wider scope for his powers than in serving the cause of literature!

Historical reminiscences—the story of great men long since no more—the records of bright deeds long since performed, always stimulates the soul to high achievements and gallant deeds.

What else than this, made the author of *Childe Harold* put in the mouth of the modern Greek—

“ The mountains look on Marathon
And Marathon looks on the sea;
And musing there an hour alone,
I dreamed that Greece might still be free;
For standing on the Persian's grave,
I could not deem myself a slave.”

What but the achievements handed down by the iron pen of history and graven on the heart of every Grecian, prompted them to cry from under the yoke of their oppression—

“ Earth ! render back from out thy breast
A remnant of our Spartan dead;
Of the three hundred, grant but three
To make a new Thermopylæ.”

And though they could not summon back to life, from their cold resting place of twenty centuries, one of their immortal sires to bleed again for Greece, what more than the mementos which literature had transmitted roused them *alone* “to do or die?”

Such is the power of intellectual genius that it can clothe the most unsightly form with grace and beauty, it can throw magic around the loneliest spot of earth, and forever hallow what were not else deemed worth a passing glance.

“ A man can stand on the citadel and almost throw a stone beyond the boundary line of Agamemnon's kingdom; and the little

state of Rhode Island would make a bigger province than Mycenæ and its neighbor Argos." But who would not linger with rapture round the ruins of the realm where "*ἀραξ ἀνδρῶν*" once governed? Who would not love to stand by the gate of Mycenæ, and as his fancy pictured before him the millions of Greece clad in panoply and brass, wheeling their invincible phalanxes along the plains of Argos, would not burn to battle for Menelaus and his beauteous bride? And by what is the remembrance of such deeds as these transmitted to generation after generation? Is it not by the efforts of literary men? Is there here then no wide field for the display of patriotism in subjecting to the pen of history and of song these exploits of noble daring?

As the comet which shoots athwart the darkness of the natural night leaves behind a bright stream of light, so the remembrance which literature transmits of efforts in the cause of freedom and philanthropy—of inroads made upon the triple kingdom of ignorance, error and oppression, shooting athwart the double darkness of a moral and intellectual night, leaves behind it a glorious brightness upon which succeeding ages love to look and linger, a brightness which not only dazzles, but instructs.

What higher power can patriotism herself demand to be wielded for a country's good than that which is possessed by the poet, the historian, the orator! Is the patriot a poet? His melting strains may arouse in the breasts of others in every succeeding age those pure sentiments which animate his own; and when he shall have mouldered back to the dust, his works will still live to purify the heart and enlighten the understanding of society. True it is—

"That words are things, and a small drop of ink
Falling like dew upon a thought, produces
That which makes thousands, perhaps millions, think."

Is the patriot an historian? As he portrays the heartlessness of the traitor, or the magnanimity of the patriot—as he points to the stigma that shall forever cover the name of the one, or by his praise adds one more jewel to the diadem which adorns the brow of the other, and thus hands down his story for the benefit and the warning of posterity, must he not exert an influence almost incalculable over the minds of men?

Is the patriot an orator? When as with godlike eloquence he pleads his country's cause, and like the orator of Athens in thrilling accents, bids his nation rescue from the grasp of a ruthless invader the soil they love, and the rights they hold most dear; or when with the "father of his country," in the pride of fearless rectitude he charges home some foul conspiracy, on some second Cataline, does he not wield a power which no mere politician can gain? His poetry shall make others patriot poets—his history

shall make others historians—his oratory shall make others fervid, patriot orators ; and his works descending along the track of time shall continue to exert a mighty, a hallowed influence, “ till this great globe, and all that it inherits shall dissolve.”

Well has Bacon said, “ if the invention of a ship was thought so noble and wonderful, how much more are letters to be magnified, which, as ships passing through the vast sea of time, connect the remotest ages of wit and inventions, in mutual traffic and correspondence.”

Literature also is possessed of this inestimable advantage, that it holds an untold amount of power over the intellects of the mothers, the wives, the sisters in every land ; and through these it is a magic charm on the mind of every child, when in the halcyon days of boyhood, he listens with beaming eye to the lay which patriotism inspires and affection sings. If in the early spring-time of life, the principles of patriotism are thus inculcated, who can foresee the happy influence they may exert ? When in manhood that boy shall climb the rugged steep of public life, or tread the more sequestered and flowery vales of private pursuits, think you he can be seduced to touch the traitor's gold ? No ! were he ever tempted, the memory of his childhood's home, where first he heard of a patriot's virtue, would rise to his memory, and, with its still, small voice, like an angel of light, lure him from the grasp of the tempter.

The man of letters, moreover, if deserving, sees before him a *permanent* reputation, but the politician as such can have no assurance, however worthy he may be, that he shall run unharmed the gauntlet of public opposition and private calumny. He is ever tossed on the angry ocean of political strife, and though the bark of his fame may ride triumphant to-day—to-morrow it may be a dismantled wreck.

Patriotism is loudly demanding the aid of literature, to check the violence of those political disputes so rife in our land : and the summons must be obeyed, or what ought to be useful differences of opinion will degenerate into brutal harshness, if not open hostility. What mean those notes of triumph from every party of the present day, which ring in our ears from Maine to Georgia ? Do they augur well for the permanence of our institutions—for the stability of our free government ? Do they inspire the real patriot with emotions of joy, or of sadness ? The experience of six thousand years, as it comes in muffled tones from the grave of the past, bids us beware lest those vindictive notes, which now burst from the lips of opposing parties in a free republic, should ere long become the shout of a despot's slaves.

Liberty and learning will fall together ; the blooming flowers of literature will be crushed, and not one be found to strew upon the grave of expiring freedom.

A, B, C, D, &c.

FAREWELL TO 1839.

FAREWELL! old friend, I'll not forget thee now,
 E'en though thy beauty hath forever fled ;
 Though snowy locks are resting on thy brow,
 And thine old cheek displays a colder red,
 And scarce a leaflet shields thy shiv'ring frame.
 For thou hast brought to me full many a friend
 Of kindred soul ; full many a one, whose name
 Upon that brief and secret scroll I've penn'd,
 Which I keep safe within the deepest cell
 Of mine own heart. The tones most sweetly blend
 Which thy swift hours awoke, with those that fell
 From my heart's harp, as other years did wend
 Away—I'll not forget, for Memory's spell
 Shall make thee live again, though now I bid farewell !

December, '39.

MS.

 SKETCHES FROM A VACATION NOTE-BOOK.

No. I.

FORT DU QUESNE.—BRADDOCK'S FIELD.

ON the extreme point of land at the junction of the Alleghany and Monongahela, stood the old Fort Du Quesne, memorable in the frontier wars of the Virginian colonists, the object of long and toilsome marches through the pathless wilderness, and the expense of hard-earned treasure and precious blood, either of which the early settlers could ill afford ; the scene of many an Indian powow and many a bloody war council, the determinations of which were first made known on the other side of the Alleghanies, by the conflagration of the log cabin and the slaughter of the defenseless inhabitants. Less than a century ago, a single column of smoke curled up from among the trees where the old fort stood. Standing on the same spot, I find myself in the midst of a crowded and noisy city. Within five miles around is a busy population of forty five thousand. My ears are assailed with the rattling of innumerable wheels, and the clatter of iron hoofs over the stony street ; a dozen commodious and well furnished dwellings are floating on the broad bosom of the Ohio, while the steam, hissing loudly and angrily from the escape valve, and the convulsive heaving of their seemingly living wheels, show that the tireless engine, like a curbed and restless steed, is impatient for the signal to hurry them off over the waters. The hills around have been cleared of the forests that cast

their morning and evening shadows around Fort Du Quesne; their tops have been crowned with beautiful habitations, and their dark interior, "where sleep the mineral generations," has been intersected with shafts and veins, and the sooty product of the earth brought forth from the depths where it has slumbered for ages in coldness and darkness, to be the source of heat and light, and to send up through the blackened flues of countless forges and furnaces such a pitchy cloud as darkens all the air.

In the hurry and confusion of a life of business, like that spent by the inhabitants of Pittsburg, there is little time left to attend to the relics and traditions of past days. They have accordingly taken no other pains to preserve the remembrance of the old fort than to call a street of their city by its name; although the proprietor of the ground on which it is supposed to have stood, has gone so far as to fix a board upon one of his buildings, with the inscription,

"HERE STOOD FORT DU QUESNE."

Among the several unsuccessful attempts that were made by the English to get possession of the station at the head waters of the Ohio, two are remarkable for their disastrous consequences. Some time previous to the ill-fated expedition of Braddock, Major Grant was sent with a small, though as was supposed, sufficient body of troops to wrest the fort from the hands of the French and Indians. The issue of the attempt, for the credit of the unfortunate commander, is better known than the means by which it was brought about. They had accomplished the long march through the wilderness, and had reached the very threshold of the enemy's fort without having excited a suspicion of their approach. The point of land between the mouth of the Monongahela and Alleghany where they unite to form the Ohio, is low, and almost level with high water mark. At the distance of about a quarter of a mile from the bank of each stream, it rises into a high, abrupt ridge; just below the termination of these ridges and directly above the point, is a smaller rounded knoll, standing out from the higher range, and now occupied by the city reservoir. Grant with his men reached this spot just at evening, and began to make preparations to encamp for the night, not fifty rods from the enemy's fortification. They made their encampment in such perfect silence that not even the delicate ear of the red men had detected an unusual sound, although the foe was within the hearing of their own voices. It would have been easy to press on and surprise the fort that evening, but the men were weary with the day's march, and Grant, being sure of his object, thought he might as well complete the enterprise after the refreshment of a night's rest—in the open light of the morning—as to imitate the savages in availing himself of the covert of darkness. Had his

short-sighted prudence gone no farther, he and his men might have breakfasted in Fort Du Quesne. But after the arrangements for their bivouac had been completed, a strange freak started in the mind of the Major, as ridiculous as it was fatal. It occurred to him to imagine how great would be the astonishment of the Indians, if, at that time of the night and in that situation, entirely unconscious of the vicinity of any thing more tuneful than the winds, the streams and their own war-whoop, they should suddenly hear the forests and the hills around them echo to the stirring peal of martial music. To gratify this whimsical desire to astonish the unsuspecting savages, Grant ordered his band to strike up, and then all lay down quietly to rest, forgetting that the surprise which they had given their enemies would be gladly endured by them in exchange for slaughter and defeat on the morrow. It is hardly necessary to say that the garrison made the best use of this fair warning. They were immediately under arms; scouts were sent out to ascertain the position and number of the enemy. At midnight, they issued from the fort in three divisions, one following up the left bank of the Alleghany, another the right of the Monongahela, while the third, taking a direction between the first two, advanced directly towards the termination of the ridge. The defenseless camp was thus attacked from three positions at the same moment, and soon completely surrounded. The sleepers who had been lulled to rest by the long drawn note of the bugle, and had mingled their last waking thoughts with bright hopes of completing their arduous enterprise with little toil and danger on the morrow, and of returning triumphant to happy homes and rejoicing friends beyond the mountains, were roused from their dreams of success, only to mingle their death groans with the war cry of the savage. Not a man escaped.

The other expedition referred to above, for the recovery of Fort Du Quesne from the French, but which eventuated only in signal disgrace and disaster, is better known in history. It may not be uninteresting, however, to the general reader, to recur again to that eventful scene, where the youthful Washington won his first laurels on the field of fame; and it is deemed a sufficient apology for bringing forward the circumstances of Braddock's defeat in a new and somewhat different dress, that they were gathered on the ground where the battle was fought, and are narrated as they came from the lips of an old soldier.

On Saturday, the last of September, a little more than a twelve-month since, I started, early in the morning, in company with a single friend, to make an excursion on foot to Braddock's Field. We found, on enquiry, that we had a walk of nine miles before us, and the prospect of a warm day and dusty roads did not add much to our anticipation of an agreeable expedition.

Our way lay along the right bank of the Monongahela, over a winding, well trodden road, that generally kept the course of the river. Sometimes we were almost entirely shut in by the rugged bluffs bordering the stream, and then again we ascended so much that we were able to command a most enchanting prospect of the hilly country, the narrow valley of the Monongahela, and the forests yet uncleared, and just beginning to put on the varied livery of autumn. We pursued our way so leisurely, as not to accomplish the nine miles which were to bring us to the battle ground, till near noon. As there was no hotel in the vicinity, we determined to see how good a substitute might be found in a neat, one story log house, which stood a little back from the road, and appeared decidedly Dutch in its exterior; having the usual low, roughly constructed piazza in front, where we imagined the good natured occupants, like their round-featured and swarthy relatives on the Hudson, had sat many a long summer's eve, puffing away upon their meershaums, and telling, for perhaps the fiftieth time, some favorite old legend of the *fader-land*, for the amusement and edification of their gentle offspring. We found not much difficulty in negotiating with the good *frau* of the house on the subject of a convenient draft upon her larder. Refreshed and exhilarated by a dinner which reminded us that the brown loaf and pumpkin-pie have found their way beyond the precincts of Yankee land, we bade our kind hostess good morning and went on our way rejoicing.

After endeavoring in vain, for some time, to satisfy ourselves of the identity of the battle ground, we started for the house of the old man Dean, who lives about a quarter of a mile above, and who is in the habit of pointing out the situation to visitors. The upper side of the road, as we come to his residence, is lined by a heavy wood; and on the lower side is a small grove, just at the edge of which, stands a little log house in which the old man lives. The rude building stands a few yards below the road, with no fence before it except the common one serving to enclose the highway. About the house were to be seen the usual accompaniments of a rural cottage—a few flowers and the common garden vegetables. But we did not find much time to survey the premises before we were assailed by the furious barking of what we afterwards found to be a little black cur; although through the sunflowers and corn-stalks between us and the window from which the sound proceeded, we could not distinguish even such an important personage. On approaching the fence, and beginning to make the best of our way over it or through it, we heard the voice of a female, chiding the noisy little animal and bidding him hold his tongue, although he seemed to regard it a signal to bark the louder. Happening to catch a glimpse of the female through the window, and thinking that possibly we might be

mistaken in the house, we asked if Mr. Dean lived on the premises. She answered in the affirmative, and immediately the old man saved us the trouble of climbing the fence by making his appearance, coming around from behind the building, aiding his rather faltering gait with the assistance of a long oaken staff, which he held in both hands, and used somewhat in the manner that a boatman applies his setting pole in shallow water. He did not raise his eye to scan our appearance till within a few steps of where we were standing. He then did it with a gentle and aged dignity, and at the same time relinquishing his hold of the staff with the left hand, raising it to the rim of his straw hat and making a slight bow, he bade us good morning, and seemed to be perfectly acquainted with our business. Behind him followed the little black dog, trotting along with a self-assumed dignity, which did as much as to say that his presence was no less needed than that of his master.

We were not long in making acquaintance and in consigning ourselves to the direction of the old man, whithersoever he might lead. It resulted that we had passed the ground as we expected; for our guide took us back through the narrow wood, and after having gone about thirty rods farther, turned out of the road on the upper side, and very lightly helped himself over the fence into the field, all the time telling us that he was the only man living who could give us any thing like a description of the field, or of the arrangements of the battle; that he derived his information from a private and a sergeant, whose presence in the battle rendered their authority unquestionable; that he had been a soldier in the revolution, served under Washington, and was in one action where he received five gun-shot wounds, the ball of one of which he still carries in his hip—and many other things did he discourse of, like a true veteran of our fathers' days, greatly to our interest and edification.

After taking a position to his satisfaction, our guide proceeded to explain the order of march of Braddock's army, the position of the Indians in ambuscade, and the different events of the battle. As the old man went on with the narrative, he took off his hat, and the wind brushed back from his wrinkled forehead the few gray hairs that had survived the frosts of eighty five winters; and as he stood there, leaning upon his staff, describing in tones faltering not less with emotion than age, the bloody tragedy of which that spot had been the scene; pointing out the different quarters of the field with his thin and trembling finger; it required little aid from the imagination to transform him into the spectre of one of the fallen brave upon whose ashes we were treading, rising from the cold sleep of the earth to tell the lingering traveller the sad tale of their defeat. The reader will pardon a repetition of that tale, for the sake of a description of the ground and a few

particulars of the battle, from the lips of the old man, which I am sure are not recorded in history.

The ground on which the battle was fought is now an open field skirted on two sides by wood, and with the road passing through it. At the time of our visit, a part of it had been sown with wheat; and our old guide pointed out the spot where he in conjunction with the proprietor of the field, had a few years before buried, with pious respect for the dead, the bones that they could collect, before ploughing the consecrated ground. It is on the right bank of the Monongahela, at a considerable elevation above the flat bordering on the river, and about half a mile from it. The river in this part of its course (nine miles from its mouth) makes its passage through continuous ranges of hills that press down close upon each bank. The bed of the stream appears to have once been much wider than now, but the action of rains and other causes upon the hills has formed a slope or sort of esplanade between them and the present current. This forms a slightly elevated table land, at some places very narrow, and at others, as in the case of the battle ground, wide enough for fields and pastures. Through it the water in running from the hills has worn many ravines several feet in depth. At this place, one of these ravines is worn in nearly a straight course to the river; parallel to it and about thirty rods below is another, reaching as far down as the road; here another begins, still parallel to the first and about half the distance from it. The elevated ridge of land between the ravines, narrow below where the road now passes, and wider above, is the spot where the battle was fought.

In the short ravine above the road, and in the one below, and all along on the other side of the ridge, lay the Indians concealed behind the trees, the underwood, and the tall grass which grew here at the time of the battle in great profusion. Braddock's devoted army marched up from the low land of the river about three quarters of a mile below the place of fording it, ascended the ridge before mentioned in precisely the point most favorable to the purposes of the enemy, continued their course along the ridge till they came to the wider part, then wheeled to the left, and advanced directly towards that part of the ambuscade above the road and lying directly across their line of march. The Indians must have been very shrewd in their calculations as to the course which the approaching enemy would take, or, as has been said, they employed decoys to entice the English into the net prepared for them. However that may be, it is certain that they could not have taken a direction better to ensure success to the stratagems of the red men. As soon as they had come within ten or fifteen yards of the narrow gorge so full of danger and death to them, and which they were destined never to pass, they were suddenly checked in their progress by the quick and hur-

ried discharge of rifles from an unseen foe in front. Among the forward platoons of the advancing column scarce a man was left standing ; and the few that remained unhurt, terror-struck at the sudden and unexpected fall of their comrades, and thinking with good reason that their own fate might be involed in the next fire, were thrown into utter confusion. They attempted a retreat upon the rear without returning the shot of the enemy ; but amid their endeavors to escape in that direction, the loud and repeated commands of the officers endeavoring to restore them to their ranks, and the continued discharge of the rifles of the invisible enemy ; a new sheet of fire blazed out with equally destructive effect on both flanks of the rear, and gave them the impression that they were completely surrounded. They could now see the tawny, half naked forms of the Indians, where the smoke cleared away or the trampled grass afforded an opening, starting from behind the trees ; springing up from their concealment in the underwood ; and, with horrid yells and demoniac visages exhibiting an added hideousness from the smear of paint and the usual decorations of savage warfare, leaping out upon them with their tomahawks and scalping knives ; and with such deadly instruments completing the work which the rifle had half done. After the consternation resulting from the first shock had somewhat subsided, the efforts of the officers to restore order were more successful. But the promptness and regularity of European tactics could be of little avail against an enemy who fought from behind trees and underwood, and who only exposed their persons while selecting a new victim from among those that had not yet fallen. For three hours the contest raged deadly and disorderly on the part of the English ; and on the part of the Indians perfectly to their satisfaction, inasmuch as they were little exposed to danger themselves, and had the pleasure of shooting down their enemies in a manner most accordant with their own notions of successful warfare.

English historians in speaking of this battle make little mention of Washington, then a young man, and accompanying the expedition as aid-de-camp to Gen. Braddock. But the truth of the case will show that a criminal ignorance or worse prejudice has led the authors of the mother country to pass over in silence the conduct of one man, to whose prudence and bravery is owing the preservation of the few who survived that disastrous engagement. General Braddock before leaving England had been frequently cautioned, "both verbally and in writing," by his higher officer, the Duke of Cumberland, to "beware of an ambush or surprise ;" and after the expedition had commenced, the subordinate officers, and Washington in particular, had repeatedly suggested to him the necessity of sending forward scouts to range the forest in advance of the main army. But Braddock, confident

in the success of strict attention to order and the established usages of continental discipline, rejected with contempt all intimations of a desire to pursue a different course. It is said even that on the very morning of the unfortunate day, Washington rode up to the General and for the last time requested of him permission to precede the main body with a company of Virginia volunteers, who had received the title of Rangers from the fact that their intimate acquaintance with the habits of the savages had led them into the practice of scouring the woods and fighting them to the best advantage in their own way. Had this been allowed, the forest would have been cleared of its terrible ambuscade, and instead of the sad tale of Braddock's defeat, history would have recorded against that day the recovery of Fort Du Quesne from the French. Braddock's reply to Washington is well known: "High times! when a young buckskin can teach a British general how to fight." Not many hours afterward, the fortunes of that day presented the "British general" addressing the "young buckskin" in a less arrogant tone.

Braddock and his officers, as has been stated, had been vainly endeavoring to maintain the contest by preserving the men in their ranks. Their numbers were fast thinning, and the savages were already among them, hastening with the tomahawk the work of death which the rifle had been too slowly completing, when Washington, despite the madman, ordered the Rangers to check the impetuosity of the Indians by adopting their own mode of fighting. Among these were two brothers by the name of Hammond; they had taken to the covert of the trees at a short distance from each other, and were counting out their victims from among the savages as fast as the time spent in reloading and getting a view through the smoke and branches would allow them the opportunity of firing. In this situation they attracted the attention of Braddock. Instantly riding up to one of them, he called out in a threatening tone, "You d—d coward, take the ranks." Hammond not showing a disposition to expose himself uselessly to almost certain destruction, even at the command of his general, Braddock cut him down with his sword. At the instant that this summary punishment for disobedience was about to be inflicted, the attention of the other brother was called to what was passing, and as he saw the sword uplifted to smite his relative to the ground, he levelled his rifle at the arm which held it. But the descending blade cleft the head of his brother the moment that the ball from his own piece shattered the right arm and entered the breast of the general. Our guide told us that he had the fact from the lips of the surviving Hammond, and that he in telling the incident, as he did freely after the Revolution, insisted upon the point that it was his intention in firing the shot which proved fatal to Braddock, to do no more than to save

the life of his brother. As it was, they fell together. In the confusion of the moment, there was little time to inquire who gave the mortal wound, and the events of the day had received their present historical dress long before the subsequent changes in the ruling power of our country rendered it safe for the summary avenger to reveal the part he bore in deciding the issue of the contest. One incident only leaves room to believe that even then there were some shrewd enough to suspect whence the shot proceeded. Braddock was removed a few steps toward the rear, where they sat him down leaning against the roots of a large oak, the stump of which is still standing—some uncivilized Vandal having cut down the tree against the will of the owner and of every one else, for the paltry purpose of securing a swarm of bees which had taken up their abode in the hollow trunk. As he lay in that situation, some one, noticing that the ball in entering the breast of the wounded general had passed through his right arm ; and knowing that the Indians were only in front of him when he fell, while his own men were on his right, remarked, that “that ball could not have come from the enemy.” Braddock replied bitterly, “I am sure it could not have come from a *friend*.”

The high and arrogant tone of the “British general” was now changed. He acknowledged to Washington that if he had regarded his advice in the morning, the noonday had not found him dying amid his slaughtered soldiers, and entreated him to save the scattered remnants of the army if possible. Washington was now the only man on horseback not wounded, although he had had three horses shot under him, and several balls had passed through his clothes. But notwithstanding the danger and the fury of the enemy, now sure of victory, he conducted the surviving soldiers off from the field, protecting his men by ordering the Rangers to keep the enemy at bay in the manner which they so well understood ; and during the remainder of that day and those that succeeded in their perilous retreat to Fort Cumberland, exhibited in an eminent degree that prudence, joined with unflinching valor, which so preeminently distinguished the whole of his after life. M.

ODE FOR NEW YEAR'S DAY.

I. 1.

HARK ! I heard a mournful sound
 Deep as ocean's groaning surge ;
 Winds are wildly wailing round
 A low, funereal dirge,

And spirit voices meet my ear
 With solemn sadness and appalling fear !
 What can it be doth thus my soul affright
 And startle e'en the slumb'ring Night ?
 It seems with sullen roar Oblivion's wave
 Rolling o'er nations dead and Nature in her grave !

I. 2.

Lo ! a haggard, spectre train,
 Wild and shadowy shapes appear,
 Bearing on with woful plain
 A corse and sable bier ;
 Disease and Pain and Penury
 And Melancholy of the tearful eye,
 Friendship with altered brow and baffled Guile,
 Remorse, that ne'er was seen to smile,
 Envy, Mistrust, wan Grief and wasted Care
 And Disappointment sad and suicide Despair.

I. 3.

"Wearily, oh, wearily,"
 (The mournful chant was said)
 "We bear thy clay-cold corse, O Year, along :
 Thy children all are dead ;
 One by one we saw them die,
 And join the Past's innumerable throng.
 Thy faithful followers we have been,
 Ever wasting hapless man,
 Whose joyless life is shortened to a span,
 Tracking his weary steps through each dark scene.
 Childhood and Youth and withered Age,
 On each and all we aye attend,
 Till reaching life's last dusty stage
 The pilgrim hails e'en tyrant Death a friend,
 Smiles at the icy touch and joyeth at his end.

II. 1.

"Sisters, brothers, slowly bear
 To his grave the perished Year,
 Wailing to the darkened air
 A dirge above his bier.
 Around him flitting, faded Hours,
 Scatter upon his corse pale, withered flowers ;
 For he is hasting to that dim domain,
 Whence he may ne'er return again,
 The past, into that peopled solitude
 The voiceless, shadowy throng, the years beyond the flood.

II. 2.

"Ever with the perishing years
 From the earth Man's race decay,
 Journeying on in dust and tears,
 Of Time and Death the prey !

Ours is the joy to see them fall,
 To wrap them in the winding sheet and pall,
 And bearing their cold forms, like thine, along
 With mockery of mourning song
 Whelm them at last 'neath dark Oblivion's main,
 Whence they and thou, O Year, shall never wake again!"

II. 3.

Merrily, oh, merrily
 Arose another strain,
 As this strange company did disappear;
 And lo! a joyous train
 Passed before my wondering eye
 Bearing in lifted arms the infant Year.
 Pleasure and Youth and laughing Love,
 Hand in hand with Joy and Mirth,
 And star-eyed Hope, that ever looks from earth,
 And radiant Fancy, in light measure move.
 On silken wings the blooming Hours
 Hovered above the sleeping child,
 Dispensing fairest, freshest flowers,
 Until the boy awoke and waking smiled
 To hear this rising strain, so solemn, sweet and wild.

III. 1.

"See the golden Morn arise
 Where the first faint streaks appear,
 Climbing up the dizzy skies
 To hail the new-born Year.
 Attendants of the princely boy,
 We bring Man's wasted race sweet peace and joy,
 While flee yon ghastly train with gloomy Night
 Before us and the dawning light.
 Raise we on high the joyous natal lay
 And bear the new-born King to meet the early day.

III. 2.

"See the star of Bethlehem
 Up the burning east ascend!
 Cherubim and Seraphim
 Upon its course attend!
 Away, away the shadows roll,
 That hopeless darkened erst the human soul,
 As its bright beams on that mean mansion shine,
 Where lowly sleeps the child divine.
 "Peace, peace to men" the heavenly voices sing,
 And "peace, good-will to men" the heavenly arches ring!

III. 3.

"Cheerily, then, cheerily,
 Oh child of Earth and Heaven,
 Bear thou the lot that is appointed here;
 Grateful for bounties given

O'er thy sorrows weep nor sigh
 But welcome with sweet smiles the new-born Year.
 For Earth is always beautiful
 In its every hue and form;
 Enrobed with sunshine or begirt with storm
 Still, ever still the earth is beautiful !
 However roll Time's restless wave,
 Yield not, O man, thy soul to gloom
 Nor deem thy resting-place the grave,
 But watching Bethlehem's Star beyond the tomb
 Hope for immortal life and never-fading bloom. ?

BACON'S POEMS.

Who would aim at unqualified success as an American poet, strictly confine his efforts to his native country; he must indulge the opinion that nothing can be classical but ancient or that an incident must be old in order to be venerable. Do not join in the vulgar cry, that the Americans are too avare to place a proper value on works of taste: their situation makes this charge as incorrect as it is ungenerous. It is an easy or pampered indolence to laugh at our sober countrymen and declare them a cold race. The honest laborer has little time for the pleasures of life. Poetry, however beautiful it may be, is no bread; neither is philosophical speculation the best diversion for a starving man. But when plenty has triumphed over poverty, the arts will find a rapid growth. Such is beginning to be the state of our country. Animated with this assurance read the poems before us with especial interest. This volume is small, yet its pages contain much which is worthy of attention. If the style is not always of a dignified cast, it is rather a fault of inexperience than weakness. A true poet is like a noble statue, is not wrought in a moment; years of polish are necessary, before he can appear comely in the eye of the multitude. Some modest reviewer has charged our author with affectation, but what young writer is destitute of this common gift? The greatest error appears to lie in a neglect of style that leads to want of repetitions, and a disregard of metre in his blank verse, which changes some of his lines into stiff prose. Prepositions, and conjunctions, have so conspicuous a place and such a frequent succession, that much of his beauty is impaired; little words, when not absolutely necessary, are always absolutely superfluous. They break the sweet current of verse, giving it a harshness incompatible with true melody. An instance will illustrate this observation.

“Ragged as the locks
Of the *but* just tamed bear, his well shaped brow
Gleams in the moonlight.”

Those three words in italics are one of many instances where unmeaning words are impressed to supply the ranks of his forces. “Man” is a theme well worthy of poetic inspiration, and has been for the most part, well represented in the volume before us.

“Creature is he of a mysterious mould—
Existent, sentient, intellectual man ;
And in a world of equal mystery,
Resting an hour to plume his wings for heaven.”

This sentiment, expressed in four lines, contains much of the philosophy of life. Our author then goes on to describe man’s progress in the discovery of these mysteries.

The following description of nature’s influence on the mind, is accurately drawn.

—“His mind was wearied too, but hark !
This little rivulet from rock to rock
Slips with inconstant chime, and that so sweet,
As if it had a sense of its own freedom,
And only ran to speak away its joy.

* * * * *

—He stoops down
And sips this murmuring stream—it gives him life.”

The moral is good and obvious. Man is at last victorious, and cries with exultation

“For Christ, oh grave ! hath vanquished thee !”

This poem is a fair representation of Mr. Bacon’s blank verse. It lacks that brevity, which can alone give the surest promise of success. It is not the longest, but the most perfect piece of composition, that holds the best claim to praise. A man should not be anxious to say every thing in poetry, nor to express a few things in a thousand different forms—but he should sketch the strongest features of his subject, in so bold and plain a manner as to accomplish his object at a single stroke. A quick reader need not be told every thing, and he who is dull will be the last man to estimate value by length.

The author of these poems has read Wordsworth with much care ; that excellent poet is a good master, but a bad model. His mind is cast in a mould so peculiar to itself, that no man can imitate him with any rational hope of succeeding. Conceits are often mistaken for genuine beauties, and the author of the “Excursion” has many of the former in his minor productions. “Peter Bell” is not worthy to be imitated, and the “Excursion” is far above imitation. We hope Mr. Bacon will follow his own

course without adopting any theory, for a theory in poetry is as ridiculous, as a want of it would be in philosophy. There is no other rule of thinking, than to think well, and the fields of a lively fancy are too broad for limitation.

"The Merry Heart," is a good theme, and well described. Modern poets are too prone to give us the darkest side of life's picture. For ourselves, we think man's situation dark enough without exaggeration. If the world has sunshine, let us have it, even though it is less sublime than darkness. A merry heart is a good comforter.

"It gives the wild bird's sweetest note,
The wind's when it complains;
And round us with it seem to float
A thousand joyous strains."

Our author happily tells us, that it is a balsam even for disappointed love. As this may be a good piece of knowledge for some unhappy wight, we will give him the prescription entire.

"And if some heart, on which our own
Had leant and trusted ever,
Should leave us in the world alone,
Or turn out a deceiver;
Why, here's the friend still faithfully
Keeping its trust within,
To wipe the tear-drop from the eye,
And pardon all the sin."

This assurance is excellent. Do not tell us that it is simple, for that we know already; and we are also aware that simplicity is the prime excellence of our best writers. But let us go back to "Other Days;" this is a poem full of birth-place recollections. Here we can sympathize with the author most especially, for we too have stood on the fair spot which he describes, when our lives were glad, and can echo the exclamation—

"How many years have passed since here
Upon the bold rock's crest,
I lay and watched the shadows clear
Upon the lake's blue breast:
Since here in many a poet dream,
I lay and heard the eagle scream!

* * * * *

So was it many years ago,
As on this spot I stood,
And heard the waters lave below
The edges of the wood,
And thought, while music fill'd the air,
The fairies held their revels there."

The "Fountain" is a charming piece to quiet the heart. There is nothing more enchanting to a true lover of nature than a sparkling fountain by moonlight, when the branches of the fatherly old tree that shades it admit through their foliage broken glimpses of the sky. It seems a picture of heaven.

"The wave runs round, the wave runs bright,
The wave runs dancing free,
As if it took a strange delight
A dancing wave to be.

And down the vale it goes, a brook,
Over the golden pave ;
And from the brink the cresses look,
And dally with the wave.

* * * *

And far along the sky of even,
The clouds, in golden dress,
Have painted here a little heaven,
With added loveliness."

We think the following verse descriptive of the moon, is one of much beauty.

"And round her come a troop of stars,
And round her comes the night ;
And o'er her face the clouds in bars
Are braided by the light."

The poem entitled "Shadows," is in our opinion the finest in the whole collection. The brook, the tree, and the solitary beam of the moon shed upon them, the boy and the "little maiden, playing" beneath the shade, are sweetly sketched. The painting is so fine that one is disposed to envy the youth when he "hears him call the maiden bride." And still more when he tells us that

"She was pleased to be his bride,
And in his face she gazed,
Half bashfully and half in pride,
As at herself amazed ;
Yet still she clung unto his side,
And in his face she gazed."

We should be happy to comment more largely upon these poems, but our pages forbid. Their moral tendency is pure as their execution is elegant.

MUSINGS.

"But hail thou goddess, sage and holy,
Hail, divinest Melancholy."

Come, pensive night, so sad and still,
Come, o'er the dale and o'er the hill
Thy veil of melancholy throw ;
While the stars so meek and slow,
On their stately journey go,
And look with their all-silent eye,
As from out eternity,
O'er the sleeping world beneath,
O'er the mountain and the heath,
And the giant city still,
As the forest on the hill ;
On the stream and peaceful bay,
Where the level waters lay,
And the low moon's redd'ning ray
Pictures out a shining way,
Far retreating from the sight,
Till it fades in darkening light.
How like giant sentinels,

Planted there to guard the strand,
Where the ocean's sluggish swells
Roll upon the sloping sand,
Yonder tall old poplars stand,
By the pencil of the night,
In their sombre livery dight.
Lo! the clouds so many crested,
With red and amber drapery vested,
Open glad a misty way
For the gentle lunar ray ;
And round about her, bending low,
Worship Dian's silver bow.
Placid queen of starry skies !
When the flaming day-god hies,
To his gorgeous curtain'd sleep,
And o'er the melancholy deep,
And the fair and tuneful land,
The spirit of the night doth sweep
And gathers slow her dusky band,
At her bidding dost then shine,
And in worship at her shrine,
Active nature too doth bend,
And her dewy offerings send.
And mute silence ruleth all,
Till the morning's windy call,
Rouse the sleepy god of day,

Through saffron clouds to drive his way.
But at night's approach serene,
As at the coming of their queen,
E'en the zephyrs hush to rest,
In the mellow-lighted west :
All is breathless ! save the sigh,
Of the pine's low melody,
Or the brook that sporteth by,
Prattling on its simple way,
Like an infant at its play ;
While faint is heard the waterfall,
Pouring still his anthem call
To the bright stars' silent train,
Once more to wake their spherul strain.
Oh, sweet are these when on the ear
Of musing melancholy thrown ;
And murmurs through the woodland sere,
The summer's dying moan.
Oh how kindly is it given,
That the soul by coldness driven,
From its home of sympathy,
And friendship's warm and moistening
eye,
May yet find in nature fair—
In the insects of the air,
In the tree of joyous strength,
In the stream of mazy length,
In the song of gentle birds,
And the lowing of the herds,
By distance, sweet enchantress, thrown
On the ear in mellowed tone,
In the croakings from the vale,
And the moanings of the gale,—
A deep communion, full of peace,
A voice of soothing quietness.
It is the hour of elfin dream,
When the fairy shapes do seem,
Dancing in the misty beam,
As it flickers to and fro,
Where the pebbly waters flow.
And in the lonely-lighted glen,
'Tis said that oft to lated men,
Little shapes in rainbow hues,

Sprinkled o'er with glist'ning dews,
 Trip about with nimble feet,
 O'er the grass in measured beat.
 Oh ye, who love sweet poesy,
 Woo the elfin company.
 For in lulled sleep shall they be near,
 And in your drowsy-dreaming ear,
 Breathe strange and witching melody.
 And oft before your curtained eye,
 Shall myriad shapes of beauty rise,
 Dimly robed with blending dyes,
 Waning faint and waxing bright,
 With interchanging, wildering light.
 And of the simplest things of time,
 Shall ye weave the wizard rhyme,
 Binding in your mystic spell,
 The spirit of the tuneful shell.
 And the weakest, lowliest thing,
 Shall move you to deep worshipping.
 And ye will love the glimmering glade,
 Girt about with secret shade,
 And level bank of haunted stream,
 Where as in a whirling dream,
 The flood doth eddy gently on,
 And bubbles give a dying moan.

But if you e'er should chance to see
 The bounding troop of Faërie,
 As sometime in the northern sky,
 The wond'ring native views on high,
 In the shifting pillars tall,
 His friends returned from Odin's hall—
 Intrude not on their mysteries,
 Nor boldly gaze with prying eyes.

The moon is set, and stars are bright—
 Ruleth now the shadowy night.
 Weird memory with noiseless tread,
 Adown the line of silent years,
 Calls back again the days long dead,
 Youth's sunny smiles, and wayward tears.
 And gladsome hopes on hovering wing,
 As they pass o'er us sweetly sing,
 In soothing numbers, soft and low,
 And on the cloudy future throw
 The bended bow of promise fair,
 Alas ! how briefly resting there.
 Wailing now, the low night wind,
 Saddens o'er the pensive mind.
 Come then, dreamy-breathing sleep,
 On my eyelids settle deep.

OUR MAGAZINE.

KIND Reader, one word to thee and then away with the last No. for 1839. 'Tis passing strange yet true, that another year has glided over us. It seems but yesterday since we welcomed New Year's day, with its snow, and bustle, and cheerful gaiety, yet twelve months more are fled. Truly,

—'We take no note of time
 But from its loss.'—

Pardon our serious mood. It is, you know, the privilege of the fraternity to moralize. "And why?" And why? because it is a part of our vocation; it grows out of our situation and circumstances. Imagine yourself by our side in this solitary receptaculum of letters. It is after midnight, and the pale ray of a sickly lamp imparts a sepulchral lustre to the eaten and shattered panels, which line the antiquated chamber. Books, the relics of olden days, people the dusty shelves. Festooned and girded with Nature's tapestry, they display to the finest advantage, the skill and industry of their ever busy occupants. The mouldering embers, just vanishing in ashes, but magnify the gloom. Do you not feel somewhat serious already? But the half has not yet been told you. In half an hour, the sheet we are filling must be concluded. You have heard who comes for it, the very 'devil.' 'Tis true that habit is a second nature, and we have become somewhat used to the cloven foot, and forked tail, and grisly shape—

'If shape it may be called that shape has none
 Distinguishable in member, joint, or limb,'

nor are brimstone and sulphur so suffocating as of yore; yet we feel still a kind of shudder at that 'spirit knock,' and 'ghastly smile' which ever precedes the call for 'copy.' It is natural then that we should be sober, serious men. Nor is this the only reason. Though change never enters our ghostly domicile, yet we watch with

sad concern, its busy revolutions in the world beneath us. The old year has departed, but not alone. The bent staff of age at length has broken, and we miss their gray hairs amongst the living.

‘ The race of yore,
Who danced our infancy upon their knee,
And told our marvelling boyhood legends’ store
Of their strange ventures happ’d by land or sea,
How are they blotted from the things that be !’

Manhood too in his prime has deserted us ; from the mart of business, the bustling Change, the social fireside they have gone, on to the other country. Nor these alone ; the young, the gifted, the beautiful, where are they ?—fled with the hurried year.

But a truce to these doleful musings ; it is ever better to improve the present, than to lament the past, and surely, we have work to do. What piles of rejected wit, pathos, eloquence, to be acknowledged !—

‘ Like stranded wrecks, the tide returning hoarse,
To sweep them from our sight.’

Gentlemen, we are pressed for room, but will squeeze a place for you on the cover. One seems worthy of a better fate. His modesty at least should recommend him. “ If,” says he, “ Messrs. Editors, these stanzas *must* be consigned to the ‘ tomb of the catapults,’ with all the yearnings of parental affection, I request that it may be done with becoming solemnity.” Burn thee, friend ? No ! Listen to his muse.

A humble imitation of “ My heart leaps up,” &c., being a hit at the “ times.”

My feet slip up when I do go
Upon the icy path ;
So was it when I was a brat ;
So is it now I am so fat ;
So be it not when I grow old,

Or I shall die !!
The cow is mother of the calf !!
And I had rather more than half
Not tumble down than to !!!

For the many kind favors received and distributed during the current year, we thank our patrons. Some of the contributions have replenished our treasury ; some have embellished our pages ; some imparted interest to our cover ; some shed their lurid light along our walls. Each useful in its day. All merit and receive our gratitude. But, speaking of *gratitude* carries back our thoughts to better days. When a boy, we worshipped but one name upon the calendar—St. Nicholas. As Christmas and New Year’s eve came round, our largest stocking adorned the maternal mantle-tree, and precisely at 12 o’clock, when each eye was closed in sleep, its flabby and shrunk dimensions distended with welcome wonders, as the spirit hand poured in the lavish treasures. Fond of old customs, last Christmas eve, having listened to the admirable performance of the Beethoven, as

—‘ with preamble sweet
Of charming symphony, they introduced
Their sacred song, and wakened raptures high,’

and having escorted the fair damsel who kindly accompanied us, to her distant home, we hurried to our cabinet, and drawing forth the editorial sock, hung it beside the stove, (the entry-door ajar,)

‘ Hoping, perchance—vain dream !’

some kindly ‘ Santiclaus,’ might adhere to ancient usage, and reward our many toils. We rose on Christmas morning at the first alarm of the matin bell, and hurried—it was empty. We *slept over* in very spite. Kind reader, that was *Christmas eve*. Next Wednesday is New Year’s day. On the preceding evening, he who passes our domicil will, perhaps, perceive our door *again* ajar. Should he look in, fast by an Olmsted stove, hung on a chair, he may descry a lank and hungry *hose*, ‘ in anxious expectation.’ The next morning we shall rise—advance—examine—feel—look. With what emotions we shall retire from the investigation, generous reader, it may be rather for others than ourselves to say—yet a happy New Year to you all !

P. S. The coming being *Leap Year* any particular communications from the gentler sex will be acceptable. We shall also keep three chairs dusted for callers. Doors open from 10 till noon. No *gentlemen* expected !

 LINES

ON THE DEATH OF PATRICK HENRY DUGGER, A MEMBER OF THE SOPHOMORE
CLASS, WHO DIED AT NEW HAVEN, DEC. 9, 1839.

How sadd'ning the winds that softly sigh
O'er those, who are called with young hopes high,
To tenant the tomb.

More drooping the flow'ret hangs its head
So lone in the aisles above the dead,
As wailing their doom.

The gay, happy days of joyous youth,
Shall learn but too soon, the chilling truth—
We love but to mourn.

Our hopes and ambition now so bright,
Shall vanish, like chaff, in airy flight,
By rude blasts upborne.

Too fondly, alas! we wished the chain
In union that bound us, ne'er again
The Fates would dissever.
Its links are bedimmed with friendship's tear,
And one who a moment brief was here,
Has left us forever!

A mother's solicitude of love,
A father, save one, to whom above
His spirit has flown ;
To bring him relief, a sister fair,
And drive from his brow each gloomy care,
To him were unknown.

Then comrades, weep! for the orphan, weep,
'Tis noble grief as one falls asleep—
The beloved by us all.
Then cherish him, while the zephyr's moan,
While falling leaves in the Autumn strown,
Are requiem and pall.

Oh, wail for the fallen in th' after hour ;
Yet not as for him, whom death has power
To retain alway.

But kindly as one whose spotless soul
Immortal shall live while ages roll,
In realms of day.

C. H. H.

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ASSOCIATION.

THE machinery of mind, though wonderfully intricate and complex, is regulated by a very few simple and comprehensive principles. The world of thought, like the world of matter, is the product of different affinities and combinations, whose law is one and universal. Examine the ten thousand forms under which intellect is presented to us—enveloped in the sable robe of philosophy, breathing the inspiration of poetry, shining through the pleasing mazes of science, or tricked out with all the anti-colored livery of romance—and you may trace them all back to a few exhaustless fountains, forever welling up their deep, dark waters. One of these pervading principles, more extended in its influence, perhaps, than almost any other, is the power of association. We do not purpose, however, to treat of it in this brief essay, so much in the light of a mental phenomenon, as in its more obvious and practical relations. We leave to the skilled metaphysician, the task of tracing out the connection between the mind within and the world without; to show how that which is ethereal and spirit-like, can act upon the gross clay which envelops it; to explain the secretcies of dreams, and the mysteries of waking visions; and then to draw out, upon all these topics, a complete theory of the mental operations. We wish merely to take a practical view of this principle, as it affects the conduct and feelings of every day.

The mind of man, in its incessant intercourse with nature, is unconsciously formed and moulded by its early associations. The influence of climate, natural scenery, government, and pursuits, is quite as apparent in the formation of mind, as in the structure and development of the bodily organs. The sportive sunbeam seems to impart to the inhabitant of a tropical clime, the lightness of its own nature; while the cold and icy north, in-jects into the heart of the Greenlander, a portion of his own eter-

nal frost. The mind goes forth from its secret chambers, and roaming through the vast storehouse of nature, imperceptibly assumes a shape kindred to the varied forms it meets. Not a moment hurries by, but stamps upon it an image it is destined to bear forever. Not an object is presented to it, but will affect every thought it originates through endless ages. Not a spring lies hidden in its inmost recess, but, when moved by some outward influence, will vibrate through eternity. Thus the ever-varying hues of nature, are but a mirror of the ever-changing forms of mind; and the circumstances of life, which are fleeting as the moment that gave them birth, exert a moulding influence upon that essence which will never die. So great is the extent of this principle in its operation, so powerful its agency in educating the intellect.

One of the most important offices association is made to fulfill, is, to assist in retaining knowledge. It lies at the very foundation of memory, and is an admirable provision of nature, for the convenience of man, and the advancement of learning. Suppose for a moment, that every thought which ever entered our mind, must, by a direct effort, be retained there separately, distinctly, and constantly. What a lumbering mass would the mind of a man of information present! what a charnel-house of cold and dead ideas, and frozen sentiments! What an utter confusion must, of necessity, attend all the phenomena which such an intellect would present. Thoughts, rich, valuable, and abundant, might adorn his cabinet; but when he should wish to draw them forth, he would take now an agate, now an ore. Ask him for two *related* specimens, and with servile toil he must delve through the whole heap, to lay his hand upon them. We have seen such minds;—eager to garner up truth, they indiscriminately throw into the hungry caverns of their intellect, every morsel of information which falls in their way. The witty, the tender, the sublime, the beautiful, the ludicrous, scraps of history and bits of theology, odes, sonnets, and *morceaux* of epic, ‘odds and ends’ of newspaper paragraphs; every thing, in short, throughout the whole domain of literary life, as if the ingredients of another witches’ caldron, are mingled and shaken together in their mental storehouses. As it went in, so it must, if at all, come out. Tax their information on any given subject, and you are like to get a reply as wide of the mark, as the fabled responses of Dodona. Ever ready to make answer, they will thrust out the hand to the motley pile, and present you with the first ingredient, though it be no more to your purpose than a thousand other things in the universe of thought. But the man of cultivated talent, who has parcelled out his ideas according to his subjects of reflection, and laid them away together, has them ever perfectly at command. Without burdening his memory to retain

every one by a distinct effort, he has only firmly to fix a leading thought, and the whole connected chain will follow. Hence, in a single moment, he will bring forward more upon the point at issue, than his counterpart could accumulate in a lifetime. Thus association affords a man that, which is acknowledged by all, to be the prime feature of a perfect education, the power of bringing all his resources to bear at any time, upon any subject which may present itself to his consideration. We have often wondered at the skill which the showman displays in arranging his wires and cords, so perfectly to represent the motions of the human frame. The man of learning makes association the connecting wire which pervades the whole body of knowledge. With a magician's hand he pulls one string, and all the scenes of ancient story rise to view ; another, and philosophy pours out her treasures ; another, and you listen to the voice of song.

Association elevates the moral feelings of man's nature. Whoever has his eyes open on the world, cannot be insensible to the great truth it throws back in every part, upon the mind of him who contemplates its wonders—there is a God. He may read the lesson if he will, blazing in the stars of night ; and hear it echoed in the shrill blasts of heaven. He may see it painted on the green leaf of summer, or wafted in the soft sighing of the evening zephyr. Not alone the refinements of civilization, but even the rude lineaments of savage life are sufficient to render the mind susceptible to such impressions. 'The Indian believes the rumbling of the waterfall the voice of the 'Great Spirit,' and the artillery of heaven but the deep tones of his wrath. The man of enlightened intellect beholds these manifestations of a superhuman power with still livelier feelings ; and while reading the open book of nature, with gratitude would fain acknowledge that its author is divine. Wherever he directs his inquiries, 'earth with her thousand voices answers, God.'

We recognize in this principle one of the richest sources of our enjoyments. There is no class of people, no age or condition, to which this pleasure is exclusively confined. In a greater or less degree it visits all. It furnishes joy not alone amid the fascinations of social life, but in the hour of solitude and loneliness. Often will the man whose form is bowed down by the weight of threescore years and ten, whose measured steps are fast verging to the grave, find a green oasis amid the barrenness of his days, when the sight of youthful gladness calls back into his sluggish veins the joyous flow of his young life-blood. The thoughts of childhood reanimate his dissolving frame, and make him move once more among the scenes of 'auld lang syne.' He feels his aged limbs clothed again with the hard thews with which he once strained the bow, and cleaved the billow. His mind once more thrills with the buoyancy which turned every avocation

into an instrument of pleasure ; which robbed pain of its anguish ; and made even his defeats in his childish plans, but the inducements to new exertions. It is good for that old man to revisit these scenes ; to bask once more in the sunshine of these gala days ; to quit for a few short hours an age to which 'the grasshopper is a burden,' and live again amid the music of fond recollections.

The homeless wanderer, afloat on the tide of a world whose tender mercy is cruelty, oft feels the wizard power of association. Standing, perchance, in the aisle of some turreted cathedral, he gazes at the splendor poured about him by a thousand sparkling cressets, and listens to the deep hallelujah which burns along the high arches of that lower temple. But amid all this gorgeousness, he feels that there exists not the charm which hovers sweet about his own neat cottage, on the spot he calls his *home*. The harmony of that strain is dissonance in his ear, compared with that mother's voice which soothed his infant pains, and breathed into his troubled breast the softened words of sweet affection. The pompous adoration of that house of prayer, enters not into his soul as did the simple but true devotion at the fireside altar, when

" His sire turned o'er wi' patriarchal grace,
The big ha' bible,"

and of

" Those strains that ance did sweet in Zion glide,
He waled a portion wi' judicious care,
And ' *Let us worship God*,' he said, wi' solemn air."

Sickened with the show of heartless formality, he hurries away from the gilded pageantry of the sanctuary, to seek in the loneliness of nature, afar from the works of man, emotions kindred to those which crowd his bosom and choke his utterance. The lowly vale and sunny hill-side are smiling with the lily and the vine. The birds of song are chanting a response to the sparkling water which murmurs a hasty farewell as it glides past its pebbly banks. To his practiced ear, each speaks a familiar language. They tell him of a far-off shore, between which and himself, mountains rise and oceans roll. They tell him that nature paints the flowers and plumes 'the wild-wood choir' in this distant clime, with the same unerring care which she displays for all her creatures. They shed about his soul the 'light of other days,' and direct his willing sight to the wanderer's home. To a man in such a situation, who can deny that thoughts like these, though dashed with melancholy and painful emotions, are yet among the most blissful joys a mortal can taste ? Association is this power which spirits him away from the stranger land, and sets him down amid the home of his fathers ; which severs him for the hour from the present, and bids him revel in distance and futurity.

To the scholar on classic ground, this principle gives every thing which renders such converse delightful. In what are the bald ruins of the temples of Dendera and Luxor, better than the blocks of granite which crown New England's beetling cliffs? Why is the dust of Athens holier than the soil of America? Why the hillocks of old Rome than the summits of our loftier elevations? The distant Past has put his stamp upon them. Their embalming is in the feelings of all those who shall ever relish the beauties of ancient lore, or pore over the history of fallen greatness. The lover of liberty who travels through the glades of Hellas, and threads the streets of her far-famed cities, cannot fail to call up to his recollection those noble spirits who peopled that fair land; whose mighty souls disdained the yoke, and whose blood and treasures purchased freedom for themselves and for their children. With fearful forebodings he observes the pale crescent now reflecting the moonbeams on the site of 'Dian's temple,' and the lofty minaret surmounting the shrine of ancient devotion. With a trembling, half hesitating lip, he asks, 'Does liberty yet make this her resting-place?' While he is viewing the prints of her retiring footsteps, in the prostrate groves of philosophy, and the pillars of the ruined Parthenon, the answer comes whispering to his ears, 'You are too late; liberty has flown far off toward the setting sun.' And the straits of Thermopylæ and the field of Marathon return the echo—'too late, too late.' Yes—Greece, once the cradle of letters and the favored home of freedom, no longer holds that proud preëminence. Her scepter has departed. True it is, that the spirit which breathed in her storied heroes, swells yet in the unshackled limbs of a remnant of her sons. The Peloponnesus and the Isles are free. Yet, many a fair portion of her hallowed ground is still defiled by the marks of servitude. The Turkish cimiter is glancing in the same mellow rays which lighted the steel of the ancient patriot to the tyrant's heart. A gloom dark as night has settled over that fairest portion of man's heritage; and the foot of the oppressor on the neck of his victim, is stifling into the silence of death the last faint throes of expiring liberty.

Though we cannot glance at the present state of this unfortunate country without a sigh of sympathy, we associate with the history of her former splendor, feelings of unfeigned delight. The scholar who has imbibed the spirit of 'the olden time' from his converse with the mighty dead, is more than almost any other, susceptible of these emotions. While turning over the pages of some ancient author, wandering among the scenes of that distinguished city, 'the violet-crowned, the poet-sung, renowned Athens,' he may almost people its ruins with the forms of those who have long since passed away; place Demosthenes on the summit of Mars' hill, Plato in his quiet grove, Diogenes in his humble dwelling, and the people rising up to do them honor.

The lover of antiquity who walks among the ruins of Pompeii, that 'city of tombs,' feels crowding up before his fancy the gloomy terrors of that night when its comeliness was laid in dust, and the joy of its inhabitants buried by the fiery tempest. As he threads its subterranean mazes, its very silence is the voice of warning. He enters the amphitheater, from which the brilliant throng that had congregated there, were hurried so unceremoniously to the banquet-hall of death. He starts with horror at those long rows of skeletons that 'glare on him with their empty black bottomless eye-sockets!' An involuntary shudder comes over him as the dust-cloud from dead men's ashes rises at his foot-fall. The Falernian has hardened in the *amphora* by their side. The picture, whose beauties time and the surrounding desolation have failed to efface, hangs mocking by its freshness the quiet sleepers. What a scene for imagination to people with wonders. What a place for association to absorb man's faculties in devout contemplation; to lead him through this labyrinth of vanities, to the region of a purer and nobler sentiment.

The dweller in a Christian country, who visits the land where lived and died the 'Man of sorrows,' who enters Jerusalem, over whose perverseness He wept and sighed, who strays along the shores

"Where the blue wave rolls nightly o'er deep Galilee,"

who looks into the tomb now deprived of its risen tenant, who 'walks about Zion's hill, and tells the towers thereof,' feels, as no one else is capable of feeling, the force, the meaning of his faith; and ever after that, he reads the simple story of the sacred word, as one who is at home among the scenes it pictures.

The power of association affords still higher pleasure in that it ministers to the *woes* of man, as well as enhances his enjoyments. In his more sorrowful moments it throws its shadowy wing over his spirit, and fills him with a pleasing dream. It furnishes food for his thoughts when bereft of friends and companions, when tortured with pain or weighed down with disgrace; and even when hope has ceased to suggest its golden visions, it remains his boon companion in the lone hour of despair. Other pleasures fly with the changing circumstances which gave them birth; but this will not desert him so long as mind retains its empire, and memory is its minister.

Those who derive their origin from a more southern clime than this, will excuse us for briefly adverting in this connection, to the festivities which attend the celebration of a *New England Thanksgiving*. It is here that association, occupied with weaving into fond hearts the kindest affections of which we are susceptible, the love of parents, brothers, sisters, home, appears in its

most lovely and hallowed garb. This festival brings into play nearly all the benevolent and social feelings of our nature, and hence has proved more productive of domestic peace and union, than almost any other institution existing. The aged head of the happy family circle, calls around him the young and the gay, and recounts to them the incidents of his youthful adventures. He speaks to them of his noble sire, whose eyes he long since closed, and of the mother, who quietly sleeps beneath the same headstone. He admonishes them that time has bleached his locks for the grave, and that they will soon be called upon to consign him to his resting-place; thus educating them to divest the future of its gloom, by mingling thoughts of the other world, with the happiest hours which transpire in this. Perhaps he is one of those brave spirits who drew the sword for freedom in our revolutionary struggle, and is now inspiring in those youthful breasts the same patriotic love which led him to brave the battle and the death. With the lightness of unmingled joy, they surround the festive board, while he who is the father of the band invokes his *heavenly* Father's presence. How kind are the words then spoken of him whose place is vacant; how warm the wishes for his prosperity, his safe return; how touching the mention of that absent friend. It is the possession of such institutions as these, wherein all the better feelings of the heart are cultivated and drawn out into active exercise, which constrains us to look back with reverence and pride upon those who transmitted them to our hands, the *Puritans of New England*.

Those who are the sons of other states, have perhaps had the same emotions cluster around the festival which so closely succeeds it. It well becomes us to celebrate with joyful feelings the advent of the richest gift which ever came from heaven to men. But if it be rightly observed, other more serious associations will mingle themselves with our festivities; and our hearts will respond to the sacredness of that occasion, so fraught with interest to man, and which has been supposed by the poet to enlist even the sympathies of the inanimate world.

“Some say, that ever 'gainst that season comes
Wherein our Saviour's birth is celebrated,
The bird of dawning singeth all night long;
And then, they say, no spirit dares stir abroad;
The nights are wholesome, then no planets strike,
No fairy takes, nor witch hath power to charm,
So hallowed, and so gracious is the time.”

The same bond of delightful associations attaches us to the thousand objects of daily converse. The paths in which we have often walked, the trees, the rocks, the scenes that we have made familiar by constant intercourse, soon acquire in our eyes a **sacredness** which we are unwilling to desecrate. We cannot

help deeming them the relics of another age, continued only to the pleasure of him who is willing to enjoy them, and not to the doomed victims of man's capriciousness. When the sturdy oak, the king of the forest, is to bow beneath the stroke of the axe, it is the language of human nature, as well as of poetry: 'Spare, woodman, spare that tree.' When the solid antique mansion is to give place to the modern 'shingle palace,' its very wail cries out for support, to him who can feel the moving eloquence of their silence. And it is well, that amid all the overturnings and uprootings so rife at the present day, there is one principle wrought into the human mind so as to form a part of itself, which operates as a check to this Vandal abuse. It twines around and cherishes each loved familiar object, as the ivy clasps with its young tendrils and supports the crumbling column. It pleads with the ruthless spoiler, and would fain rescue from destruction all that upon which time has set the marks of age.

May the ties of association never release us from their pleasing bondage. When we shall go forth to tread the rough path of life alone, and when our efforts shall be directed into different and ever diverging channels of influence, we would trace back the chain whose golden links once formed the bonds of love. When we shall be engaged in the world's stern encounter, we would pause now and then amid our toil, to think on pleasures past, and live in friendship's memories. M. D.

SKETCHES FROM A VACATION NOTE-BOOK.

No. II.

MOUNT VERNON.

Dec. 6th, 183--. I was leaning against the iron bars of the gate which serves to guard the entrance to the sacred inclosure, where rest the remains of the "WASHINGTON FAMILY." The tomb, in the first place, was nothing more than an excavation in the hill-side, walled up and arched with brick, and provided with a small iron door, over which is the inscription above given. At a later date, a brick wall eight or nine feet in height, has been built around the tomb, inclosing a space of eight or eight yards square. The entrance to the inclosure, is through an iron gate made of separate bars. On the left of the gateway, within the inclosure, but not in the excavated tomb, stands the marble sarcophagus, which contains the ashes of Washington; on the right is a similar one, containing those of his wife. The sarcophagi were made by order of Congress, and the remains of Washington and his wife were deposited in them, in their present situation, a few weeks previous to the time of my visit. I was told that, at the time of their death, there was no room left in the family tomb, and their bodies, in consequence, were deposited in a smaller, temporary one, at a little distance, where they remained till the time

removal. It was this smaller tomb that Lafayette entered, when on his last
to Mount Vernon, after the death of his old companion in the contest for lib-
erty. An old negro servant who witnessed the scene, told me that, "he stayed a
few days while in the tomb, and made a deal of *preaching* there." The principal ob-
jects of interest about Mount Vernon, which are most intimately associated with
the memory of him whose name has made it hallowed ground, are alluded to in
the following stanzas, suggested to the writer while lingering by the simple mound
which has been made the receptacle of our most illustrious dead :—

Tomb of immortal Washington, I come,
Journeying from far, alone and wearily,
A pensive pilgrim from my northern home,
To bow, as freemen can and may, to thee,
In worship of the awful dust that thou
Art keeping for a nation to revere.
It is not servitude, that here I bow ;
It is not weakness, that I shed a tear.

'Tis human, that we sometimes laud too much
The cherished memory of the earthly great ;
But he, our country's father, was not such
As purchased songs and eulogies await,
From sycophant and mercenary tongues,
When they have blessed their people by their death.
His glory gathered from a nation's wrongs
Redressed, need not be swelled by hireling breath.

No mausoleum rears its sculptured pile,
Nor frowns in cold and costly grandeur here,
No marble tablets round the long-drawn aisle,
No high-arched wall, nor towering domes appear ;
A hollow in the hill-side, arched and walled,
And guarded slightly by an iron gate ;
Such is the tomb, if tomb it may be called,
Of him who died the greatest of the great.

The snowy months of winter have begun,
And yet the grass waves green upon the mound ;
A few pale flowers are opening to the sun ;
But bare are all the trees that stand around.
Softly and sadly from the leafless wood below,
The chilly wind of morning sighs up here,
The broad blue river rolls with gentlest flow,
And far above the sky is deep and clear.

Musing beside the unassuming mound,
Where rest the patriot hero's ashes now,
They point me to the cultured fields around,
O'er which he guided well the rustic plough.
The instruments of toil his hands have plied,
The axe, the spade, the pruning hook are here,
Memorials worthier to be named with pride,
Than trophies won by sword or battle spear.

I tread the household walk his feet have trod ;
 I pass the threshold of the self-same door ;
 This was his study ; there the book of God
 Still lies, whose sacred leaves his hand turned o'er.
 The hall, hung round with pictures of his choice,
 And more than these, that old rust-eaten key,*
 His, by free gift, which, if it had a voice,
 Could tell dark tales of blood and tyranny.

That mantlepice,† by master hands inwrought
 With fitting emblems of a land at rest
 From war, sent by the Italian, who had caught
 The love of liberty from the wild West ;
 Those two magnolias,‡ from the withered stalk
 Of one, he planted in his manhood's pride ;
 That lawn, round which he took his morning walk ;
 The consecrated chamber where he died.

Such are the dear memorials of the man,—
 Oh ! call him not by vain, ambitious names,
 King, emperor, or world-subduing Khan,
 The meanest passion's slaves, as well as fame's.
 Though in the battle he could do or dare,
 As gloriously, as terribly as they ;
 The father of his country won not there
 As proud a wreath as on that after day,

When the wild tumult and the fame of war,
 And the highest station that his land
 Could give its noblest son, he left afar,
 And, like the humblest of his patriot band,
 Withdrew to seek his youthful home again,
 Unpaid for all his long, disastrous toil ;
 Enriched not with the grant of state domain ;
 Corrupted not with bribe or battle's spoil.

Here was a hero worthy of the name ;
 For once the world hath not been bribed or driven
 To swell with eulogies the guilty fame
 Of one, great only as the scourge of heaven.
 'Tis fitting that all languages have sought
 For words to tell the triumph he hath won,
 That infant tongues in every clime are taught
 To lisp with praise the name of Washington.

M.

* It may be well to apprise the reader, who has not visited Mount Vernon, that the key referred to, is that of the Bastille, which was sent as a present to Washington, after the destruction of that formidable prison, by the people, at the outbreak of the French Revolution. It is kept in a prismatic wooden box, with glass sides, and hangs on the wall at the left, as you enter the hall by the front door.

† It occupies the fire-place of the lower front room, in the left wing of the house. Washington received it as a present from Italy, soon after the Declaration of Peace, in 1763. It is made of beautiful Italian marble, embellished with groups of peasants, with oxen, the plough, and other implements of husbandry, indicative of peace.

‡ These two magnolias stand on each side of the gravel walk that leads from the front door to the river. They are, as stated, shoots from a tree now dead, set out by the hands of Washington.

SHELLEY.

THERE are men so blinded by bigotry, as to be unable to see any good beyond the limits of their peculiar creed. What falls not within these, be it ever so lovely and fair, appears distorted in the mists of prejudice. 'They measure all things, how various so ever their natures, by one standard, and make a man's genius and talents of no account, if his life be not regulated by their rules. "Stand by, for I am holier than thou," is often in their hearts, if not on their lips; and they cease not, practically, to approve the Procrustean scheme of judgment. There are others who take an opposite course, and consider genius as almost a palliation for vice and crime. These shield the violator of the customs and proprieties of social life, by the specious name of eccentricity; and charmed by the smooth flow of verse, and beauteous imagery, roused by the energy of lyric strains, or awed by sublimity, have no eye to discern moral deformity, or ear to hear profanity. Both these classes have pronounced their judgment upon Shelley; and while the one has covered him with blackness, and cast him out, the other has loaded him with indiscriminate praise, and raised him to an elevation undeserved.

Our means of judging of Shelley's character, consist of a few scattered notices from the pen of his widow, a short sketch by his most intimate friend, Leigh Hunt, and his own writings. From the first two we are to expect the partial description of love and friendship; and we accordingly find a eulogy, setting forth in a most captivating light, all the amiable traits of the deceased, throwing a veil over his faults, or else, from congeniality of sentiment in the writers with him of whom they treat, making a defense, even a praise, of what we cannot help considering the defects, the very poison of his character. Shelley's own writings afford a safer criterion; and from these, aided somewhat by the notes of his friends, would we form our opinion of him as a man and a poet.

Born of a noble family, and endowed by nature with a genius of rare brilliancy, at an early age he was placed in the midst of intellectual enjoyments, and had access to the purest fountains of knowledge. Fond of the wild and wonderful, he sought gratification in the perusal of the German writers of the sombre and mysterious school of romance; and under their influence, at the age of fifteen, published two romances in prose, which, to use the words of Mrs. Shelley, "were of slender merit—the sentiment and language exaggerated, the composition imitative and poor." He early manifested a trait which marked his whole ca-

reer, and led him into some of his greatest errors, while it no doubt was the inspirer of some of his noblest productions. We mean his hatred of tyranny under every form. His love of independence, his firm resistance to oppression, we cannot fail to admire; and we see in that spirit which refused to "fag" at Eton, the mind and fortitude, that form the patriot and hero. He possessed also another mental quality, usually the accompaniment of genius, curiosity, or a spirit of inquiry. This, the stimulus to effort, the harbinger of discovery, when destitute of the guidance of sound judgment, often leads its possessor into egregious errors; and the youthful mind of Shelley, launching boldly into the abstruse researches of metaphysics, and rashly seizing on conclusions, which further and better conducted inquiry would have shown to be erroneous, learned to doubt and disbelieve, without forming any decided opinions of its own. Hence his atheism and infidelity; hence his scorn of the customs and proprieties of society; hence his continual struggle against opinions, without a real, distinct defense of any plan or principle; and hence the indistinctness and obscurity which prevail in so much of his poetry.

Soon after his entrance at Oxford, he published a dissertation on the Being of a God, which, if we may judge from his note on the same subject to his *Queen Mab*, must have been as weak as it was irreverent. For this he was expelled from the University, and incurred the severe displeasure of his father; and with this expulsion commenced what his friends are pleased to consider his martyrdom for opinion's sake. We wish not to defend the University in its proceedings, though we may ask whether a youth of seventeen, who had doubtless pledged himself to the observance of its laws, and had, at least tacitly, assented to the articles of faith adopted by the realm, should be allowed, with impunity, to throw contempt on those laws and articles? We are inclined to think, however, the punishment too severe; that other measures should have been adopted; that his father, especially, should have endeavored to conciliate, rather than force the mind of his son, and that argument would have answered a better end than authority. It was in allusion either to this period, or to one a few months previous at Eton, that he said in his dedication of the "*Revolt of Islam*," to her who became his second wife—

"Thoughts of great deeds were mine, dear friend, when first
 The clouds which wrap this world from youth did pass.
 * * * * * I spake—'I will be wise,
 And just, and free, and mild, if in me lies
 Such power, for I grow weary to behold
 The selfish and the strong still tyrannize,
 Without reproach or check.' I then controll'd
 My tears, my heart grew calm, and I was meek and bold.

And from that hour did I with earnest thought
 Heap knowledge from forbidden mines of lore ;
 Yet nothing that my tyrants knew or taught,
 I cared to learn ; but from that secret store
 Wrought linked armor for my soul, before
 It might walk forth to war among mankind ;
 Thus power and hope were strengthened more and more
 Within me, till there came upon my mind
 A sense of loneliness, a thirst with which I pined."

We have here an insight into his character and motives. Would that his resolution to "be wise, and just, and free, and mild," had been productive of better fruit.

Shortly after leaving the University, under the influence of feelings, excited by what he considered persecution, and with a head full of crude, unsettled notions about freedom, the rights of woman, the marriage tie, and religion, he composed his "*Queen Mab*," a work, which, with his notes appended, contains, interwoven with beautiful poetry and correct sentiment, some of the most daring infidelity and blasphemy, and some of the most inconsistent and erroneous notions about society, that it has ever fallen to our lot to read. The existence of a God—a *creative* God, is denied ; while a vague, undefined *Spirit of Nature* is substituted in his place ; all the hallowed associations, and heart-cheering doctrines of the Christian religion, are ridiculed, while its authenticity is denied ; and the most salutary institutions of society are represented as tyrannic impositions. True, he speaks in praise of *virtue*, and sings of

—"the unfading flame
 Which virtue hangs upon its votary's tomb ;"

and declares, that

—"the remembrance
 With which the happy spirit contemplates
 Its well spent pilgrimage on earth,
 Shall never pass away."

We deny him not this commendation. We wish, however, that the good of this poem were not so overbalanced by the evil ; that he had not enveloped the valuable fruit in such a thick covering that stains the touch ; that he had not given us the pure liquid in a poisoned chalice. Perhaps, however, it is hardly fair to judge him by this production ; for afterwards, when the poem was surreptitiously published, he wrote to one of the public papers of the day, desiring to exonerate himself "from all share in having divulged opinions hostile to existing sanctions, under the form, whatever it may be, which they assume in this poem." Still, though further experience, and the very opposition with which he met, may have moderated his views, or taught him to

be more careful in their expression, there is little doubt that he held them to the last. His "Revolt of Islam," by which he seems perfectly willing to abide, so far as we can understand it, expresses nearly the same sentiments; "Prometheus Unbound," embodies them; and we have been surprised and pained to find, that even in his lighter pieces, where the muse seems to throw aside her stiff attire and cold formality, and the fond emotions of a warm heart flow out, he often checks the joyous current, by some icy sneer or blasphemy; that even here he forgets not his hostility to what might claim, from a poet at least, the reverence due to age, but to which the wisest bow, as robed in heaven's sanctity. In his preface to "The Revolt," he says, indeed,— "The erroneous and degrading idea which men have conceived of a Supreme Being, is spoken against, but not the Supreme Being itself." But let any one read the poem through, and tell us if he find aught reverent spoken of the Christian's God; if the Christian's faith be not often ridiculed. There is, however, breathing throughout this piece as well as others, a spirit of love to human kind, an evidently sincere desire for the happiness of his race, which is a redeeming sign, and fails not to win our hearts; and we cannot help sorrowing, that he who had so much of kindness in his disposition, and frankness in the avowal of his sentiments, and manifest sincerity in his belief of their adaptedness to the reformation of evil among men, should have fallen into such unfortunate errors, and so wasted his talents and affections.

It is not our purpose to follow Shelley throughout his career, nor to advert to all his writings. They all bear the same character, and are successive and accordant developments of his views and feelings. There is, indeed, in his larger poems, a great sameness of sentiment, by which he has been betrayed into the frequent repetition of a favorite figure. A hasty and ill-judged marriage, was followed by a separation, which sadly issued in the death of his unfortunate wife, with anguish to himself. After this, acting out his doctrines about the marriage bond, he formed a union with a lady of similar sentiments, and after living with her for a length of time, went through the wedding ceremony to satisfy the scruples of some of her friends. In her society, and that of a few chosen friends, he spent his time, at first among the villages of England, and afterwards on the shores of Italy, engaged in literary pursuits, and the enjoyment of life's pleasures, occasionally blessed with that rich joy which flows in upon benevolence, until the sad event which buried him beneath the Italian wave.

We have said that Shelley did not distinctly propose and defend any new principles for the regulation of society. We do not mean by this to say that he had no peculiar views. He cer-

tainly held opinions which few are willing to adopt, or bold enough to express. The tyranny of custom was one of his favorite themes, and to counteract this was his effort. He looked upon the regulations with regard to marriage, as fetters on the heart's best affections, and absolutely injurious to society—the cause of unchastity and crime. He had a sort of theory of equality, some vague notions about the distribution of property, was opposed to monarchy and oppression of every kind, and seemed to hate the very name of priest. Of his poetry we have yet to speak, but to sum up his character in a few words: He was a man of superior native talent, one of the few that each age distinguishes from the multitude; a good scholar, especially fond of the Greek writers, and, as has been the case with more than one infidel scholar, of the poetry of the Bible; of a disposition generous and amiable, unless when sometimes made fretful by disease; in his conduct, so far as we have been able to learn, excepting his illicit connexion with her who afterwards became his wife, of irreproachable purity and temperance; an enemy to oppression; an infidel in sentiment; and withal possessed of a spirit of vain self-confidence, which, united, we allow, with true desire to reform, according to his view, the world, led him to regard himself as set for some great work—the champion of a holy cause—which sentiment is especially manifested in the “Revolt of Islam,” where we take Laon to be a representative of his own feelings; and were it not that the obscurity of the style renders him not easily understood, and not attractive to readers generally, and that the extreme ultraism of his sentiments counteracts their influence, we should regard him as a dangerous writer.

Such is our view of Shelley's character; and we have endeavored to form an impartial judgment. We would not detract in the least from his merits, nor take a single leaf from the garland which his genius deserves. We cannot, with some, look upon him as a martyr to the tyranny of public opinion. He who sets at defiance all the feelings of a community, utterly despises long established and salutary institutions, must expect retributive opposition. If Shelley was a martyr, the martyrdom was of his own seeking. Nor are we willing to attribute his unbelief to “a peculiar conformation of mind;” we rather seek its cause in the errors of education, in the perversion of right thoughts, in the neglect of the proper means for attaining to the truth. While we grant that he was sincere, while we cheerfully allow the generosity and nobleness of his disposition, and his deeds of benevolence, we must yet deprecate his opinions, and declare our conviction of the evil tendency of his writings and example.

A few words as to Shelley's poetry; and we give our opinion with much diffidence of the poetry of one whose genius we esteem great, whose imagination powerful, whose fancy lively; whose

conceptions of his subject were not indeed always clear, but whom, with all his faults, we cannot help in some measure loving, because at times we pity.

The oft-made remark that the poetry of Shelley is "too intellectual to be admired by the populace," is, we are fain to believe, used in many cases as a shield from the charge of inability to understand it. For our own part, we are free to confess that though we have studied his principal poems with considerable attention, there is much in them to which we can assign no rational meaning. The truth is, there appears to have been in the mind of Shelley a sort of confused and dreamy philosophy; an ill-assorted compound made up from the elements of French infidelity and radicalism, Godwin's Political Justice, and the speculations of Plato. "He cherished an Utopian theory of imagined perfection;" and in his attempts to set this forth in verse, mists and shadows have too often hovered around his pen. He abounds in figures and symbolical representations, and many of these far-fetched, overstrained and indistinct, and his metaphysical turn of mind is constantly making itself manifest. We have already alluded to his repetition of favorite figures. One in particular we found four times in three successive pieces—and it seems an especial favorite—the serpent and the eagle contending in mid air. The poet seems to have had it constantly present to his mind, as perhaps an emblem of his struggle with custom; but we confess we see not the purport of its illustration in every case. But with all these faults, there are very numerous beauties. Imagination did indeed bless him at times with her sweetest influence; and ever and anon, while groping your way through mist and miasma, he flashes upon you with a brilliancy that dazzles, and a beauty that charms. Elegance combined with energy, softness with sublimity, seize upon you, and you acknowledge a master's power. The opening stanza of *Queen Mab*, is enough to entitle him to a poet's fame; and his description of *Night*, in the fourth canto, we have rarely, if ever, seen equalled; and did our limits permit, we could cite numerous passages in confirmation of our judgment, and illustration of his worth. But the reader feels that there is something wanting, that he does not come home enough to the heart. There is a coldness spread around him. We see the marble statue lovely in exquisite symmetry, and can almost catch the flash of intellect beaming from the countenance; but we hear no sweet-toned lyre sounding in unison with the chords within our breast. "He is not," indeed, as has been said, "like Burns, the poet of cottages and laborers;" nor like Burns shall he live in mens' affections. Shelley shall find a place in the library of the scholar, who shall turn to his pages as to a book of thought. Burns shall be found on the bench of the laborer, in the pocket of the ploughman, on the table of the wealthy, on

the couch of the invalid, on the shelf of the learned, and shall be sought as a friend to soothe our cares, to give joy to our hours of leisure, and relieve the weariness of toil. Burns entwines himself about our hearts with those tiny, but strong tendrils, which will not be severed. Shelley stands before us in cold grandeur, commanding our admiration, as the lofty mountain, or self-supporting oak. Not that he makes no display of kind feelings, or shows us nothing to tell us that he is bound in brotherhood to man. The evident desire to which we have before alluded, that he may do something to redeem man from his miseries, is a token of this which we hail with satisfaction, and wish that it were not so much hampered by his self-willed recklessness of the true means of obtaining that end, by a vain confidence in his powers and high appointment. He speaks, too, of love, and other emotions of the heart, and often, especially in his minor poems, with true and warm feeling; but generally his love is scarcely human enough; a sort of Platonic, passionless affection, pure it may be, but it comes not charming to the heart. It is rather the cool blast from the icy north, clear and bracing while it chills, than the fragrant breeze which comes to us wafted from some spicy grove. And there is, in too much of his poetry, an apparent endeavor to gather figures to harrow the feelings; a dwelling on the dark features of our world—a fondness for the gloomy, and an affectation of delight in sombre and fearful scenes and descriptions.

We have heard Shelley's "Queen Mab" compared with Milton's "Comus," and ranked "as no way inferior" to it. We have already said that "Queen Mab" contains much poetry of the highest order, and some of the finest displays of imagination. But even as a literary performance, we are by no means willing to give it an equal rank with Comus. The smooth versification, the beautiful imagery, the delightful simplicity, the lively and inspiriting strain of the latter, are, in our humble judgment, far superior to the slowly measured tread, and involved sentences, and overstrained imagery that abound in the "Queen Mab." But when we look at the sentiments contained in the two poems, no one will venture to place them side by side. From reading Comus, we rise up exclaiming, "How charming is divine philosophy!" We leave "Queen Mab," regretting the abuse of splendid talents. How much of heaven, yet so much of earth!

HERO AND LEANDER.

"The swimming lover, and the nightly bride,
How Hero lov'd, and how Leander died."—*Lady Montagu.*

THE singing bird had left the bower,
The moon had joined her stars above,
When streamed from out that lonely
tower,
The beacon light of love.

It sent its levell'd ray across
Where Helle's waters glide,
To light the boy of Abydos,*
Each even to his bride.

For lack-a-day, fond parents' care
Deem'd bolt and bar would never
Reveal the secret of the fair,
And shut out Love forever.

But where's the bolt, and where's the bar,
Can fence bright beauty in,
Or daunt bright beauty's worshipper,
To worship and to win?

Full oft the am'rous boy would gaze,
Slow pacing o'er the strand,
To catch that beacon light, whose blaze
The breath of love had fann'd.

Full oft in speechless joy, forget
Each danger's faintest trace,
As panting from the wave, he met
Her rapturous embrace.

Full oft with her, in love's sweet trance,
Would sit, nor speak the while,
But tell the tale in burning glance,
In breathed sigh and smile.

Full oft in star-lit hall and grove,
Would strike the sounding lyre,
And sing an olden lay of love
That thrill'd each chord with fire.

Alas! no more that lyre shall blend
With passion's voice, its tone,
But hung in that old hall, shall lend
To every breeze—a moan.

And never more the treach'rous brine,
Shall yield the gallant boy
For Hero's snowy arms to twine
In wild ecstatic joy.

For hark! from o'er the Euxine sweeps
The spirit of the storm,
And glad the Hellespontus leaps,
To meet his rushing form.

The stars are blotted out, and move
Broad shadows o'er the moon,
But still that beacon light of love
All brightly gleameth on.

'Tis ever thus the light of love
Comes streaming o'er the way
Of life's dark waters; though above
In heaven—there's not a ray.

Ah! whose that kneeling form of white,
That 'neath the blacken'd sky,
Bends up from that lone turret's height,
Her fix'd and streaming eye?

O Venus! list thy priestess' prayer,
Thy fairest, chosen one,
Have mercy on her lover, where
He feebly struggles on.

By all thy love to mortal man,
To Thammuz, and to him of Tros,
Stretch o'er the wave thy snowy hand,
And save the boy of Abydos.

* * * * *

The storm had ceas'd its sullen roar,
The sun had risen o'er the wave,
And lighted on that wreck-strewn shore
To gild—but not to save.

The saddest sight he shone on there,
That made e'en Phœbus weep,
Was a gentle youth, and maiden fair,
In a lock'd and dreamless sleep.

I. H.

* I have ventured to change the quantity of this word, for the sake of the sound.

SKETCHES OF REAL LIFE,
OR
SCRAPS FROM A DOCTOR'S DIARY.

No. III.

"For, what is the hardest case imaginable, the reputation of a man generally depends upon the first steps he makes in the world; and people will establish their opinion of us from what we do at that season when we have least judgment to direct us."—*Pope's Preface.*

UNSUCCESSFUL LOVE.

(CONCLUDED.)

"Oh! grief beyond all other griefs, when fate
First leaves the young heart lone and desolate
In the wide world, without that only tie
For which it loved to live, or feared to die;
Lorn as the hung up lute, that ne'er hath spoken
Since the sad day its master chord was broken."

WEEKS rolled by, and Sir Richard was whelmed in the lusts of his wonted course. F—— had left the small hamlet, the scene of so severe trials, and, transported to his own rich apartments, his literary tastes were again revived, and labors renewed. Nor did he meanwhile neglect kind duties, or shake off his increasing fondness for the beautiful Ellen V——, who returned the ardor of his attachment with an almost unnatural fervor—with a devotedness too far above earthly affections, as I often fancied, to exist long in the world. Pleasure and happiness, such as was enjoyed in the communion of those two spirits, was, I much feared, too high, too unalloyed for earth. Strange as it was, my mind would conjure up some dreadful accident to interrupt the bright flow of their content—yes, perhaps dispel forever the charm of their existence. And to an individual favored like myself, by continued and confidential acquaintance, was there not some ground for so apparently vain imaginings? Her health was extremely feeble; in truth, I sometimes shuddered, as I fancied I discovered in her weakened constitution, symptoms of some organic affection. He also had not recovered from the attack consequent upon so severe an accident as had befallen him. But more than this, which was but the natural and ordinary dispensation of an all-wise Providence, her brutal father, legally gifted with control, was violently opposed to their mutual enjoyment of

happiness. And the crafty Ellmore, powerful by his riches, and the number of his vile accomplices, would surely be actively hostile to their interests. All before was dark. And my heart was racked by a thousand hopes, fears and anxieties, as I listened to the enchanting prattlings of her voice, whom I had long loved almost as a sister; and the clear mild tones of him, whom I so much esteemed.

Evening had come on with a dark scowl, portentous of a terrible storm. I had fortunately completed my visits at an earlier hour than usual, and was seated comfortably before my glowing grate, eking out the pages of this my Diary—

“An inconsiderable snapper-up of human trifles,”

when a loud knock aroused me from my quiet pleasures, and a messenger, whom I had before often met, handed me a note from my sweet friend Ellen.

“It’s a sorrowful business my poor mistress has now,” said the servant, waiting an answer to the letter.

“Ah,” returned I, hoping to obtain some information which might favor us in our plans for eluding a father’s vigilance, “and what new thing has happened?”

“I don’t know sir, only poor sweet mistress has been weeping ever since—”

“And does she not often weep?” interrupted I.

“Yes, when her father scolds, or Lord Ellmore comes; but to-day, I know there’s something more, for she has been crying the whole evening, and told me not to come back until I handed you the note.”

I opened and read—“Dear Doctor, I fear father and dearest William have had a quarrel; I have not time to inform you of the circumstances. Do ascertain how far my suspicions are verified. And oh! should they intend any thing serious, do, do for heaven’s sake! avert the blow; I never, never could survive it. Can you send back any message to calm me, until I see you again? Yours, &c.”

Sending back immediately, I endeavored to quiet her apprehensions, by some specious invention; at the same time assuring her that I would use every exertion in my power to prevent any serious difficulty. But as I wrote, my heart beat high with anxiety, for I feared—I knew that the proud and honorable spirit of my friend could never brook the consummate insolence of Sir Richard V——.

I hurried to Sir F——’s apartments, but did not gain admittance until I had sent in my address, with an urgent request to see the occupant upon a matter of vital importance. I found him pacing the room, evidently under the greatest excitement. His bewildered look, his agitated manner, bespoke some unusual disturb-

ance of his ordinary quietude. The fears of poor Ellen, I now saw were fully corroborated. I was for some time at a loss how I might best attract his attention ; for, owing to the singular impetuosity of his feelings, I had entered unobserved. I at length determined, though perhaps unadvisedly, to present him the note I had just received. He grasped it eagerly from my hand—read its contents. “ Poor, sweet Ellen ! ’twill kill her—yes.”

In a torrent of words he was thus exclaiming, when observing me seemingly for the first time since my entrance, he with difficulty changed his manner, and addressing me, said, “ Ah, Doctor—excuse me—I’m wild. But—but she fears, does she ?—’tis well that she anticipates, and yet—and yet, Doctor, how can she survive it ?”

“ Dear Sir F——,” returned I, interrupting him, “ please to explain yourself ; suffer me to be, if possible, of some service to you ; what on earth can have so much disturbed you ? Remember that I cautioned you against such violent ebullitions of feeling. Do, I beseech you,” continued I, seeing him yet more excited, “ do—have some regard for your health—become quiet.”

Oh ! poor, poor Ellen,” he continued to exclaim, sobbing heavily at intervals, “ poor, sweet Ellen, it will break her sweet heart—but don’t tell her ; Doctor, no, don’t tell her, till all is over, and then—why then we shall sooner meet in—heaven !”

“ What can have thus disturbed you ?” again repeated I, “ Tell me, I entreat you, and my dear Sir F—— subdue your feelings, I implore you, as you value your own peace.”

“ Peace ! peace—I have no peace. Poor, poor Ellen——”

But I need not farther record the ravings, intermingled with the sighs and tears of him whom I almost fancied mad. He had that day met Sir V—— at his house, who had in a brutal and insulting manner forbade his farther visits. The proud spirit of Sir William had haughtily thrown back a retort, and the exasperated profligate had challenged him. The noble mind of Sir F—— instantly recurred to the lovely form of her, whom he had but just left within ; his heart was softened—melted in him. He apologized for the pardonable affront he had offered to the enraged parent. But no ! the demon was not thus to be baffled ; “ Sir F—— was a d—d coward, did he presume to evade or disregard the invitation.” For a moment, the noble-hearted William forgot himself—his relation to the gentle daughter of the relentless profligate. The color mounted to his brow—pride, resentment gained for a time the mastery, and with a look of scorn, had he thrown down his card to the vicious wretch, and had retired to weep and to repine at his own thoughtlessness and folly.

“ And now, Doctor,” said he, after closing a brief narrative of the foregoing circumstances, and in a tone of mingled anxiety and fear, “ what can I do ? Murder the father of my lovely

Ellen?—heavens!—and perish by his hand! Good God! what can I do? 'Tis not death I fear;—'tis not a cowardly cringing from the fate before me. But to die thus! by such a hand—to tear myself away from such endearing connections! Oh, that they had never thus enchained me—that the world had not showered its favors with so lavish a hand, to embitter the premature end of a life hardly well begun! Alone, and I could sever the ties which bind me to life; for I shall *surely* die; but now—how—where can I escape?"

I dreaded the pause which now ensued. For what could I advise? Could I presume to propose a farther conciliation of offense on his part? His proud spirit would not listen to the proposition. His agony of feelings was every moment increasing, and happily for me, he was blinded to the inadequacy of my endeavors to find any means of escaping the fearful engagement. Suddenly a thought struck me—an expedient flashed upon my mind, which, although it might be dreadfully mortifying to his feelings, I still believed the preservation of so valuable a life would warrant comparatively dishonorable means. I could interpose by the arm of the civil authorities, and yet rescue him from the snare. My object was now to discover the place and time of meeting. I asked it of him; but alas! in so doing, as I afterward found, and as I then feared, I discovered my purpose. He however appeared unsuspecting, and continued pacing the apartment under the greatest agitation. Indeed, I strongly expected some immediate bodily attack would result from the very great excitement of his feelings; as his step was yet feeble, nor had he entirely recovered his wonted share of health. But in this expectation I was doomed to be *disappointed*. Presently, with his usual self-possession, he requested my assistance in the final arrangement of his concerns; despatched a servant for the attendance of a barrister, and seized his pen with a trembling hand, to pour the last words of consolation into the ear of his suffering, perhaps orphaned Ellen. "Tell her," said he, at length despairing of his endeavors to write, "tell her that I die with a heart breaking for her woes! Oh! that God should have made the unoffending instrument of her suffering! Oh! tell her not—tell her not, till all is over. I could wish to see her once again; but no, I could not meet that eye, so full of tenderness, of love again."

But why dwell longer upon such a scene, so fraught with suffering and grief? And how, alas! was this fearful blow to prostrate the few weakened energies of my lovely patient. And I had promised to quiet her apprehensions—to meet and disclose to her a full knowledge of the circumstances. Heavens! how could I think of it; and yet her bosom was now bursting in the agony of suspense. I cannot—I will not recall the fearful terrors of our interview.

The day was near its close ; the sun shedding its crimson beams over the face of the whole sky, was rapidly nearing the distant horizon. I had been out some distance from the city, to visit a country patient. My thoughts were disturbed ; I had taken no rest since my fearful interview with Sir F——. I was thinking of the dreadful events of the morrow. My friend I knew would scrupulously avoid injuring the parent of his lovely Ellen, but I had not equal hopes for his own safety. I had managed the whole business, if possible, to interrupt the fatal proceedings ; but after all, trusted little to my scheme. The vengeful and profligate V—— would pursue his murderous intent to the farthest. For his own life, he had become almost reckless, beside that the wretch knew, and trusted to the humane spirit of his antagonist ; and could he be removed by so honorable means, the wealth of Ellmore might retrieve his monied interests, and perfect the scheme to which he obstinately adhered. Such thoughts were passing rapidly in my mind, when my horse was suddenly startled by the report of a pistol, a short distance before me, in a small grove by the highway. I spurred forward, thinking it perhaps an affair of *honor*, in which my services might be of some avail. A turn in the road presently brought me in full view of the spot ; but heavens ! could I believe my own eyes ! Sir Richard, with F——, were stationed at the distance of about fifteen paces from each other, while the seconds, Lord Ellmore and Sir Arthur M——, were already placing the weapons in their hands for a second fire. Utterly unconscious of what I did, I sprang from my horse, clambered over a high stile which skirted the borders of the grove, thinking in my confusion, that I might by my presence alone, arrest the horrid sacrifice. But no, I was too late, even though my mad resolve had proved effective.

This time both pistols had flashed almost in the same instant ; both had fallen to the earth, and one had already entered upon the scenes of an eternal world !

I rushed to the spot. The surgeon in attendance was examining the body of Sir Richard ; I flew by to my fallen friend. Kneeling down, I raised his head tremblingly upon my breast. I loosed the fastenings of his waistcoat, and searched for the wound ; his bosom was unscarred. I thought I heard a slight murmur on his lip, and turned to catch his words, but there on his pale, sickly countenance, were trickling a few dark drops of blood. I removed my hand which had been resting upon his head, and beheld the hair matted with the crimson tide ! the ball had entered his brain. I hurriedly caught his pulse ; 'twas feeble, hardly perceptible. I felt his heart ; it beat convulsively, but was fast ceasing to perform its duty. All hope was in an instant gone. Tears flowed from my moistened lids upon his stiffening body, as I gently bore it to the carriage in waiting. Having placed him carefully within, I returned to ascertain the amount

of injury the other combatant had sustained. It appeared that F——, at the moment of his death, unconsciously fired, since he had previously solemnly assured me, that he would by no means attempt the life of Sir R——. The ball had struck his destroyer in the abdomen, and had, in the opinion of the surgeon, lodged in the hip. The wound, although not decidedly fatal, was yet extremely dangerous. But I felt little interest in his well-being, except as it was connected with the happiness of his daughter; and yet did he survive, her interests might suffer the more.

What a scene was now opened to my inspection! What a family to enter, and discharge the unwelcome duties incumbent upon the professional visitor! Yet here was an offering to honor; a conscientious, devoted, and humiliating sacrifice to the goddess of that worse than pagan shrine. *Satisfaction* had been gained and rendered!

What now must be my course? Such was my reflection, as I sat in my office, after having carefully attended the cold remains of the gifted Sir William, to his sumptuous apartments, a short time since echoing his merry laugh—now silent as the grave! I had a reluctance, perhaps foolish, to visit again the accomplice of so inhuman a tragedy. And still, as the recollection of *her* sweet form, whom I had so long and willingly befriended, occurred to my mind, my resolution wavered. The bare thought of her gentle heart weighed down to breaking, by this doubly grievous affliction, could not repress in my bosom a desire to see, and sympathize with the fond being so chastened and subdued by the hand of sorrow.

Such were my emotions, and such my doubts, when startled by a hurried knock at the door, I greeted the messenger whom I had for some time expected, and was called by him to visit Sir Richard in his desolate dwelling. I found him attended by the experienced surgeon Sir L——, whom I had before met upon the ground of the fatal rencontre. As I expected, he was suffering with intense pain. It was at his suggestion I had been called, thinking probably, in the trepidation resulting from the acuteness of his suffering, that a number of advisers might mitigate his suffering, or at least protract his life. Nor had he, in so critical a period, in all probability, recalled the close intimacy in which I stood related to his fallen victim. He addressed me but sparingly and complainingly, thinking apparently of nothing but a release from his own individual suffering, and concerning himself little for the perhaps lasting misery, which he had entailed upon his woe-stricken offspring. Sir L—— thought an extraction of the ball, if practicable, the surest method of relieving pain, and restoring permanently his strength; but determined to defer the operation for some days, in order to ascertain more correctly, by the prevailing symptoms, the precise nature and extent of his wound.

The fond Ellen had been unadvisedly acquainted with the terrible issue, shortly after the mournful occurrence of the evening. She had fallen into a violent fit of hysterics, which had lasted for several hours, and I found her in a state of profound slumber, the singular, yet usual consequent of such attacks. The second day following, saw me again a professional visitor at the mansion of Sir R——. He was somewhat easier, and partially relieved of his suffering, but would occasionally, aroused by a sharp thrill of pain, shriek for aid, and curse in the most shocking manner, the imagined slowness of his terrified servants. I was obliged to give him, at his demand, enormous quantities of morphine, to quiet his pain during the night, and allow him sufficient opportunity for sleep.

I found my fair patient, Ellen, in a state to see and converse with me, but ah! I could, with difficulty, recognize in her wasted countenance, the sweet Ellen V——. The smile which a short time ago, shone through all her misfortunes, and lit up that blooming face, dimpled no longer upon her pale cheek. So great was the work of two days' suffering! Nor was this all. Not only were her bodily energies sinking beneath the burden of accumulated grief, but the vigor of her highly susceptible mind had trembled with the crushing weight of afflictions, and already reason flickered, and burned with an unsteady flame; and it was with unfeigned distress, I observed that she seldom saw with clearness the occurrences which had so blighted her ardent affections. Alas! thus to see an innocent, and lovely one sacrificed to this hellish fashion—duelling, was almost beyond endurance; and even Sir R——, had upon one occasion since the fatal meeting, with the utmost effrontery, reproachfully taunted me with the triumph he had at length gained, in defeating my endeavors to provide for the permanent welfare of his daughter. And ah, well do I recollect how my heart swelled with indignation, as I with difficulty repressed a passionate answer.

Days passed on, and my two patients remained in very much the same situation; Ellen gradually, I feared, losing the entire command of her reason. And I could hardly regret it; her heart was already broken, and why should a consciousness of a father's brutal violence, tear it open with a fresh wound? Her days were fast ebbing, and soon she would meet, she hoped, her lost friend in purer regions. At times, conscious of her dying state, she rejoiced in the anticipation of a speedy release from mortal cares; but oftener she appeared to have no correct view of her situation, and her wandering fancy recurring to scenes past, would seek to recall the thrilling incidents of that *one* eventful evening. Her affection for her father yet lingered in her bosom, and often making my heart to bleed with her piteous lamentations, has she faintly addressed me,—“Oh, no! he couldn't be so

cruel ; no, he didn't shoot him, did you, father ? No, he couldn't, he couldn't. No, never. What, kill—*kill* him ! my own William ! Come now, Doctor, do you tell me all about it. They told me he shot him, but I knew it couldn't be. I knew he was not so cruel."

But I had not long to listen ; soon, and the piteous prattlings would be disturbed—would cease in the moanings of her last struggle. Sir R—— in the mean time became no better. The time designated by Sir L——, for the proposed operation, had now come, and it was thought best by him, to proceed immediately to its performance. A languor had suffused the whole system of the patient, and for a time, partially subdued the violence and ferocity of his disposition. "Well Doctor," said he, upon the morning of the eventful day, "you are going to torture me to-day, are you?" scarce summoning sufficient energy to speak articulately.

"Why, yes Sir, such seems to be the final determination of Sir L——, in whom I am happy to say, I place the greatest reliance."

"Well, and Doctor," continued he, becoming slightly agitated, "won't it kill me ? Curse it, though, I won't stand it, Doctor. Can't I keep alive without it ?"

"It is his opinion," returned I, solemnly, "that you cannot."

"Well, but curse it," said he in a whisper, "send for the whole college ; I can't, I won't endure it. And is it *sure* to save me, Doctor ?"

"The decision of that point, Sir R——," returned I, cautiously, "rests with the will of an inscrutable Providence. You may, or may not be relieved by the operation ; but be assured, that on its performance, rests your only hope of escape." I had spoken this quite seriously, and was about to reproach him for having involved himself in this fearful calamity, by the unprovoked *murder* of an innocent fellow-being, when I observed that I had already gone far enough, for, throwing himself back with violence upon his pillow, he madly struck with all his force, his pale, furrowed brow, exclaiming, "Oh, God ! and has it come to this ! oh ! oh !—" And here follows a dark array of dreadful imprecations upon himself, and upon his vicious course, which he continued until pang after pang of excruciating pain, excited by his vehemence of manner, tortured his writhing limbs into perfect subjection, and weeping like a child, he languidly yielded to its mastery !

Sir L—— having arrived, all things were put in readiness, and with bared arms the surgeon proceeded to perform the operation. And never in the course of a long practice, have I been called upon to witness another one so distressing ; not so much from the difficulty of the case, as from the impatience of the subject.

Constantly writhing and tossing, it was impossible to operate successfully at once; his cries were agonizing; often in the excess of his pain, exclaiming, "Leave me—leave me—curse you, Doctor, ye're killing me,—curse ye all—oh!—" But let me pass over this scene.

Sir L—— was as usual, eminently successful. My lovely patient near by, I had been cautious to keep unsuspecting of her father's unfortunate state, and of the occurrences of the day; and indeed, had she known all, she could hardly have realized more of grief than it was now her lot to experience. Her shattered mind had left forever its wonted channel, and the soul-touching lamentations of a broken heart, were her only words.

A few days following, and I found upon my morning's visit, the officers of justice with an execution, within the abode of sorrow; the agents of the vile Ellmore, effecting security for the payment of remaining debts. They had left the room of Sir V——, with whom they had a long strife, and were proceeding in their rough, boisterous manner, to the apartment of my remaining patient, when I happily arrested their progress, and after a long parley, succeeded in prevailing upon them to leave the house for the present. Entering, I found Ellen disturbed by the noise, her countenance slightly flushed. Addressing me, she said, "Ah, Doctor, I'm glad you have come; you'll save me, won't you? They were going to take me away, but Doctor you won't let them now, will you?"

I humored her caprices, and was richly repaid, in assuring her of perfect safety, by her benignant smile. On rising to go, she said softly in my ear, "Doctor, you going—going to see *him*?"

"Yes," returned I, anxious to preserve the timely cheerfulness of her vain delusion, "and have you any message for me?"

"Tell him—tell him," said she earnestly, "I will be with him *to-morrow*."

All this was uttered in so startling a tone, that one might easily have imagined her inspired, and trusted to the prophetic truth of her words. But I had not looked forward to her dissolution so speedily, and accordingly soon forgot her injunction. Sir Richard's pain, by degrees ceased; all inflammation disappeared, and every symptom betokened a perfect recovery.

The morrow came, and with it a tide of sorrowful events. During the morning I had a call to some distance in the country, to watch the dying struggles of an aged, and tenderly attached relative. The scene was unusually affecting, and weighed heavily upon my spirits.

It was high noon, as I drove my jaded horse slowly into the city, upon my return. The air was damp and heavy, and the fog had hardly yet withdrawn its hated folds from the tall spires, stretching up here and there, from the white churches which

adorned the suburbs. It had been one of those lagging, autumnal mornings, which with its drowsy atmosphere, enervates the whole system, and is farthest from gladdening with its beauties the cheerless heart of the afflicted. With a bosom crowded to overflowing with bitter—painfully bitter recollections, called up by the tearful scene I had just left, did I muse upon the strange vicissitudes of fortune it had been my lot to behold, as I rode on beneath the confined dull air of the metropolis.

I was passing No. —, Queen Street, where my frequent visits had been made, which are recorded in this dark ‘Scrap from my diary,’ when my horse, from the mere force of habit, stood still. I looked up at the silent windows, doubtful whether to enter, or go on to my own home. With the load upon my mind, which had been so long oppressing it, how trying and heart-sickening was a review of the changes I had witnessed within that stately mansion. Involuntarily I recalled the dying scene of poor Lady V——; her last moan, as she lay, holding in her expiring grasp, the hand of her ruined, yet fondly loved husband; her *last* affectionate remonstrances; the deep, low tones of the funeral bell, as it called her to the loathsome grave,—all seemed brought in dread array before me. The prattling voice—the sweet, enchanting smile of the little child, early thrown under my professional care; the gross, insulting manner of the unreclaimed profligate; the late incidents; the wasted image of poor Ellen,—and the tears flowed, as I colored the picture too highly, yet in perfect keeping with the dismal tone of my imagination.

I at length determined to stop a moment, and ascertain the state of my two patients. The door of Sir V——’s room being partly open, I stepped in, and found him sitting by the window, carefully bolstered up with pillows and cushions, examining a small parcel of old documents, while a legal adviser sat by him, overlooking and assisting in their arrangement.

“Well, eh! Doctor, d—n ye;” said he, addressing me in a most passionate and ferocious tone, upon my entrance, “bankrupt, Doctor, eh, what think you o’ that? yes, bankrupt—*bankrupt*; not a penny in the world; got to leave my house, and find cheaper lodgings. Eh, glorious, Doctor! and how do you think Ell will bear it? sick yet, Doctor? Curse that puny F——.”

“Sir,” returned I gravely, “how can you speak thus? Know you not—feel you not,” continued I emphatically, “that his blood will be required at your hands, in a higher tribunal than any of earth?” Fear seemed to freeze the dark flow of passion, I saw gathering on his brow, as he meditated a reply, and he remained silent. “I hope,” continued I, relaxing the severity of my tones, “you will not think of moving from this house until your own, or surely your daughter’s health is amended; for be assured, it would be her death-blow.

“Well, then the hussy must get over her silly love-sickness soon, for *go* I must.”

I stepped cautiously out of the room, leaving them to perform in silence their dismal task, and sought the chamber of my other patient. She lay still upon her bed, undisturbed by my entrance; her eye, half closed, seemed fixed on vacancy; her breathings suppressed, and somewhat difficult. The nurse sat in the opposite corner of the room, preparing some little cordial for her mistress, and the sun was now streaming through the curtains in its meridian splendor. I walked gently to the side of the sufferer, and took her hand; she still remained apparently unconscious of my approach. I felt her pulse; 'twas scarcely observable! Shocked at the sudden and unexpected change, I called the nurse, and calmly informed her, that her poor mistress could not live ten minutes! Weeping, she caught the little hand from my grasp, and sat down by her to watch over her last sleep. Alas! here was a fearful realization of her prediction. Her life was fast ebbing away. I calmly took my seat by the bedside, keeping my eye still fixed upon the face of the sufferer. The second death I had witnessed that morning! The tears *would* crowd into my eyes, despite my endeavors to suppress them. I took her hand again; the pulse was yet more feeble; her bosom heaved deeply, and only at intervals; her eyes opened still more. In a short time by a sudden effort, she raised herself upon her arm, gazing wildly around, and uttering a few indistinct syllables. I hurriedly sent the attendant into the next room to procure a glass of wine, to moisten her parched lips. She breathed with yet greater difficulty.

In a moment more, the door burst open, and in rushed the frightened nurse, followed by the wretched parent, who by a most miraculous effort had succeeded in reaching the room almost in the same instant.

“Is she dead—DEAD?” gasped he with difficulty, gazing earnestly upon me with a look I never can forget; but waited for no answer. Throwing himself upon the bed, he groaned forth piteously, “Oh Ellen, Ellen, my sweet daughter, oh Ellen, speak, speak to your poor, repentant father—speak.”

But no answer was returned. Suddenly he became calm, and observing no expression of grief to fall from his lips, I moved him gently aside, and leaning over, listened for a returning sigh—a breath. But no!—‘the silver cord was loosed, the golden bowl was broken.’

The fearful stroke palsied the father’s mind. His energies were forever shattered, and he became a poor, dependent, helpless creature. Quiet and gentle, he gave no trouble, and was the mere shadow of his former self! But I will not weary my kind reader’s patience, but draw this painful narrative to a speedy close.

Full five weeks from the events above related, I was late one evening to visit Sir V—— at his humble lodgings. The agitated manner of the servant, united with the late infrequency of my visits, led me to imagine something unusually foreboding in his present state ; it was therefore with a considerable degree of tremor and fear, on my own part, that I left my door upon a wintry evening, at about twelve o'clock, and sought the habitation of the once gay Sir Richard. Reaching his door, I found in the hall the few servants assembled, crowding about the bar room, all breathless with fright. Upon inquiring, I ascertained that they had as usual retired to rest at a seasonable hour, but were all disturbed a short time before my visit, by a noise from R——'s apartment ; it presently increased, and they distinctly heard him stamping heavily across the floor. Alarmed at the unusual occurrence, they had all arisen, and hurriedly sent off for the doctor, fearing to expose themselves to the violence of their crazed master. The stamping, with groans, they stated had continued but a few moments before my arrival, they had heard a sudden noise, as of a heavy body falling ; since which time, all had continued quiet. The singularity of the occurrence—the groaning half dressed servants, with eyes peering wildly from their sockets—their ghost-like attitudes—the cheerless old hall—the late hour—the hour, with the strange melancholy which had of late beset the patient, I must allow, rather unnerved me for the task of duty. I however placed my ear to the door, and hearing no sound, partly opened it. Gaining a little more composure, I took a key from the hand of one of the attendants, and stepped boldly in. Gracious God !— * * * The indulgent reader must excuse me the task of recording that awful scene.

Two days after, as I was passing the foot of Thames Street, I observed a group of persons standing apparently idle, far up the walk. While I yet stood noticing their movements, the gloomy hearse drove up, and stopped before the lodgings of late Sir Richard V——. As it rested there a moment, I could not help gazing upon its black drapery—black tassels—black things ! And as it rumbled away over the flinty pavement, bringing a new occupant to its last abode, it sent a thrill of horror through my heart ! What thoughts, what emotions does it not call up ! Thoughts unwelcome, unbidden—

“ Stealing amid our mirth to say,
That all in which we most rejoice,
Ere night may be the earth-worm's prey.”

THE DEAD SEA.

Low hangs the murky cloud,
O'er the dark bosom of the waveless deep,
Where cities lie entombed and nations sleep,
Unmoved by tempests loud.

The hollow wind sweeps by,
Chanting with fitful moan the funeral dirge,
Of those whose bones are scattered 'neath the surge,
Of that unholy sea.

Borne on the evening air,
The cry is heard along the sounding shore,
Mingled with ocean's subterranean roar,
Of nations buried there.

The traveller seeks in vain,
'Mid vapors damp, his weary head to rest,
While troubled thoughts oppress his anxious breast,
And fill his mind with pain.

No limpid stream flows near,
To cool the burning tongue; to cheer the sight,
No living thing appears; a deadly blight,
Has made all nature drear.

Thy curse, O sullen lake,
Ne'er shall depart, till time itself has fled,
And thousands hidden 'neath thy gloomy bed,
Once more to life shall wake.

L. M.

ANCIENT SCIENCE.

No. I.

EGYPT, CHALDEA, PHENICIA.

WE look back upon past ages with feelings much like those of one who is leaving a familiar land to sail out upon the boundless ocean. We anxiously watch the objects that are fast receding, and feel a joy in every lingering trace that our eye can catch of its fading outline; but we must sail on, we cannot stop to dwell upon the feeling, and finally, the loved land has vanished from our view. Thus it is with the antiquity which we have left be-

hind, it is becoming more and more dim to the mental eye ; but we gladly seize upon every thing that yet presents itself to our sight, and endeavor to fix it in our minds before the billows of centuries carry us beyond the ken of those distant times.

The earliest periods of the world are already wrapt in impenetrable obscurity with regard to all, except what is revealed in the Scriptures. Of later times we have some slight knowledge, though the history of their philosophy is very uncertain. We can only gather from the testimony of comparatively modern authors, who have their information from tradition and from those whose names have long since been forgotten. From such as these we intend gleanings a few items of knowledge, respecting the state of science in ancient times.

Though Greece has produced most of the distinguished philosophers whose names have come down to us from antiquity, it is certain that they were not the first cultivators of science. Indeed, some scientific knowledge can be traced as far back as any profane record or tradition reaches ; and we may reasonably suppose, that the study of nature, in some form or other, is almost coeval with man himself. We know that Greece derived its knowledge from other nations, in which philosophy and science were already in a high state of cultivation, when it commenced its career. These were Egypt, Chaldea, and Phenicia. The Chaldeans are frequently mentioned by the ancient writers, on account of their skill in the sciences, more particularly in that of astronomy. It is probable, however, that they were much inferior to the Egyptians in their attainments, as also behind them in point of time. We are told, that "Solomon's wisdom excelled the wisdom of all the children of the east country, and all the wisdom of Egypt ;" whence, as it is the one cited by name, it would appear that Egypt was more learned than the "east country," which has been generally understood of Persia and Chaldea. The Greeks are not mentioned at this early period, among the learned nations of the earth ; while it also appears, from certain Grecian monuments, that for a long time after Solomon, their philosophers travelled into Egypt to study its literature and science. We are, therefore, to consider the Egyptians as the first cultivators of science, however imperfect our knowledge of their proficiency.

Theut or Thoth is commonly spoken of by the old writers as the first author of Egyptian learning. He was called by the Greeks Hermes, or Mercury ; but there are not less than five of this name mentioned in ancient history, some of whom have been confounded with the Egyptian. The Egyptian Mercury, or Thoth, was most probably a man of great genius, who lived before the time of Moses, and was, if not the inventor, at least the reformer of the arts and sciences. At a later period there is also

another Hermes whose existence is well established, and who seems to have been to that ancient age what Bacon has been to the modern—the restorer of the sciences after their corruption and decay. This was the renowned Hermes Trismegistus, who seems to have been the author of the custom of entrusting knowledge only to a priesthood, and communicating it to the people through obscure hieroglyphics.

Geometry was certainly known among these ancient Egyptians, but probably not to any great extent. They needed some acquaintance with geometry and trigonometry to construct the great works which are proved to have been built in those times, and the peculiar nature of the country also required it for the construction of canals and drains, and other domestic works, which we know were common among them; but beyond this necessity, we know not that they made a single step except for the purpose of priestcraft. Of the higher and more abstract mathematics they were wholly ignorant; though we are aware that some, in their reverence for antiquity, have ascribed to them a proficiency in these branches much beyond any since attained; and pretend that we are now only regaining what has been so long lost. But of this we have not the slightest proof, while on the other hand, it is a good argument to the contrary, that Thales went from Greece to Egypt about 600 A. C. but did not find there some of the first elementary propositions of geometry, but discovered them himself after his return to Greece. Among these were the following theorems: that the angles at the base of an isosceles triangle are equal; that the angle in a semicircle is a right angle. It is also related that while he was among the Egyptians, he taught them, to their great astonishment, how to measure the height of their pyramids.

Their attainments in medicine are a little curious as well as amusing. Diodorus tells us that, “instead of prescribing medicines according to the judgment and experience of the practitioner, every physician was obliged to follow a written code; and if, in adhering to this, he proved unsuccessful, he was free from blame; but if he ventured to depart from the prescribed forms, though the patient recovered, the physician was to lose his life!”

It has been supposed that alchemy was known to the old Egyptians; that they actually possessed the power of transmuting metals, which has been sought after till within a few centuries, when the search was given up, for the more reasonable study of nature, as she presents herself to the senses. But we are not willing to believe, that a science which has universally at this day been pronounced absurd, could have been pursued with success in ancient times. Besides, we have no proof of any kind except such as given by the alchemists of the middle ages, who, by concealing some gold in the end of a stick, with which they

stirred their melted compound, or by some other equally ingenious and worthy contrivance, managed to make the spectators believe that some alchemic process had precipitated the gold from the baser metal. And for *authority* upon the subject, we have the assertion or supposition of some alchemists, whose eyes, filled with the smoke of their furnaces, could see through the obscure veil of antiquity only an indistinct figure, which they magnified and dressed up with their imaginations. They were the more easily persuaded of the former existence of genuine alchemy, because it would lend dignity to their pursuit, which thus became a search, not after a phantom of the brain, but after a precious science which had unfortunately been lost.

We next come to the astronomy of the Egyptians. We have little proof that they pursued this for any other object than to advance the fictitious sciences of astrology and magic, or to hold sway over the minds of the populace; for which purpose, however, they made many accurate observations upon the stars and planets, named the constellations, and probably first introduced the twelve signs of the Zodiac. These signs were delineated upon their temples, and are said to be still visible at Esneh and Dendera. As to the pyramids and the objects for which they were erected, it has been with much probability conjectured that they afforded the priests the means of connecting their religious duties with their favorite study of astronomy. The Rev. Michael Russell supposes that they had "some connexion with the principles of that more refined and lofty admiration which directed the feelings of its votaries to the magnificence of the heavenly host, and to the influence supposed to be exercised by their aspect and movements on the destiny of man." Nay, it is even supposed that these pyramids were made subservient to a more immediate use in practical astronomy; namely, to correct the measurement of time.

In all the pyramids that have been opened, which are at least six, the entrance has always been found near the centre of the northern face, and the passage as uniformly proceeding downwards from it at an angle which never varies; a coincidence which must have been the work of design. This angle of depression is about 27° , which gives a line of direction not far removed from that point in the heavens where the polar star now crosses the meridian below the pole. The observation of this or some other star across the meridian, would give them an accurate measure of sidereal time; and "indeed," says Russell, "it would not be easy to devise a method more effectual for observing the transit of a star with the naked eye, than that of watching its passage across the mouth of such a lengthened tube; and it is manifest that some one of these luminaries, when in the meridian below the pole, must have been seen in the line of a passage in-

clined at an angle of twenty-six or twenty-seven degrees." The object in having four or five such passages was probably to obtain a more correct result by taking the mean of several observations.

The soundness of this whole hypothesis has, however, been called in question by Dr. Richardson, one of the latest travellers who have published on Egypt; but he has not shown any very good reason for his doubts, except that so unwieldy a machine as a pyramid, would hardly have been constructed for the simple purposes of astronomical observation. But no one supposes that this was the sole object, for it has been shown, with much probability, that the pyramids were originally temples raised to the god of day; because, one of their sides is in all cases turned to the east; and when it is recollected that the priests were the astronomers, it will not seem wonderful that they should unite the sacred purposes of the temple to those of their favorite science.

That the Egyptians could calculate eclipses before the time of Thales is very doubtful. By some it is said that Thales procured from them this knowledge, as it was from them that he derived most of his learning; but it is not probable that a people, who were ignorant of the simple propositions which were afterwards discovered by the Grecians who had been among them, were such proficient in calculation as to have solved this (to them) intricate problem. In short, with regard to the scientific knowledge of the ancient Egyptians, we are disposed to believe that it has been much overrated by the enthusiastic lovers of antiquity; and that they possessed only a small degree of practical knowledge subservient to their arts, and some speculative notions connected with astrology and their religion.

We have stated that the Egyptians were the first cultivators of science; this is however disputed, and the higher antiquity given to Chaldea. However this may be, it is certain that the Chaldeans, at a very remote period, pursued the same sciences and arts as the Egyptians, probably altogether independent of the latter.* The founder of their philosophy was Zoroaster; but, "the accounts which are given of him," says Fabricius, "are so confused and contradictory, that it would be a task of much greater labor than profit, to compare them." We shall, therefore, make no further inquiry with regard to him, and passing him over in silence shall, in the mean time, consider him as a great man.—"Omne ignotum pro magnifico."

* Bailly (*Hist. de l'Astronomie Ancienne*) investigates the claims of these two nations to antiquity, and arrives at the following results:

"We must, therefore, suppose that astronomy was established in Egypt, more than 3000 years before Christ."

"The Chaldeans began to reckon by solar years about 2473 A. C. It appears, then, that they are behind the Egyptians in their astronomical career, by about 500 years."

The Chaldeans, like the Egyptians, had their magic and astrology, which derived their origin from priestcraft. The science of astronomy was a search after some relations and changes in the heavenly bodies which would subserve the fanciful purposes of astrology; and the instances mentioned, in which they held some theory independent of the objects of priestcraft are so absurd, that we need not regret that no more of their scientific attainments have descended to us. For example, it was their opinion that an eclipse of the moon happened, when that part of its body which is destitute of fire is turned towards the earth; and Seneca gives it, as one of their notions, that when all the planets shall meet in Cancer, the world will be consumed by fire; and that when they shall meet in Capricorn, it will be destroyed by inundation. Their philosophy seems to have been given to *general* propositions.

We also have some accounts of the Chaldean theories with regard to the formation of the earth; from which it appears that geology is not entirely a modern science, though it is but lately that it has been reduced to the true test of observation and experience. They, in common with the Egyptians and most of the ancient people, had formed various conjectures about the creation; but were no more unanimous in their opinions than our modern geologists, although the disputed fact was then a few thousand years more recent. The *cosmogony* of the Chaldeans is briefly stated by Berosus, thus: That there was a time when all was darkness and water, but Bell or Belus (who is interpreted Jupiter) cutting the darkness in the middle, separated the earth and heaven from one another and so framed the world; this Bell also producing the stars, the sun, and the moon, and the five planets.

The magic of the Chaldeans consisted of some religious ceremonies and incantations, certainly undeserving the name of science. Their astrology was founded upon intricate calculations concerning the stars, by which the fate of men was supposed to be regulated. That they were the most celebrated for their astrology of any of the eastern nations, would appear from the citation of Horace,

—"Non Babylonios
Tentaris numeros."

Such was the state of philosophy in these nations before the rise of Grecian science. The Greeks began to visit the eastern nations and Egypt, about six hundred years before the Christian era; after which time, we hear little of the eastern philosophy, which indeed could hardly be called philosophy, after the splendor of the Grecian learning. But before we come to Greece, we must say a few words of a nation to which Greece was much indebted for its civilization; which is Phenicia, the Canaan of the

Scriptures. The Phenicians were a nation of merchants, and consequently, well versed in all the arts which at that time admitted of an easy application to the purposes of gain ; but their scientific knowledge was limited, from the fact that a commercial people have little leisure for the pursuits of science. "As far as they found a knowledge of the celestial phenomena to be useful in navigation they were astronomers ; and as far as experience taught them the utility in mercantile affairs they were mathematicians." Yet there are some accounts of a philosophy among them, though we find nothing of a purely scientific character.

Moschus, a native of Sidon, is the first name on the list of Phenician philosophers. He lived it is supposed before the time of Pythagoras ; and Posidonius (a philosopher of Alexandria 260, A. C.) ascribes to him a system of philosophy which afterwards rose into great celebrity under the Grecian Leusippus and Epicurus, called the atomic theory. But as Posidonius is the only author who makes this statement, its truth is very doubtful ; and the more so, since Cicero and Strabo, through whom we have the only accounts of Posidonius and his writings, allow him very little credit for fidelity.

Cadmus was of later date than Moschus, though nearly 1500 A. C. He is supposed to have introduced into Greece not only the alphabet but also a knowledge of some useful arts and sciences. These are the only Phenician names of great celebrity except that of Sanchoniathon that are well authenticated, and their philosophy, as handed down to us through some of *the fathers*, is very much disputed. We are told by Porphyry that Sanchoniathon taught with regard to the creation, that, from the necessary energy of an eternal principle, (active but without intelligence,) upon an eternal, passive, chaotic mass, arose the visible world. This doctrine, however, was not peculiar to Phenicia, and is found among some of the ancient cosmogonies before the time of Sanchoniathon, who therefore cannot be considered as the author of the system. In fact, he is known rather as "the Phenician historian" than as a philosopher. He lived a few years before the Trojan war and wrote a history in nine books of the theology and antiquities of Phenicia and the neighboring places ; a treatise on the religious institutions of Phenicia ; and a treatise on the Egyptian theology. But though the Phenicians could not boast of the same refinement in philosophy as the older nations, they could claim, what is of more importance to a nation's immediate welfare, an acquaintance with many useful arts. Homer mentions them more than once as distinguished by their wealth and arts ; and all antiquity has joined in attributing to them the invention of navigation. The accounts which are given of their voyages in the Mediterranean, and even beyond the straits of Gibraltar to the eastern coast of Africa, to the British isles and the Baltic sea, prove that they possessed not only the

art of constructing good vessels, but also the art or rather science of conducting them with great certainty. Some have even supposed that they were acquainted with the mariner's compass, but it is more probable that their navigation was founded upon observation of the stars and calculation. Without doubt, they had an important influence upon the civilization of Greece, by introducing alphabetic writing, by which all scientific and literary knowledge was made permanent; and by teaching the Greeks many of their own arts. Among these arts was that of working metals, which the Phenicians carried to great perfection; and upon the authority of Pliny we are told that they were the inventors of making glass. These facts show a high degree of civilization in this ancient nation, which will account for the rapid improvement of the Greeks after their intercourse with them and the Egyptians.

In most of the nations before the time of Greece, philosophy was almost entirely confined to the formation of cosmogonies or theories of the creation, in which they introduced their fabulous deities and confounded their speculations with religion. They would not have dignified natural science with the name of philosophy; in fact, they were extremely ignorant of all natural science except astronomy, and even this, as we have seen, they cultivated for the purposes of divination or astrology.

Besides the nations whose knowledge we have now glanced at, we ought, perhaps, to mention Persia, Hindostan and China. But what we know of ancient Persia is very limited; nearly the whole of its antiquity is obscured with fable and mere tradition. The Hindoos, like the Chinese, claim so great an antiquity that we know not what to believe of the many things that are told respecting them.* We know that the Hindoos early distinguished themselves for arts, industry, civilization and science, but we do not know when their civilization commenced, nor whether their science was original or borrowed from other nations. Of the ancient state of China, we know no more than the close-mouthed Chinese have been willing to tell us. But in all these early nations we find that their learning and science was in the hands of the priests, and hence necessarily interwoven with their religion. There can hardly, therefore, be a history of their philosophy independent of their religion. In Greece, however, we shall find science gradually disengaging itself from the mysticisms of superstition and pursuing its own class of truths upon the sure ground of demonstration.

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* One instance of the extravagant claims of the people of India to antiquity, will suffice. "They pretend that the world has had four ages. The first lasted 1,728,000 years, the second 1,296,000, the third 864,000, and the fourth (which embraces their present astronomical era) in 1762, had lasted 4863 years,"—making the present age of the world 3,892,941 years!

SONG.

EARTH dew is weeping,
Bright stars are peeping
Forth from their silent towers on high;
Cool winds are creeping
O'er the leaf sleeping,
Making it wake with a gentle sigh.

O'er the vale rolling,
The curfew slow tolling,
Forth on the wing of echo rides;
Birds home are steering,
Lights are appearing,
Marking a cottage the woodbine hides.

Warm floods are gushing,
Rapid, and rushing
Forth from the fount that inwardly wells,
For in yon bower,
Like a beautiful flower,
The star of my youthful affection dwells.

Goblets are glowing,
Red wine is flowing,
Beautiful women are smiling nigh,
Bright eyes are beaming,
Music is streaming,
Twinkling feet in the dances fly.

I love not the dancing,
Nor music entrancing,
I care not for maidens glancing by,
Mem'ries come crowding,
Mournfully shrouding
Hopes that cheated my youthful eye.

Happy though seeming,
I feel I'm but dreaming,
For one is away whom I cannot forget;
My bosom is chilling,
A tear my eye filling;
The star of my youthful affection is set!

MS.

LETTERS OF A MADCAP.

No. II.

TO THE EDITORS OF THE YALE LITERARY MAGAZINE,—

Dear Gentlemen,—It is a great marvel, but at the same time a blessed thought, that there should be such a variety in the kind of waters that go to swell the great literary sea. Deep in the salt waves of scientific lore one there may dive; in the cool and pellucid fountain of poesy, another here may bathe his brow; one follows the current of romance, dashing down like a cascade; while another guides his bark down the sparkling and ever-winding stream of history; while yet others dare the vast ocean of philosophy, voyaging in search of islands and continents of thought, unknown to the multitude. Truly, it is a good thing. All thirsts may be slaked—all desires may be gratified. In order rightly to conceive and appreciate the vast difference in men in their choice of books, let me, dear Editors, be to you a counselor. Just pay a visit some Thursday afternoon, to the College library, and watch the Yalensians as they severally make known

their wants to the obliging namesake and countryman of the immortal Greek dramatist. Many, with specs on nose, and grave as a Doctor of Laws, inquire for the Old Fathers of the Church. One young gentleman studies "Locke on the Human Understanding," or "Edwards (Day?) on the Will," because he has been told, Pitt the younger, did the same. Another, caring to study nothing, but wishing to have a smattering knowledge of every thing, lugs off a half dozen volumes of Reviews. One, filled with more patriotism than wisdom, demands an American book, and sneers at the literature of the ancients, as unworthy a moment's consideration, and of no practical utility. He is met at the door of egress, by a Grecian antiquary, who, in a voice of indignation, exclaims, "Sir, in Greek wrote the blind old man of Scio's isle,—in Greek thundered Demosthenes, as Jupiter would speak to gods,—in Greek Pericles, on whose lips Peitho rested, defended the divine Aspasia. Greek?—Sir, it is embalmed by the genius of Eschylus, and made undying by the pen of Pindar. It is, in short, a vast and venerable cathedral, whose exterior may be covered by the moss of centuries, but whose interior is adorned by life-reflecting mirrors. From its ceiling hang lamps, ancient in structure, but still bright and burning as suns, and its walls are covered with inscriptions, some of which the finger of time may have effaced, but not a few the chisel of many an Old Mortality has made distinctly legible."

This eloquent plea rouses some Roman, as he issues from the library, groaning under the load (*monstrum horrendum!*) of several large volumes, bound in sheep. "Sirs, I desire not to interrupt you, but really, the Latin is *the* language which should command our admiration. It is that universal medium in which the philosophers of the nations even now converse. The splendor of imagination and might of reasoning centered in Tully, the tenderness and charming beauty of the Mantuan bard, the gorgeous magnificence of Lucan; before those,—all the writers, ancient and modern, must bow, like the sheaves of Joseph's brethren. In these relics that I have now, which, like the links of a golden, but broken chain, remind us of, if they do not link us to the past; in these bright and sparkling, though dismembered and incomplete crystals torn from the quarries of Roman costliness, and transmitted to us, can our youth best learn wisdom and find pleasure. They should recollect that the bee-hunter seeks for honey, not in the young sapling just risen in the wood, beautiful though it be, but in the old oak that has breasted the storms of ages, and whose heart the worm has in part desolated."

The crowd begins now to augment, and the German starts up to splinter a lance in favor of his beloved Richter, or adored Schiller. Corneille and Racine are not forgotten; and another,

who, though no Roman, loveth all who have in modern times, dwelt beneath the soft skies of Italy, and by the blue waves of the Mediterranean, and therefore idolizes Dante and Sismondi. I will not, however, go on to retail their opinions, for I differ in a great degree from all. Possibly, you may ask, what *I* read? If so, I unhesitatingly answer, newspapers. I know you will be startled, but I repeat, if I be plagued with one sin more incurable than another, it is a passion for reading newspapers. I verily believe I could live upon them, and I remember that when a boy, after listening to a long and eloquent debate, on the comparative degree of happiness to be derived from a savage or civilized state, I decided that savages must be most miserable, because they have no newspapers. You will not wonder, then, that I have ever delighted to frequent and linger for hours in Atheneums, Apollo reading-rooms, and the Galleries of news, so readily to be found in our eastern cities. There are to be found the collected ideas and wisdom of a thousand heads; the varied doings of a thousand lands. There we may read of empires, over which now the great ball of revolution speeds, and where the sword of the warrior, red with blood, flashes on the battle-plain. And soon from these we may turn, to contemplate the glorious exertions of holy men, to scatter the light of Christianity among the benighted and the houseless. All countries, all subjects are placed side by side.

But I have a hope—it comes over me like a dream of future happiness to the Hebrew, longing for the Messiah—that a day will come, when the weeds that overgrow the flowers in this garden, shall be torn up by the roots, and thrown out; when every drooping blossom shall recover its pristine beauty; when the reviving dews of heaven shall sparkle in the bud, and the earth shall pour about the roots her freshest springs; and that the cedar-bough of peace shall wave unwithering over the well of human enjoyment. Then, blessed be thy name, Johannes Faust! Hallowed be thy memory! Well hath Carlyle said of thee, “What are all the conquests of all the captains, from *Walter the pennyless*, (he don’t mean me,) to Napoleon Buonaparte, compared with thy movable types?”

And now, dear Editors, if you will only hearken to me, I will relate an incident in my life, which I have just recalled. On a beautiful morn during the last spring, I was seated on the steps of the United States’ Hotel, in the city of “brotherly love,” smoking an excellent Havana, and gazing at the multitudes of merchants, as they rolled in and out of the magnificent building immediately opposite me; my attention was, however, soon attracted by the singular cries of a youngster, who came up the street yelling like a young Stentor, “Papers fur to sell.” My heart yearned toward that boy, for the hint he gave me of what to do with

myself. I concluded to take a stroll up Chesnut Street, to Parkinson's, to read at my leisure, over a glass of ice-cream, (the best, by the way, made in the Union.) The walk up this delightful promenade was very interesting. The heavens above me were not darkened by a cloud. Rolling down the smooth paving came many a "carriage and four," filled with ladies destined to the stores of fashion; immediately after came the cart-man and the coal-seller; the banker jostled along by the beggar, and the rich and haughty aristocrat, stopped to buy an apple of the poor huckster-woman, at the corners of the streets; all sorts of women, and all sorts of men, were moving in all sorts of ways, and so wholly were my thoughts engrossed with the living panorama, that I had almost forgotten my place of destination, until I stood opposite the door. When I entered the saloon, adorned with pictures, paintings, maps, busts, and so on, it was empty. I was alone. Heavens, thought I, how delicious these few hours will glide away! Here, undisturbed, apart from the noise and tumult, I will spend the morning in blissful ecstasy. It will be to me even as the hours of rest to an oriental pilgrim, who, after travelling over the scorching sands till his feet have blistered, and his tongue been parched, cometh suddenly to a green spot, where living waters, overshadowed by palms, gush out of the ground, and where pleasant fruits are present to his longing appetite. I rang for ice-cream, and turned over the various files of papers that lay scattered over the marble slabs. I at last alighted on one dear to my heart, "The Louisville Journal." I did not select this on account of the politics, but the wit, the satire, the poesy, in short, the rich genius of the Editor.

Well, I had laughed at the puns and satirical sallies of Prentice, about ten minutes, when the door of the room was thrown wide open, and in stalked an old gentleman, whom one glance pointed out to me as an original. His hair was white with age, but his eyebrows were black as powder; his eyes were dark and piercing; his nose large and slightly Roman. He was tall and slender, and his dress was blue frock-coat, with gilt buttons, and drab pantaloons. Deeply engaged as I was in reading, I could not but regard his heavy walk across the floor, as peculiarly disagreeable. My hopes of silence and solitude vanished like a dream at his cough, when, after turning over a multitude of papers, he muttered to himself his ill feeling, at not finding that for which he sought. Once more he turned over papers innumerable, and once more gave a grunt of displeasure. A yawn from me, drew his eye upon the paper I was perusing. I distinctly perceived his eyes glisten. He now took a seat, ordered a glass of sangaree, and whistled. I began to grow impatient. We both yawned. Then a silence for about two minutes. But it was the interval between the flash of lightning and the thunder, as it rolls over

the heavens quick and startling. "Young man," said he to me—"Young man," said the gentleman in the drab breeches—"I *always* read the Journal." The tone in which this was uttered, forbid remonstrance or reply, and though deeply grieved, I handed him the paper in silence. Without thanking me, he eagerly grasped it, and then joy lighted up his countenance to a degree perfectly indescribable. There could be no mistaking his character. He was a politician, who had grown gray in the service, but whose eagle-eye still brightened, at every sarcasm against his foes, on which it gazed. He literally devoured all he saw, and on the whole, I was rejoiced to furnish him so much gratification.

I now took up a magazine that lay by me, hoping to read in peace and quiet; but ah! how bitterly was I doomed to disappointment. I had just begun to be interested in a long story, when an old lady, a young lady, and a young man, made their entry. The old lady I need not describe, for you know all old ladies are exactly alike. The young lady, I *presume*, was pretty, for I did not more than glance at her. I saw she was dressed in all the ton, and if she had the "quills," I can well believe she was beautiful, and I hope you, dear Editors, can do the same. The young man demands a more extended notice. He appeared to me to be about twenty years old; his eye was cerulean, and his cheeks pale; his fine form and noble forehead, impressed me with a much higher idea of him than his turned down shirt collar, the bristles under his chin, the gold-mounted cane he carried, and the embroidered cloak which was thrown over him. I judged him to be one of the city "exquisites," who pass their days in the very difficult business of seeking to marry a fortune, and then spending it. And I was right. "George Washington," shrieked the old lady, as soon as their ice-creams were brought in, "I wish you now to go and get the magazine that young man is reading, in order to read to Ellen and myself." The young man then moved toward me with a smirk and grimace that was almost ludicrous. He requested me to lend him the magazine to read, as he whispered me, "some verses of his own making, contained in it." I handed it to him, and turned round to view the old gentleman in the drab breeches. He stared. So did I. He rose and left the room. I followed in the "footsteps of my illustrious predecessor." It was too much for my nerves. I had stood in the august presence of a "child of song." One thing made me remember this interview with the poet. The young lady was named Ellen, for so the loquacious old lady called her; and can you doubt, dear Editors, the subject of his song? Why should you? She was the Laura of this modern Petrarch, and possibly his lines ran thus:—

SONNETS.

1. HOPE.

Thou art, my Ellen, beautiful I own,
 Fair as an houri in the Turkish heaven,
 From morn attending until dewy even,
 Upon the prophet seated on the throne.
 Thou art delicious as a summer flower,
 Casting its fragrance on the grateful breeze;
 Or as a wild bird, singing in the trees
 Unto her partner, in spring's joyous hour.
 The houries listen to their lover's prayer;
 The roses bless the hand that brings decay;
 The birds still utter forth their plaintive lay;
 Though nature do not always spring-robes wear;
 Wilt thou, then, lady, hearken unto me,
 And sweetness, music, bring along with thee?

2. VEXATION.

Why does thine image, like a shadow steal
 O'er all the waking visions of my soul,
 And, in my nightly dreamings, dost unroll
 So gorgeously thy beauty, that I feel
 A dreariness of heart—a solitude?
 Lonely and silent now, no pleasant draught
 Invites my lips to fountains, where I quaffed
 Before so deep and merrily in mood.
 Oh! when shall this hard suffering then leave
 My wounded spirit, to return no more,
 And leave my being what it was before?
 I fear me never, for my musings weave
 All cover from thy thoughts, thy will alone,
 And I must bow before thy glorious throne.

3. FLATTERY.

Star of my destiny! sweet Eleanor,
 That lightest e'en my thoughts and dreams,
 My hopes and fears, with magic beams,
 Brighter than diamond, or than golden ore;
 Thou, from whose lips soft, silvery tones,
 (While a gentle smile beams in thine eye
 As a spell of seraph witchery,)
 Break like the songs of hallowed ones,
 Upon the ear, to captivate and charm;
 Why art thou, lady, so divinely fair?
 Why, like an angel from the upper air,
 Dost thou my bosom like an Etna warm?
 Thou art like Helen, dark-eyed maid of Troy,
 Like her dost fascinate, and like her destroy.

4. HER PICTURE.

There is a magic lustre in that eye—
 There is a glory beaming on that brow ;
 That mouth so sweetly silent, tempts me now ;
 Those lovely cheeks, where blushes buried lie ;
 That neck so swan-like, rising like a pile
 Of ivory, to support a throne of gold,
 Round which thy locks in luxury are rolled,
 Like dark clouds floating round a star the while ;
 Those rich round bosoms, like two balls of snow
 In whiteness, gently lying on thy breast,
 O'er which thy arms so delicately cast
 A thrill of rapture in the gazer throw ;
 All these, sweet creature, have so pierced my heart,
 That I could think thee living, not the work of art.

5. PARTING.

And thou art gone forever—thou art gone
 Back to a home of happiness and love.
 Angels go with thee wheresoe'er you rove,
 And strew about thee blessings like their own.
 Though sad we part, perhaps I may forget.
 Would I were with thee. But, since fate denies,
 And I am doomed no more to feast my eyes
 In bending o'er thee, loved one, a deep regret
 Broods like an incubus upon my soul,
 And almost whelms me in a dark despair ;
 But hope, bright seraph, whispers even there,
 I yet shall meet you, when a year shall roll,
 And mingle with the ages that are past,
 In that dark tomb where all are hurrying fast.

Tell, Mr. Madcap, all this may be 'demnition fine,' as Mr. Lincolni would say, but it hath certainly no sense in it." Editors, you are mistaken. All that hath been writ has al and a meaning. Can your readers discover it? And if ll they lay it to heart? Then will they thank me for this record of the life and memory of George Washington, the poet. And then, too, will a link unite them and me, shall not by me be rudely broken. Adieu,

WALTER WAYFARER.

HOPE.

THEY say that hope is happiness—
 I have not found it so ;
 To me it seems a phantasy,
 Or harbinger of woe.
 In early youth whene'er I mourned
 Some promised pleasure past,
 Hope whispered of some bliss to come
 More pleasing than the last.
 I trusted it—but still I found
 The expected joy came not ;
 My life has been a darksome scene,
 A weary, joyless lot.
 Hope said in friendship's joys, were joys
 More rich than pearls or gold ;
 I sought for friends—they smil'd awhile,
 But soon grew changed and cold !
 Hope pointed to Ambition's height—
 Her pathway seemed so fair,
 My heart beat wildly as I bent
 A willing votary there.
 Deep drank I of the hidden spring—
 What has it left me now ?
 It could not heal a wounded heart,
 Or cool a burning brow !
 Love glanced in sunbeams o'er my path,
 I snatched the fleeting ray ;
 This, this, hope whispered—surely this
 Can never pass away.
 It has not fled ; ah ! would it had—
 Far better to depart,

Than cling with such a nervous grasp
 Around a broken heart !
 The pris'ner waiting for his doom
 Will cast a wistful eye,
 To mountain, stream, and rushing flood,
 To forest, rock, and sky ;
 And even when the knell of death
 Is pealing in his ear,
 Hope, hope, still struggles in his heart
 With agony and fear.
 The sailor on the stormy deep
 Has visions of his home—
 Through howling winds and foaming
 waves,
 Those visions still will come.
 What though beneath him are the waves,
 Above, the boundless air,
 Hope points him to his happy home,
 And cries, ' thou'lt soon be there !'
 False meteor ! what art thou, oh say !
 Who thus can cheat the heart,
 And deeper wound, till ah ! too late
 We find how false thou art !
 And hid'st so well thy dark designs,
 That, moulded to thy will,
 The heart, though oft deceived and
 wronged,
 Will love and trust thee still.

IDA.

GREEK ANTHOLOGY.

No. I.

Gentle and curious Reader—Perchance it is well that I see not
 now thy countenance, as this simple title meets thine eye ; for
 by its expression either of pleasure or of disgust I might be de-
 terred from pursuing the idle toil, which has delighted many
 moments of leisure and solitude. For art thou one of a bright
 yet melancholy soul, gathering both mirth and sadness from the
 scenes of life, in love with the spirit of beauty, and delighting
 most in the unadorned simplicity of nature—art thou one, in a
 word, to whom the wide creation and the human heart are full

of poetry, deep, passionate, ethereal poetry? Then mightest thou be so much in love with the simple yet pathetic effusions of the Grecian muse, as to rejoice at sight of the very name, and hope for the preservation of a portion, at least, of their spirit and beauty; but finding the bright and fragrant plants, that bloomed so sweetly beneath their native sky, transformed, to thy refined perception, into cold and scentless petrifications, thou wouldst be ready to curse the hand, which, with so deadening a touch, had profaned the few remaining flowers, that adorn the tombs of Grecian genius. Thus from thy very similarity of taste and feeling should I meet my condemnation.

Or art thou, again, but a cold utilitarian, of a heart touched by no sense of the sadness of life, of a soul illumined by no ray of the "heavenly muse," ever plodding the dull path of the present, without once gazing back upon the fading splendors of the past, or raising thine eyes to the glorious face of nature moulded by the hands of God? Then wouldst thou be so sickened by the bare mention of poetry, as to deem thyself sufficiently disgusted by my title; or if thou couldst so far annoy thyself as to achieve the entire perusal, how could I hope, that, having little admiration for the native colors of the rainbow, thou couldst have any for their feeble reflection? Out upon thee! Thou art not fit to move amid the brightness of a world so passing beautiful!

But, gentle reader, as I cannot see that countenance of thine, I send abroad these *metamorphoses* without entertaining any uneasiness about thy likes or dislikes, hoping they may impart to thee some pleasure, as to me they have yielded much. My reward has been already received from the bright original in that coloring of the mind, which cannot fade while itself endures. But could I also make known to thee, if indeed thou canst be ignorant of them, the names of a few among the lesser minstrels of Greece, whose effusions, though, like wild flowers, overshadowed by the loftier strains of her mighty bards, still breathe the sweetest spirit of poetry, I shall be twice rewarded.

I have named my medley the "Greek Anthology," but shall not confine myself to the epigrams and fragments of which that collection consists, nor even to the Greek language itself. If any lyric, spirited or pathetic, an ode or a chorus, as indeed there are many such, fall in conveniently, "Veniat," ut orator Henricus dixit; or if any parallel passage in Latin or English demand a place to show, after the manner of wise commentators, that the ancients, in college parlance, "skinned" from the moderns, or at least that the moderns so far improved upon the original, as to make it by right their own, "Iterum, iterumque aio, veniat, domine." And, further, should the fancy take me to turn a Greek or English epigram into discarded Lat—nay! start not fastidious *modern* scholar! fair reader of the pale brow and dark

eye, shudder not!—into *Latin*, as did scholars of old, when the *learned* were truly such—answer me, “Cur non, Mopse?” “Why man, ’tis a dead language!” you cry—“’tis of the things that were!” Of the things that were! Can a language be dead, in which Homer and Pindar and Demosthenes—in which Virgil and Flaccus and Cicero still speak?

I would present thee first with a fine ode by Erinna, a poetess thought to have been intimate with Sappho, though much inferior to her in lyric beauty. The original is noble and spirited, but of a character less susceptible of translation than many others. It is addressed to valor.

Hail! mighty Valor! Mars' stern child,
Great queen of war with golden crown,
Dwelling where from the earth up-piled
Olympus' lofty summits frown,
Eternal majesty!

On thee alone hath eldest Fate
Bestowed for aye the queenly dower,
The glory of unfailing state,
That thou might'st have commanding power
And high supremacy.

Beneath thy yoke and mighty bands
The earth and hoary sea are bound,
And through all cities and all lands
Thou rul'st the wide-spread nations round
In calm security.

Yea! Time, whose wings in restless range
With ruin sweep the rolling world,
And on our race shed varied change,
Breathes on thy empire's sails unfurled
But fair prosperity.

For only thou with shield and spear
Bring'st forth the mighty and the brave,
Whose steely ranks as thick appear
As Ceres' golden harvest wave,
Iron fertility!

Ah! cold—lifeless! Go, read the original, I pray thee. Here is a neat epigram by Simonides the Ceian. He was a singularly tender and plaintive poet, though, as it appears, he could at times be humorous. I have tried thus to “do it into” Latin and English—“quod bonum, felix, faustumque sit!”

Γυναικὸς οὐδεν' χρῆμ' ἀνὴρ' ληϊζεται
Εσθλῆς ἄμεινον, οὐδὲ ὀλγιον κακῆς.

Uxore nil in vitâ nostrâ homini potest
Melius bonâ esse, nec immanius malâ.



Of all man finds in mortal life
 To greatly grieve or glad one,
 Naught's better than a gentle wife,
 Nor eke worse than a bad one.

This can hardly fail to remind the reader of a very similar one by Dr. Goldsmith, though rather wittier. In fact the Greeks had not the idea of true wit, and possessed far less of it than modern nations, especially the English. They were rather distinguished for simplicity and pathos. The Doctor's runs thus :

O matrimony ! thou art like
 To Jeremiah's figs,
 The good are very good indeed,
 The bad too sour for pigs.

Here is a noble one by Solon, and it gives us the character he bore, of a good and upright man.

Ay ! many bad are rich and great,
 While many good are poor ;
 But we would not fair virtue give
 For all their golden store ;
 Since mortal treasures change full fast,
 But virtue shall forever last.

Thou hast read, surely, the affecting tale by Rogers, of the Italian bride, who even as the guests were sitting down to the nuptial feast, running away in sport from her pursuing lover, concealed herself in a chest, whose "lid with ambushed spring fastened her down forever !" Vain was the search. The despairing husband flung away his life in the battle-field. After many years the chest was opened, when lo ! a skeleton appeared, glittering with diamonds and gold. She had become the bride of death ! There are two or three touching memorials of this kind in the Anthology. One of them is by Erinna, in which the tomb is made to tell the sad fate of the virgin bride.

The young bride Baucis sleeps this tomb beneath !
 Come to the mournful monumental stone
 And tell, O stranger, in the ear of Death,
 How envious are the deeds which he hath done :
 For gazing on the symbols sad I bear
 Thou'lt learn her cruel fate—the young—the fair !

With that same torch, by whose aspiring fire
 Hymen the maiden led to her new home,
 Her husband lighted up the funeral pyre,
 And made her bridal bed the noisome tomb !
 The voice of gladness and the nuptial song
 Were changed to grief and wailings deep and long !

A beautiful old English ballad, "The Bride's Burial," thus ments the same misfortune.

"When as the morning star
Her golden gates did spread,
And that the glittering sun arose
Forth from fair Thetis' bed ;

"Then did my love awake,
Most like a lilly-flower,
And as the lovely queene of heaven,
So shone shee in her bower.

"When we had knitt the knott
Of holy wedlock band,
Like alabaster joined to jett,
So stood we hand in hand :

"Then lo ! a chilling cold
Struck every vital part,
And griping grief, like pangs of d
Seized on my true love's heart.

When carried home, with her expiring breath she spake t
with a touching simplicity equal to the Grecian.

"Instead of musick sweet,
Go toll my passing bell ;
And with sweet flowers strew my grave,
That in my chamber smell.

"Instead of virgins yong,
My bride-bed for to see,
Go cause some cunning carpenter
To make a chest for mee.

"My bride laces of silk
Bestow'd, for maiden's meet,
May fitly serve, when I am dead,
To tye my hands and feet.

"In love as we have lived,
In love let us depart ;
And I, in token of my love,
Do kiss thee with my heart."

There is another in Greek by Meleager, a poet of surpass
sweetness, lamenting the death of the maiden bride, Clearista

Oh ! not her love the virgin bride
Received with gentle grace ;
But tyrant death her shrinking form
Clasped in his cold embrace.

At eve was heard the voice of song
And music's melting sound,
And beating feet in the busy dance
The nuptial chamber round.

At morn burst forth a mournful cry
From faltering lips and pale,
And the bridal hymn was changed, a
To the wild funereal wail.

And the self same torches shed their li
Upon the bridal bed,
And lit the maiden's trembling steps
To the mansions of the dead.

This will remind the reader of Capulet's lament over Juliet,
that most beautiful of all love tragedies.

"Death is my son-in-law, death is my heir ;
My daughter he hath wedded !——
All things that we ordained festival,
Turn from their office to black funeral ;
Our instruments, to melancholy bells ;
Our wedding cheer, to a sad burial feast ;
Our solemn hymns to sullen dirges change ;
Our bridal flowers serve for a buried corse,
And all things change them to the contrary."

What have we next ? An affecting incident related in ve
by Æmilianus, the Nicæan.

TO A CHILD DRAWING THE BREAST OF ITS SLAIN MOTHER.

Ἔλκε, ταλαν, παρα μητρὸς, δν οὐκέτι μαζὸν ἀμέλξεις,
 Ἐλκυσον ὑστάτιον νᾶμα καταφθιμένης·
 Ἦδη γὰρ ξιφέεσσι λιπόπνοος· ἀλλὰ τὰ μητρὸς
 Φίλτρα καὶ εἰν Αἴδη παιδοκομεῖν ἔμαθε.

Duce, miselle, a matre, heu ! quod non amplius uber
 Mulgebis, reliquum lac, moriente, trahe !
 Mortua crudeli ferro est ! sed matris amore
 Victu in morte puer sanguinolento alitur !

It has been Englished thus by an abler hand :

" Suck, little wretch, while yet thy mother lives,
 Suck the last drop her fainting bosom gives.
 She dies : her tenderness survives her breath,
 And her fond love is provident in death."

I will only add, Reader, an exquisite chorus from Euripides' *Alcestis*.

O Pelias' daughter, be thy home
 Joyful in Hades' house of gloom ;
 Ungrieving may thy spirit roam
 The sunless land beyond the tomb !
 The mighty lord of that dim realm,
 He of the raven locks shall know,
 And the old in years by the oar and helm,
 Conductor of the dead below,
 That never, oh, never so fair a daughter
 Of earth's frail race before,
 Hath pass'd the still lake's gloomy water
 To the lone and shadowy shore !
 Oh ! when in Sparta's silent sky,
 To grace Apollo's festal hour,
 The rounded moon uplifted high,
 All night asserts her silent power,
 Or in the bright, the blest, the free,
 Athena's home of liberty,
 High themes her mighty bards inspire,
 Full many a strain to thee shall swell,
 Lit with the Muses' hallowed fire—
 Strains of the seven-stringed mountain
 shell,
 And hymns without the lyre :
 Such living springs of melody
 In thy untimely dying lie !
 Oh ! that my power to day's glad beams
 From Hades' shadowy hall of dreams
 Thy spirit could restore,

Passing Cocytus' sluggish streams
 By its mournful boat and oar.
 For thou, O loving and beloved,
 Thy most surpassing love hast proved,
 In yielding up thy breath,
 To have thy lord to light restored
 From the darkling shades of death.
 Light lie the earth upon thy breast,
 O woman, in thy dreamless rest !
 What love was thine beyond compare !
 Her son to win from the gnawing worm,
 Child of her birth,
 The mother would not lay in earth
 Her withered form.
 Nor he with eye of faded fire,
 And aged limbs and hoary hair,
 His son would rescue from the grave,
 The wretched sire !
 But thou thy wedded love to save,
 In all thy bright and early bloom,
 Art gone down to the rayless tomb !
 Oh ! that it were my lot to gain
 So loving and so fair a bride—
 A lot in life how rare !
 So gently ever by my side
 To move, the soother of my pain,
 My hours of joy to share !

Thine, Reader,

?

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

"Thomas Addis Emmet," "The Dying Bard," "Lines on Childhood," and "The Day's Life," are accepted.

"The Spirit of Reform," "Winter Evening Scene," "The Christian Philosopher," "R. S.," "Lines by J.," "Eloquence," "χ. π.," "Happiness," and "The Forced Marriage," are respectfully declined.

"Love" savors a little too much of the *Platonic* to suit our sanguine temperament.

The 'desire' of "S****" has been gratified. "Contemplation essential to eminence," and "The Writer," could not appear in this number, inasmuch as the *essay* department of the Magazine was occupied before their reception. The author shall hear from them in our next.

We advise that *nameless ubiquity*, usually ycleped "John Smith," to study Maj. Jack Downing's Letters before he again attempts to "come the Biographical Sketches" over us or our readers.

"Γνωθὶ σεαυτὸν," suggests to us the well remembered exclamation of the daughter of Inachus, "ὦ μοῖ μοι, ἔ ἐ ! !"

We sympathize most deeply with "Poeta." The young poet in his first throes is truly a pitiable object. Look at him, O ye passers-by, as he sits leaning forward in his backless chair, with 'frenzy-rolling eye' and open mouth, ready and waiting, as Dean Swift says, "to intercept some thought which Heaven intended for another man;" and hear the thin, ethereal cry which comes feebly flitting from his pale lips—

"Oh Muse ! oh Muse ! why wont you come
And kindly guide my weary dreams,
Nor stay like Greenland cows at home,
With bags chuck full of good ice-creams !"

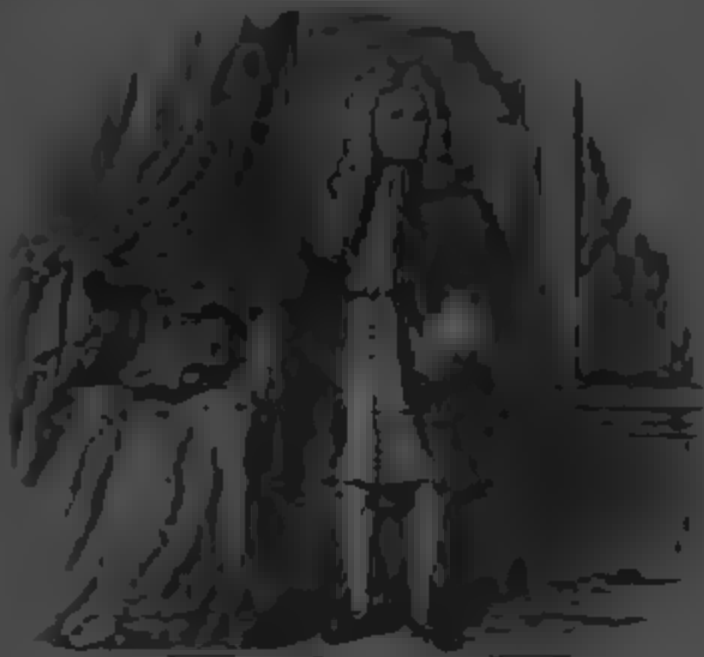
The lines by "Ion," though rather keen than otherwise, are somewhat mal-a-propos in these *starving* times. Nevertheless, we can say '*ab ino pectore*' with our author.

"A thousand blessings on his head
Who first invented eating,
Who learned to dress the turkey-hen,
And likewise stuff the meat in."

But \$1 60 per week !!! 'Think of that, Master Brook,' as old Falstaff might *now* say with a vengeance. Eheu ! we remember but too well the 'leeks and onions;' we sigh in vain for the 'flesh-pots' of Egypt !

THE
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J. W. YOTTS
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THE
YALE LITERARY MAGAZINE.

VOL. V.

MARCH, 1840.

NO. 5.

THE FINE ARTS.

PUBLIC patronage, in a wise government, should be ever directed by the most cautious policy. To lend its powerful arm to an unworthy object, were but to waste its energies where it could never hope to derive new vigor, or compensate its loss with additional security. It is never to be feared, however, that distrust or hesitation will hinder the hearty coöperation of government in measures of direct and practical utility. The road or canal, which assimilates the interests and sentiments of distant communities—the fortified port, at once the guard and asylum of commerce—the ingenious application of labor, which pours into its patron's coffers the produce of its grateful industry—all these are too apparent advantages, too direct correlatives of the public weal, to require a moment's hesitation in their support. It is only those designs and institutions, whose benefits are more distant, and whose operations more indirect, that a wary policy regards with distrust, and to which she lends, if lends at all, but a constrained and feeble arm. Of this description, especially in our own country, are those institutions whose end and aim are the cultivation of the Fine Arts. The march of mind is, to the ignorant, like the flight of the bird, a trackless way; and though he may recognize and acknowledge the blooming garden that it has created in the desert, his dull vision fails to discern the stream which has worked the wonder. Genius is to him, in its substance and effects, something not tangible, something which cannot be made subservient to real utility. It is a courser of the sun, whose high and intermittent soarings cannot be yoked with the dull ploddings of his earth-born steeds. Its mint coins too ethereal metal, and he would fain suspect that treasure, which has no exchangeable value on the mart, to be but dross. Thus is it gross ignorance alone of our own best interests, which dictates a course of policy so limited in its views, and so pettishly hostile to the cultivation of a refined, popular taste. Madame de Staël has

somewhere remarked, that "beauty, in whatever form it appear, always awakes religion in the heart of man." It is, this search after the *beautiful*, either in original creation, or imitation of nature's handiwork, which gives rise to those distinct and definite systems, denominated the fine arts. The sculptor seeks to embody it in form alone; the painter, in its colours and hues; the architect in its more ideal and abstractive character. Now is this peculiar description of genius—this vivid conception and ardent desire of the "beautiful," placed in the heart of man for no definite and useful end? We believe the painter to be born a painter much more emphatically and truly, than the poet to be by nature a poet; and though these be sister arts, the gift of genius in the one, to be much more directly the gift of heaven, than in the other. All the instruction and practice in the world could not teach a man whose fingers, if we may use the expression, are uninspired, to leave the constrained and rigid lines of imitation, and dash off with the bold delineation of his own conceptions. Perhaps my kind reader, smitten with a love of this beautiful art, may at some former time have cramped his fingers to rules and instructors. But did it not seem, like the present mode of dress, a vain torture for the production of grace? Did not the forms and faces bear most decided impress of the same author? Did not his 'lines of beauty' take such short and strait cuts for effect, that Hogarth would have sworn their execution was by rule and compass? Did not his landscapes present most singular exemplifications of Mr. Espy's theory of storms? his houses had a peculiar lean, his trees an unaccountable aspect of terror, the leaves were about to desert their stem 'en masse?' With his brain racked with intensity of application, and his fingers agonized with persevering scratches after effect, did he cast down the pencil in despair, and devote the art, its professors and admirers, its rules and its tools, its lights and its shades to their original author and inventor, the prince of all arts and sciences! This, I can venture to say, is no exaggerated picture, what is its application? Does it not prove that the genius of an artist is something innate and peculiar, and its possessor one, in the words of Seneca, "anno quingentesimo nascitur?" Should Heaven's rare gift be buried in a napkin, and an enlightened and Christian legislature make the response of the unprofitable servant, "I hid thy talent in the earth; lo, there thou hast it unemployed, unimproved, unenlarged, 'that is thine!'"

But it may be objected, that this is no concern of government, that genius contains within itself the principles of life, and needs no foreign sustenance, apart from its own native energies. Let us examine this point a moment. The education of a painter continues our illustration with this branch of the arts, embracing a more extensive and varied field than is generally conceived.

manual part of the profession, is wholly secondary to the intellectual. The mind, the imagination—the power of conception and the facility of invention, are the chief things to be desired and cultivated. The labor of the brush is purely mechanical, and owes its success, in a great degree, to patient and continued practice. This latter has been called the “language” of the art ; the former may surely be termed its eloquence. Now it is to be granted, that a mere imitative artist, one who paints nature as she really is, and contents himself with the scrupulous delineation of individual feature and character, may, like Hogarth, though not perhaps with the same success, step at once from the graver’s stool to the painter’s studio. But when one would combine the varied beauties of the natural world, or with them blend the conceptions of his own imagination ; when like those “heroes of thought,” the great Italian masters, he would make each production of his pencil, the study and wonder of future generations, an epic or a drama in itself ; when like them, he would clothe nature in a veil of spiritual light, which heightens every charm, and conceals every deformity ; when like them, he would suffer his imagination to be daunted by no subject, however vast, and bid the mysteries, even of the invisible world, stand forth embodied on the canvass ; it may be conceived how enlarged must be his conceptions, how various his acquirements, how cultivated and refined every intellectual faculty. To him, what we term a liberal education, is insufficient. The founts of old poetic lore, must be as familiar to his lips, as the spring which supplies his daily board ; nor must he fail to quaff of

“Siloa’s brook, that flows
Fast by the oracle of God.”

The stirring page of history must be graven upon his *brain*, ere he can picture it upon his canvass ; and to give perfection to all, he must acquire that professional information, that chastened taste, the thousand mysteries of the art, by the study of those great masters, whose productions, like the richest and rarest gifts of nature, form the gems of princely cabinets. He must visit that temple of the arts, that arcanum of genius, “in whose silent halls,” says the author of *Corinne*, “amid the pale forms of sculptured gods, beauty in eternal sleep, sits dreaming of herself”—“which seems a battle-field wherein Time has contended with Glory, and the defaced canvass, and the mutilated statue, attest the tyrant’s victory, and our own sad loss.” There must he gaze and wander, until he catch a portion of that inspiration which still lingers around the halls and groves, the plains and sky of Italy.

We have dwelt upon this point in order to show how absolutely indispensable is public patronage, applied in the erection

and maintenance of academies, the education and employment of native artists, the collection of valuable paintings and statuary—to the establishment of a national school in any one, or all, of the branches of the arts. Without this rearing hand, genius must spring up, like the untrimmed plant upon the mountains, to be choked by its own engendering thorns. For it is very evident that a peculiar talent or desire, without the means of its employment or gratification, would be to its possessor a fatal gift, a source of wasting misery and premature decay. But here arises the principle upon which we started—is this application of public favor, good policy? Modern American utilitarianism, answers “no”—“fancy is folly—ornament is waste; the one cannot build a railroad, or the other clear a building lot!” How is this rebuked by the voice of God, speaking in the exquisite beauty and labored ornament of the external creation; in the

“Tints of the earth, and the hues of the sky;”

in the very gratification itself, arising from the exercise of the sense of vision. But we contend that ornament is utility, if it effects, whether directly or indirectly, any desired and useful end. The happiness which a person of cultivated taste derives from the surveyal of a fine specimen of art, is as real, as substantial, and should be made as much the object of public legislation, as any of the more tangible and every-day sources of personal enjoyment. This mental gratification has been well described by Addison. “When,” says he, “I have found the weather set in to be very bad, I have taken a whole day’s journey, to see a picture gallery that is furnished by the hands of great masters. By this means, when the heavens are filled with clouds, when the earth swims in rain, and all nature wears a lowering countenance, I withdraw myself from these uncomfortable scenes, into the visionary worlds of art, where I meet with shining landscapes, gilded triumphs, beautiful faces, and all those other objects that fill the mind with gay ideas, and disperse the gloominess which is apt to hang about us in those dark and uncomfortable seasons.”

But ornament and the arts have other uses. Has the reader ever entered the aisle of a Catholic cathedral when at the hour of eve the vesper hymn is being sung, at whose every close the low murmur of measured voices chant the evening prayer; and as in the “dim, religious light,” the pale countenance of the mother of God, the drooping figure of him of Calvary, the hovering choirs of white-stoled angels, and the bearded forms of the old apostles, seemed to bend upon him from their sombre niches, the inquiring gaze of animated being,—did he not feel steal over him a holy awe? did he not acknowledge, almost on bended knee, the power of the arts, by association, to awaken devotion in the heart of man? Here has the Catholic worship the superiority over our

own, inasmuch as it appeals, through the medium of the senses, to the imagination, which without doubt is one of the grand sources of all religious feeling. Thus might we employ the powerful agency of the arts, and instead of our present staring brick edifices, with their white-washed walls and bird-cage pulpits, we might worship in temples better calculated by their simple yet imposing grandeur, their rich yet appropriate ornament, to inspire exalted ideas of that Being who "dwells in a temple not made with hands, eternal in the heavens."

But it may be said that genius is often prostituted to vice, and its efforts often directed to rouse the prurient appetite of lust, and fan unholy flames. It is true that in the meretricious court of Charles II, the arts as well as every thing else became the ministers of pleasure, and there was found a Lely who was willing to degrade his pencil to humor the depraved taste and vitiated fancies of his royal master; but it is also true, that when the Church became the patron of the arts, they in turn became the ministers of religion; and the noblest efforts of genius have been the purest in their conception, the most devotional in their tendency. Thus ever will the character of the arts be influenced and moulded by the character of their patrons and the public. Vice, with her ever quick perception of self-advantage, has heretofore seen their power, and wielded them against their legitimate parent; it now remains for Virtue to reclaim these errant children, to transplant these exotics to her own garden, where, nourished by their native soil, and fanned by their native breezes, they may strike deep roots, and shoot high branches, and thrive unto perfection.

We would say a word as to what has been often urged of the inconsistency of a republican form of government to the progress and perfection of the fine arts. We are pointed to history—to those royal and ecclesiastical aristocracies which have so long held sway over the world of taste in Europe, and whose idle state has pampered the arts as the means and accessories of power; to the world-grasping church, who would go forth to the spiritual strife clad in the magnificence of a worldly conqueror; to the fame-loving monarchs, who would rear their own monuments of glory with the never-dying productions of genius; to the no less ambitious nobility, who would feast their eyes and gratify their pride with the emblazoned forms and deeds of their ancestry. But permit us to turn to another page in this history—to a page which needs no comment, and in which America may read her own future eminence in the world of intellect and taste. Where, we would ask, in the land of Greece, arose those glorious fabrics,

"The relics now of nobler days, and noblest arts!
Despoil'd yet perfect,—and to art
The models,"

which the hand of time seems to have lightly swept, and left to stand, in their severe simplicity, their breathing harmony, their majestic repose, a dignified rebuke upon the vain attempts of modern rivalry. Were these the fruits of a refined and enlightened aristocracy, or did they spring into existence at the beck of a royal head? No; it was the "fierce democracie" of Athens that crowned the Acropolis with its immortal Parthenon and Propylæa; it was the "fierce democracie" of Athens which gave the response, when asked 'whether marble or ivory should compose their great statue of Minerva,' "take the costlier!" it was the "fierce democracie" of Athens through whom the splendid designs of Pericles saw their completion, which gained for his native city its proud title of the "Ornament of the world." "The miracles of that day," says Mr. Bulwer, "resulted from the enthusiasm of a population yet young,—full of the first ardor for the beautiful, dedicating to the state, as to a mistress, the trophies honorably won, or the treasures injuriously extorted; and uniting the resources of a nation with the energy of an individual, because the toil, the cost, were borne by those who succeeded to the enjoyment, and arrogated the glory." Why could not we do this? we are "yet young," and full of democratic energy, and though not "burning with the ardor for the beautiful," a popular taste might soon be created. The modern Italian school of painting arose to its highest perfection from its original establishment, "during the lifetime of a single individual." Why may not some of us now living behold that period, when American art shall have a style as peculiarly its own, as strongly marked by great national features, as vigorous in fancy, and as powerful in execution, as ever graced the land of Raphael, and the home of Lorraine? We have indeed no "trophies honorably won, or treasures injuriously extorted," but we have ample resources which might be much better employed to advance the cause of the arts, than to support the bickerings of senators in our capital, and unprofitable wars upon our borders.

Let us then hope that the time may soon come when we shall no longer be obliged to transport from foreign climes the sculptors of our great men, but raise up among our own ranks Canovas, to transmit to posterity the features of our Washingtons; when the merits of our native artists shall no longer swell the circle of another nation's fame; when the walls of some great national Louvre shall glow with the scenes of our early history, and reflect the features of our varied landscape; and when the gray-haired artist shall be looked upon like the ancient bard, as one who is about to bear back to heaven, whence it came, a rare and precious gift.

I. H.

THE ELOPEMENT.

It was an old gray-haired farmèr,
Lived in a fair villagè,
And he did have a daughter sweet,
To comfort his old age.

Her mouth a ruby cavern was,
Her cheeks like velvet leaf
Of a red rose, which in summer
Lives out its life so brief.

This daughter dear a lover had,
And a brave youth was he !
His hair was black as darkest night
That hangeth o'er the sea.

Black were his eyes, like diamonds bright
And fearfully they shone ;
His cheeks with hair were fenced in
Like rose with grass o'ergrown.

But thus out spake her old fathèr,
With sadness in his eye,
" Daughter, an thou dost marry him
I shall go near to die."

Then thus his gentle daughter cried,
" O father, say not so ;
For should I e'er thy fond heart grieve,
'Twould work me mickle wo."

Thus spake this false, deceitful one,
For ah ! she knew full well
That ere another sun, she'd fly
With him she lov'd so well.

Now falls dark night upon the earth,
The little stars appear ;
Silence is over man and beast,
But hark ! a sound is near !

The lover comes ; in trembling arms
The maiden sweet he takes,
And to his palfrey her he bears,
And joyful haste he makes.

Now flies the steed o'er hill and dale,
Now speeds o'er level plain ;

O father ! haste ! thy daughter soon
Thou never canst regain.

Up rose he from his peaceful couch,
He call'd his daughter dear—
No sound return'd, save nightly owl,
Whose hootings struck his ear.

An omen dire ! he gazeth round,
No daughter seeth he ;
He knoweth now that she has fled,
And he weepeth piteously.

And now his charger quick he takes,
(This steed old Dobbin height,)
And rideth forth with whip and spur
To stop her treach'rous flight.

Full well his horse did bear him on,
Till, in the morning gray,
He spied the steed which hurried her
From his fond breast away.

Then shouted he, " thou recreant vile,
Stop, stop thy flying steed,
O give me back my daughter dear,
Or thou'lt repent this deed."

Out spake this fierce, bright-eyed lovèr,
" Cease thou thy clamors loud,
For, by this hand, I ne'er will stop
Or yield to thee so proud."

Then prayed this old, gray-headed man,
Wrath shining in his eyes,
" O may their steed still hurry on,
Even as now he flies."

Fast flew they then, and day and night
They still held on their way,
And when to ghosts their bodies turn'd,
Onward they flew for aye.

And oft, 'tis said, this spectre steed
Is seen amid the night,
And eke by day, fast gliding on
In swift and fearful flight.

O. O.

QUEBEC.

"In all that may be called the science of policy, in private as in public life, men oftener succeed by the absence of certain qualities than by any which they possess."—*Corinna*.

"There may be a purity, a tenderness, a dignity, an elegance of soul which are of no use, nay, in some degree, absolutely disqualifying for the truly important business of making a man's way into life.—*Burns' private correspondence*.

In the year 1759, the Earl of Chatham at the head of the British ministry projected a plan of military operations, which was expected to result in the conquest of Canada, and the final overthrow of French power in North America. Early in the season, Gen. Amherst entered upon the scene of labor, which in the order of affairs had fallen to his charge. This was to regain the command of Lake Champlain by the reduction of the two important forts, Ticonderoga and Crown Point; thus to open a communication with the St. Lawrence, and finally to coöperate with the northern armament in the siege of Quebec. Gen. Amherst arrived at Ticonderoga on the 22nd of July, and took quiet possession, the enemy having retired up the lake. A few days after, Crown Point also fell into our hands, its defenders imitating the garrison of the neighboring fort. Here the operations of Gen. Amherst were at a stand. Although the most painful exertions had been made, our naval force and transports were found totally inadequate for carrying out the design of the expedition; and thus our noble army which might have borne conquest into the heart of Canada, was obliged to pause upon the threshold of its achievements, and amuse itself for the rest of the season in building up the dilapidated walls of Crown Point.

It was while things were in this state, that I rejoined the army on the 1st of August, having fully recovered from an illness which had detained me in inaction at Skeensborough, while the events were transpiring which I have thought proper to relate. I was then young and inexperienced; my blood was hot with daring; and like most young soldiers, my imagination had painted with vivid colors the glory which crowns the battle-field, and now my spirit like a fiery steed, chafed at the idle prospect which I saw before me. With the deepest interest, then, I found that a corps of volunteer troops, consisting of four companies, had conceived the apparently impracticable enterprise of pursuing the route of the expedition with the aid of the naval force, a small part of which was sufficient for such a detachment. The general listened favorably to the proposal. I gladly obtained an ensign's

commission in one of the companies, and congratulated myself upon escaping the intolerable weariness which always oppresses troops, when compelled to pass the season for action in idleness.

On the morning of the 5th, our preparations being completed, we pushed away from shore, displayed the provincial colors, and and steered northward for scenes which promised as much of soul-stirring incident and hair-breadth adventure as we could wish. The morning was beautiful; the sun arose above the hills which skirt the eastern border of the lake and shot his rays obliquely upon its tremulous bosom, while a cool breeze from the south filled the canvass, and bore our little armament rapidly on its way. I had now leisure to look about me, observe the faces, and make my critiques upon the characters of my companions. Our captain was pacing the quarter deck with a martial air, evidently in much elevation of spirits. He was a gallant North Briton, and his broad Scotch physiognomy, hazel eyes sparkling beneath the brow which overhung them, and above all a most determined pair of whiskers occupying the rear ground of his expansive visage, gave him a seeming of undoubted valor. His stature was six feet and a fraction, with broad shoulders and massive proportions. The Highland sword in his huge hand seemed a toy quite too insignificant for his purposes. His commands, given from time to time in the dialect and accentuation of his native country, bespoke at once decision, affability, and natural good humor.

I turned to look after the lieutenant. He was seated alone in the stern of the vessel reclined upon his elbow, apparently gazing at the various objects which we passed upon the western shore. In a minute, while I was looking at him, his eye became abstracted and visionary, his features relaxed, and an expression of ineffable sadness stole over his countenance. Tears chased each other rapidly down his cheeks, though he was evidently unconscious of their presence. Surprised and affected by the circumstance, I moved slowly towards him, but unwilling to intrude upon the private sorrows of another, I recollected myself and sat down. There is a dignity in silent grief, which, while it challenges sympathy, represses all idle curiosity. When the heart, overcharged and oppressed by those emotions which it would fain conceal, betrays its heavy secrets from the fountains of the eye, the silent sufferer assumes a majesty scarcely attained by the most unequivocal manifestations of intellect. I felt it, and contented myself with conjecturing the cause of his affliction. Was it vain remorse for the consequence of past folly? Did he lament the burial of early hopes, the blight of fond anticipations? Was it the memory of a lost friend that haunted him, or had nature made him one of those sensitive beings who shrink from every circumstance of fortune, and are wounded by every contact? I knew not; these

indeed are all prolific sources of human suffering, but whether these or any of them were active in the present case, was beyond my skill to determine.

Lieut. W. was a little above the middling stature, of a symmetrical form, although rather too slender for a model. A profusion of dark locks shaded a brow of uncommon height and beauty. His eye was expressive of intelligence, at the same time distinguished for a softness so noticeable as to appear almost inconsistent with the manly character. Paleness and emaciation, on a countenance naturally full and florid, marked the effects of disease and perhaps mental depression. The general expression of his features was that of repose; passion seemed hushed to rest; but it was a repose which pleased not, it was the calmness of the dead. Reflection had left its traces there, and whatever conjecture might be framed of his past vicissitudes, the observer at once saw that he had thought deeply and suffered much. On the whole, he was one whom you would have been very unlikely to select as a man to court danger, but rather fitted to embellish the walks of peaceful life. Courage, if he possessed it, (and I soon had evidence of the fact,) could not be that brutal hardihood of nerve or recklessness of consequence, which is commonly honored with the name; it must be based upon reflection, and arise out of the ascendancy of mind. When at length his emotions had subsided, and I ventured to address him, he replied with a word of courtesy and a smile, which, though it partially lighted up his features, was yet so sadly expressive, that it would hardly have concealed the bitterness at his heart, even had I not already seen his spirit bare and bleeding. So deeply had his conduct wrought upon my imagination, such was the ardent sympathy which the natural enthusiasm of my character inspired in his favor, that I could at once have sworn eternal friendship with him. To recommend myself to his confidence became henceforth an object of pleasing solicitude. I was so fortunate as to interest him. I sought to vanquish his natural reserve, and tried by a thousand friendly devices to divert his mind from moody contemplations. The liking which I had so hastily conceived, became confirmed with an insight into his character; my respect deepened as I acquired a more thorough knowledge of his mental resources, and acquaintance ripened into familiarity. His feelings were high-toned and noble; his mind was richly stored with the wealth of knowledge derived both from extensive reading and his own deep reflections. It will not be surprising, then, that among companions who were to be valued more for those qualities of spirit and temper which constitute the soldier, than any particular relish for intellectual enjoyment, I vehemently coveted the conversation of Lieut. W. Still, notwithstanding I flattered myself that I had won his confidence, and grown to a good degree of intimacy, my

intercourse with him was by no means uniformly easy. An unhappy gloominess of mind on his part often interrupted our mutual pleasure. He was capitious or sullenly reserved, and I was forced to wonder at his weakness; but so contrasted were these unamiable turns with the ordinary gentleness of his manner, that I alternately ascribed them to bodily disease or past afflictions, and became even more enthusiastically attached to his character from the uneasiness which he caused me. When I requested him to give me his history, he eyed me with a look of suspicion, which immediately changed into such an expression of grief, that I at once repented my indiscretion; nor could I for a day prevail upon him to converse with me. I have no other apology for speaking thus minutely of my poor friend W. than the fondness I entertain for his memory; and I hope in the sequel to impart to the reader some portion of that interest in his fate which dwells in my own bosom.

But it is time to resume the thread of the narration. We passed the French station on the Isle of Aux Noix in the evening; fortunately for us, as it might otherwise have caused us delay. On the fourth day from our embarkation, the gallant little squadron sailed into the St. Lawrence. It would be difficult to describe my emotions upon first entering this most magnificent of rivers. No breath of air stirred our sails as we drifted sluggishly down its current, borne onward to the ocean upon the watery treasures of half a continent. No sound reached us from its distant shores, no sight of human habitation relieved the eye; the sun was sinking in crimson beyond the western deserts, the solitude and majesty of the place were oppressive. We had ventured into the heart of an enemy's territory, our nearest friends were one hundred and fifty miles distant; but though few in number, our courage was undaunted, and common danger bound us closer together. Those who have only been accustomed to the cold civilities of peaceful life, will scarcely form a conception of the hearty feelings with which we cherish the associate of our perils, the comrade who has stood by our side in battle, and whose arm has been our shield in the strife of death.

It was about a week after our arrival at Quebec, while we were on the opposite side of the river, that I prevailed upon my friend to gratify my curiosity with the recital of his history. We had climbed the hills which rise behind Point Levi, situated without the lines of the army, and had attained the horizontal surface of a projecting rock. The sun had set, and twilight was fast fading away. Directly in front of us lay Quebec—its rugged walls and battlements pencilled upon the northern sky. Between us flowed the St. Lawrence, and the slumber of the moonbeams upon its surface, was unbroken by a ripple. At our feet lay the position of Gen. Monckton. The batteries, which for several

days had kept up a fruitless cannonade, were now silent. The climate, hour and scenery, conspired to tranquilize the feelings of my companion, and after standing some minutes to gaze upon the scene before him he proceeded to comply with my request. I shall give the account as nearly as possible in his own words; but the emotions which wrought upon his noble countenance during the recital, the impressive influence of the hour, the season and place—these I cannot copy.

“ My earliest recollections are of a pleasant cottage upon a sunny hill-side, of a fond mother who chased away my infant fears, a father who bore me in his indulgent arms, and an elder brother who led my tottering steps along the banks of the brooklet which murmured at the foot of the hill, or under the shade of the lofty chestnuts which stood behind our humble abode. When I look back upon those happy scenes which attended the commencement of my pilgrimage, it appears like one golden spot of sunshine in a land of shadows. I was from the first a fond and affectionate child, and the doating tenderness of those guardians which God had provided for me, and the love of my brother, cherished the gentle sensibilities of my nature. The plants of affection were rooted deep in a generous soil. My nature had but one attribute, and that was love. I firmly believe that if ever happiness, heavenly seraph, deigned to fix her residence upon earth, that humble cottage in the wilderness was her abode. But though a resident she *may* be, she is always a stranger here below, and is ever ready to take the wing. One morning in my sixth year, I was awakened from sweet sleep by the voice of my mother, rushing into my bedroom followed by a savage. She screamed, ‘ Oh! my boys’—and fell lifeless upon the bed. That piercing shriek, in which maternal solicitude triumphed over mortal terror, will ring in my ears when all other earthly sounds are no longer heard! The savage pulled us out of the bed and barbarously murdered my brother before my eyes, while I clung to the barbarian and begged of him to kill me also. But their capricious cruelty denied a request, which though forced from me by anguish and despair, was such as I have often had cause to think upon with approbation. They dragged me out of the room to the cottage door, where my father lay, gashed and bleeding. Our simple dwelling furnished but little plunder, and they quickly left the spot; not however until I had seen the home of my infancy in flames. I was taken away by them into distant wilds, to their own wigwams, and adopted into their tribe. After this I was treated with kindness, according to the simple notions savages entertain of the import of that word. I shall not attempt to give an account of the year that I remained with them; the whole circumstance seems like a dream, to which I never recur but with horror. Grief lay upon me, and my breast was overburdened with a load

of calamity too weighty for my tender years. They tell me that childish sorrows are soon forgotten. I know not how it is with other minds, but my own were lasting, and entailed upon my constitution a melancholy which has embittered all my life. At length the time of retributive vengeance arrived, and the same horrors were visited upon the savages, which they had so often inflicted upon the whites. I was rescued by a party of soldiers, and returned to civilized society. For the three years following, my sensitive nature suffered scarcely less than when with the Indians. When Providence had thus deprived me of my natural guardians, there remained no relatives to me on this side of the water. How grievously do they err, who chafe at the restraints imposed by parental affection, and eagerly long to be enfranchised from the fond guidance of paternal authority! How gladly would I have met with some kind relative, to whose natural affection I might have urged the claim of kindred blood, whom I might suppose to have a natural interest in my welfare, whose wisdom and experience might have been my counsel. O! my friend, they strangely miscalculate the chances of life, who ever expect in their wanderings to meet the generous and disinterested affections which sweetly entwined around them in a father's home! The coldness of the world chilled me. I felt that I was alone, and that no one would or could have interest in me. I early learned that man is selfish; a truth which though always acknowledged, yet no one but an orphan ever felt its full force. The mirth and sports of my age had no charms for me. I was retired and shy, avoiding society, and particularly those happy groups of children, in whose innocent amusements my heart was too heavy to participate. Once I rambled away to the abode of my infancy. A heap of blackened stones and a few half-burned brands, marked the place where my father's cottage stood. I called on the names of my sainted relatives, and prayed in anguish, that Heaven might grant me a friend in the place of those it had taken away. The garden was desolate; the brook which used to murmur so sweetly, now flowed with a cadence which was melancholy to my ears; the forest leaves were fading and falling, and I fled away in despair from a place whose associations were no longer supportable.

But at length Providence, in my eleventh year, granted my petition, and gave me a friend indeed. A gentleman from the town of B—— fancied me, compassionated my situation, and took me home to live with him. He was an aged man, without family or connections, and the possessor of a large fortune, but above all, he was the soul of generosity and kindness. I am not speaking the partial language of affection and gratitude, when I say that benevolence *perished* with him. The recollection of that good man's kindness always swells my bosom with the tenderest emo-

tions, and then I feel that I can forgive the world its roughness for his sake. This old man understood my nature and sympathized in my griefs, uniting in his conversation the tenderness of a father with the familiarity of an equal. How ardently did my affections, which for five years had been repulsed with coldness, leap forth to embrace my benefactor! How fondly did I avail myself of every device which friendship or gratitude could suggest, to alleviate the burden of age, and soften his passage to the grave! Yes, my connection with that happy old man, who is now a saint in heaven, is the only circumstance of my life which I survey with unmingled satisfaction.

I had now all the advantages for instruction which I could wish. I pursued with diligence all kinds of knowledge; and being diverted from my studies by no useless diversions, no exuberance of animal spirits, I made rapid progress. Much of my time was spent in my friend's library, where I found in books sweet comforters for the unhappy and neglected. Before I had reached my eighteenth year, I had read many of our own authors, and roamed over no small portion of the field of classic literature. Reading and pondering upon the minds of other ages made me acquainted with my own. What was before sensation became thought, and I learned to give a palpable expression to my feelings and sentiments in language.

In my fifteenth year, at the academy, I became acquainted with a youth whose name was Andross. He was about my own age and acquirements, and our acquaintance soon ripened into familiarity. Though in reality no two persons could be scarcely less similar than Andross and myself, yet as some of these differences in character were quite compatible with the warmest friendship, and as I was slow in discovering others, I was for three years happy in his intimacy. Those traits of character in friends during early youth, may often lie concealed in the bud, which riper years are destined to develop, and which will cause a lasting separation. My friend was excessively ambitious of distinction; *I* had never felt the passion. In matters of sentiment he was like myself, an enthusiast; but his enthusiasm was the creature of his fancy; mine had its home in the heart. Consequently he was free, and professed his affections with openness; but *I* strove to conceal my own. He was bold—fond of display in conversation, and could even dazzle by a show of knowledge, when really ignorant; *I* was retired, avoiding observation, and thereby losing credit for my actual attainments. He received no wounds in his intercourse with the world, for he conducted it *heartlessly*; *I* constantly suffered my feelings and sympathies to be engaged, and was lacerated at every turn. He was assuming and arrogant in dealing with men, though never towards myself; my manner was gentleness, and I would sooner have cut off my right hand

than wantonly caused my fellow creature an uneasy thought. He therefore was fitted to elbow his way roughly through life, and attain its posts of honor; but I was really adapted to no earthly purpose whatever. By his persuasion I suffered myself to be introduced to the gay and polite circles of the town. In the drawing-room, the talents of my friend shone conspicuously. He entered into the trifling conversation of the place with spirit and effect; chatted with the ladies, rallied the gentlemen, adapting himself with ease to all persons and characters. My own feelings ran in too deep a channel. If I attempted to trifle with the silly, I at once lost that animation so absolutely necessary in parlance, even for the dullest listener. Besides, I sickened of the unmeaning tattle which dullness and insipidity have agreed to receive as current for vivacity and wit; my mind was abstracted in company, and I prudently resolved to abstract my person from situations where I derived no satisfaction myself, and conferred none upon others. So then I returned to my books and to the private society of my young friend. Together we traveled the field of human knowledge, making our observations on the way. My friend, on the discovery of a spirited passage in an author, would rise in ecstasy; if a generous sentiment or tender expression attracted his attention, his eyes immediately filled with moisture; but no real misfortune, unless his own, ever sensibly affected him. I found, in short, that his imagination was delighted and swayed by the art of the author; an enjoyment which had not the slightest connection with his heart. Virtue was with him, not a principle, but a sentiment—a something to be discoursed upon with rapture, to be lauded with the colors of rhetoric, and to be practically neglected. My last and most important discovery was, that he was supremely selfish. You will not be surprised, if after these disclosures, the ardor of my friendship was sensibly diminished. Still I should have continued to cultivate his society, had it not been for positive injury.

My benefactor had made me his heir, and had concluded to send me over to Cambridge, for the completion of my studies, when the failure of his banker in England, reduced his magnificent fortune to a mere trifle. He was already quite in his dotage, and this severe stroke hastened his dissolution. Not because he cared for fortune on his own account; it was for *me* that he grieved. My loss was indeed twofold, but the first was swallowed up in the magnitude of the last. Indeed, I had scarcely thought of fortune as necessary to the enjoyment of life, and it cost me no mighty struggle to be reconciled to the want of it; but ties of gratitude and affection bound me to my patron, which were not easily broken. After these events, the manner of my friend became materially changed. Whether it was his own superior consideration in society which he thought gave him lib-

erty to act the lion in my presence, or whether it was the change in my circumstances, or both ; his conduct manifested a readiness to assume, and a slowness to yield respect, quite inconsistent with the parity and equal terms of friendship. These first indications were with me a signal to part. I repelled his assumptions and forswore his intimacy with a spirit and decision, which from what he had known of my character, he had little reason to expect. What matter, that for three years our pursuits and pleasures had been the same ? The fondness with which I had cherished his esteem, gave edge to my indignation at his baseness in taking advantage of a weakness in my nature. Fool, that I was, to think of disinterested love among men, or that there existed on earth a heart that could permanently sympathize with my own !

I was now forced to leave the hospitable mansion where I had lived so long, and which, bereft of its proprietor, had become desolate as my own heart. After settling accounts, but a pittance remained, and with this slender support, as I knew no better course, I determined to pursue my studies with an eye to the bar. Having taken lodgings in a retired part of the town, I surrounded myself with books, and felt once more alone. But my bitter reflections followed me. Even books ceased to yield relief, and my distempered mind converted whatever I read, into food for melancholy. In this way I dragged on a miserable existence for some months, cherishing life rather in the hope of some future good, than for any present satisfaction which it gave me, when a vision of celestial brightness crossed my path. At the house of a friend to my adopted father, where I occasionally visited, I became acquainted with his niece, who had lately come over from England, adorned with rare accomplishments of person and mind. I had read the character of my fellow man, and known its falseness ; but the female heart was to me, experimentally at least, a mystery. Imagine, then, the effect which a beautiful female had upon me, in the bloom of youth, educated, refined, possessing a wit and sensibility which dazzled and delighted. A new field was opened to my roving fancy, and there was not a virtue which I did not ascribe to the female character. Conversation never flagged in her presence ; she enticed me from myself, and I never felt a moment of gloom to interrupt the charm of her fascination. I heard the most noble and generous sentiments fall from her lips—and imagination easily did the rest. I felt that she might comprehend me, might sympathize with me. It was blissful to think that the loss of my relatives, my benefactor, and ungrateful friend, might be made up in the love of this fair being, and that my affections, so often wounded, torn and forced back upon me, might repose in security upon one faithful bosom. I saw no obstacle. I fancied that she mani-

sted a partiality for me ; to be sure, I might have been mistaken, and I should be unwilling to charge her remembrance with a design to deceive me by a false show of tenderness. We were often in each other's company, and ere long I loved her with a depth of affection which no one can comprehend who has not fathomed nature like my own. When absent, her loved idea was always present to my mind. Her image became identified with the future, and hope assumed her beautiful shape. It was a sweet and heavenly illusion. But what are you," he burst forth with bitterness, or why should I bare my heart to your cold inspection?" By heavens ! said I, grasping his hand forcibly, and looking earnestly at his face, you do me injustice, to impute my friendly interest to you to the chill curiosity of an incisor.

He remained silent for a few moments. The moon shining full in his face, revealed drops of sweat on his brow, and exhibited his whole frame convulsed with violent emotions. He proceeded in a tone of the deepest sorrow : " Wo for those who go to fancy's mirror to see the picture of life ! They shall have many a *dream* of happiness, but they shall awake in misery ! But why do I lament ? I dreamed of bliss, and it gave me a short reprieve ; only awoke to my natural lot. A few weeks of sweet anticipation I enjoyed in her presence. Could it be that the kindness of that eye, the rapt expression of that divine countenance, as he hung upon my impassioned language, meant nothing ? Did he who proudly supposed I knew what was in man, become the dupe of a woman's wiles ? Let me not linger. I *was* deceived. I dared to express a hope to the object of my adoration. She seemed *surprised, astonished* at my presumption. I rushed from her presence, myself half convinced of the madness of my conduct ; although until that unhappy moment, a thought of inferiority had never entered my head. I passed the night in a state of insensibility and stupor, such as succeeds the most violent mental anguish. In the morning, a note came to me from the uncle, addressed in studied terms of insult. After stating his knowledge of my presumption—after many appropriate remarks on the subject of fortune and rank, he concluded with telling me, that I should be no more admitted beneath his roof, giving me in his word that the pure blood of the Percies would never be contaminated by connection with a beggar." *Revenge*, stern as that of the fallen fiend, for an instant blackened my soul. But on whom should I be revenged ? the friend and protector of her whom I adored ? A passion unknown to me before, but fierce as hell, wrestled with my affection ; yet, though I had been injured on all hands, love triumphed. He had called me base-born. I looked at the blue veins upon my arm, those natural channels through which this base fluid coursed so rapidly. By heavens ! I'll make it noble, was the indignant thought that quivered upon

my lips! Love, when unsuccessful, may cruelly shake the soul, but an independent spirit, with extensive mental resources, always rises superior. It is a weak mind that is crushed. When the first paroxysms of shame, disappointment and slighted affection were over, I resolved to crush them all. The proud idea gave me a sense of my own manliness, which I had never before felt. Passion overcome, elevates the character and purifies the feelings, but it purifies them as if by fire. I thought of a nobler revenge than that of staining my hands in the blood of an enemy; I resolved to rise and climb the slippery steep of honor, until even the name of Percy should fall unheeded where mine was the theme of converse. I endeavored to take an account of myself, and form a just estimate of my prospects for success. I was young and vigorous, and my attainments, I thought, were inferior to none of my age. My knowledge of law was considerable, and a young, growing country, held out all the encouragement to aspiring intellect that could be wished. My former friend, whose superiority I by no means acknowledged, had already progressed far on the road to distinction. Nothing appeared to hinder me from rising but my own froward heart. Was I then ever to be the slave of my feelings? Is there no nobler, manlier passion to engross my thoughts? Are ambition, fame, patriotism, benevolence, philanthropy, unworthy of notice? The various relations of human society spread themselves out before my view, and I looked back with shame upon my former selfishness. I felt that life is a struggle; that I had active duties to perform, from which no peculiarity of constitution could ever release me; the world demanded my efforts, and I resolved to respond to its call. There was no one, indeed, who would rejoice in my success, or sympathize in my reverses, but my slighted love for others returned back to me, and I felt a sullen pride at the idea of breasting the billows of life, friendless and alone. I would have gained a reputation coëxtensive with the land; the name of Edmund W. should have been associated in the minds of men with whatever is great, generous and noble; but for myself, I would have stood aloof from my species, acknowledging sympathy with none. Thus I reasoned, or rather fancied; it is needless to say, that I was but half successful. When the olive, removed from the sunny plains of Italy, learns to accommodate itself to Lapland snows, then may one of character so peculiar as myself, engage in the strife and jostling of public employments with prudence and success. I set up for an attorney at law. I studied my cases intensely, and came into court with a knowledge of circumstances, an acquaintance with precedents, and a depth of research surpassed by none at the bar. But my acute sensitiveness, the curse of my life, followed me. When I arose to plead, I faltered in my delivery, lost confidence and temper, and finally experienced the mortification of being de-

beaten by antagonists whose knowledge of law was less than the twentieth part of my own.

The praise of men I ever deemed insignificant, but their censure and criticism were truly formidable. I trembled, literally *trembled* before my fellow creatures. "Am I then a coward?" said he, at the same time rising and stamping fiercely upon the rock. "I demand of you, when I led you to the deck of yonder corvette, when I crossed the steel of Mons. D'Arquilar, and he fell beneath my sword; when I led you up to the mouth of the enemy's cannon; when in the charge of the grenadiers, I stood breast to breast with the foe, my fusil overlapping the muzzle of my antagonist, and nothing but the treachery of his flint spared my life: tell me if a muscle was shaken to betray my fear! I am not a coward," he continued, striding across the rock in great agitation for a minute, and then becoming more composed, resumed his story. "Frustrated in my hope of forensic eminence, I commenced the practice of a counsellor. Here for some time I found employment which supported me, and I was slowly acquiring wealth. Sometimes I contemplated authorship, and I selected fiction as the peculiar department in which my knowledge of literature, and especially of the human heart, might be turned to account. I considered the proper object of fiction, and determined, through that enchanting medium, to read to my fellow men lessons of virtue, human life and character. Having collected materials and laid a plan for my book, I sketched several characters; but the work seemed so cold a transcript of the burning original in my own mind, that I threw it into the flames in disgust at the contrast. As I aimed at superiority, and as my admiration for the models in our classics was unbounded, my own performances seemed worse than childish.

Would to Heaven that I might blot out that period of my history which I am now about to relate! Two years ago, I took lodgings at the house of a very respectable widow. In her family, besides other children, was her daughter Emma, a blooming girl of seventeen. Her figure was light and graceful; her hair of the richest auburn, clustered closely in natural curls about her neck and temples, and her complexion of the sweetest carnation, changed its coloring with the rapidity of the aurora borealis' hues upon a winter evening sky. Emma was the picture of health, innocence and beauty. I often gazed upon this lovely maid with the same sentiments of admiration with which I always view the perfection of God's works, but with no other. The recollection of one of the sex, associated as it was with grief and disappointment, had disarmed beauty of its power to fascinate. As a diversion to my mind, after the severer studies of the day, I often read to the family from Shakspeare, dearest of authors. I could dilate for hours upon the tragic beauties of this

noble dramatist. Sometimes the cruel jealousy of the Moor was our theme ; we execrated the cold villainy of his ancient, and wept over the sufferings of gentle Desdemona. We read the barbarous Richard, and filled our minds with horror and detestation ; or perhaps we mused over the unhappy fates of Romeo and Juliet—Juliet, that most feminine of Shakspeare's characters, yet so unlike the majority of her sex : what an honest simplicity of heart, how generous and free to confess her love, how fond and faithful to her lover ! But Hamlet was my delight, for I fancied that I saw in his useless wisdom, the fatal indecision of his temper, his sensibility, and most of all, in the sufferings of his ingenuous mind, a likeness to myself. Emma listened to the enthusiastic language in which I always spoke when Shakspeare was the theme, with deep interest, and often the changing color of her cheek, the tear upon her eyelid, told her sweet sensibility. Would you believe it ? she loved me. I discovered the fact with surprise and regret. How should I, who was lost to love, have thought of being the object of another's tender affection ? One evening I entered the drawing-room and found Emma alone. I seated myself at one of the windows and looked forth upon nature, which shone in the freshness of vernal beauty. A gentle sigh woke me from my reverie. I looked around and detected my fair companion in tears. Surprised and melted at the sight, I kindly enquired the cause of her grief. She rose hastily to leave the room. I stepped before her, and gently taking her hand, pressed her to tell me her sorrows. It trembled violently in my clasp. The truth at once flashed upon my mind. What my countenance expressed I know not, but my heart was petrified. She timidly raised her eyes with a beseeching softness to my own, then suddenly turned pale as death and fainted. I rang for assistance, remained by her until consciousness returned, and then left the room. I immediately changed my lodgings, hoping thus to avoid the consequences of my imprudence. But the image of my unworthy self was too deeply graven on her heart ; consumption seized upon her delicate frame, she pined away for a few months and died ! I shall not attempt to describe my feelings ; but the bitter cup of my miseries was not yet full. She had a brother who loved her tenderly. He met me, inflamed with grief and rage, and charged me with having won his sister's love with villainous designs. Shocked and intoxicated with fury at the false imputation, I struck him a blow which maimed him for life. Oh my God ! why was I placed in society where every action, every fitful impulse of a wayward nature might be replete with fearful consequences to the happiness of fellow beings ! Was it not enough for me to bear my own griefs ; must I inflict misery upon others, and add the stings of remorse to a spirit already sufficiently wounded ?" His voice was stifled with his emotions. I

strove to calm his feelings ; telling him that as in the one case he had erred thoughtlessly, and in the other from passion excited by great provocation, I thought that he exaggerated his guilt. "Talk not to me of palliatives ! my mind has exhausted the subject in search of them to no purpose. I ought to have forgiven a frantic man, to whom I had been the cause of a cruel injury, and whose violence arose out of an affection pure as that of the angels—a brother's love for his sister. Remorse now entered my soul. I did what little lay in my power to mend an irreparable injury, and bestowed the small fortune I possessed upon the victim of my passionate act. 'Though nothing could have less merit than what I did, as it came far short of justice, yet the world has been pleased to call my conduct generous. There were acts of my life which were really so, but of them the world took no account. The noblest of our actions, my friend, must ever pass unnoticed by the gross vision of a world which judges of us only by what it sees. The more fiery trials of the spirit, self-denial, the magnanimous triumphs of the divinity within us over the degrading passions of our corrupt nature—these are witnessed only by Him who made us. Remorse increased the melancholy which preyed upon me, and I suffered that last and deepest curse of a sensitive mind ; to feel one's own enthusiasm gradually departing. A settled gloom came over me ; my faculties seemed locked up as in ice. To feel the searing effect of misfortune on the heart—to be forced to recall by memory's aid the sweet emotions we once *felt*—to compare the freshness and fervor of our youthful feelings with our present coldness and indifference—oh ! *this* is the death of the soul !

Disease has laid his paralyzing hand upon me, and I shall fall. My thoughts have lately soared towards my native skies. In the health and vigor of youth how little do we think on death ; but what a monitor is disease to remind us of our mortality ! A physician of eminence offered to cure me—as if the virtue of medicine could protect this frame against the eternal irritation of a spirit so restless as my own ! No, it will not be. This feverish existence is fast verging to its close ; and no overlaiden beast at the end of its journey, ever relinquished its load with greater satisfaction, than I shall resign the oppressive burden of life whenever the appointed time arrives—and it will come quickly. A voice from the skies has saluted my ears. Long lost relatives have reappeared, and my father's form has stood before my eyes, smiling as sweetly as when in infancy he used to receive me from my mother's arms.

' I see a hand you cannot see,
Which beckons me away ;
I hear a voice you cannot hear,
Which says I must not stay.'

'The wanderer will return !''

These last words were pronounced with deep solemnity, while his features seemed lighted with heavenly inspiration. He ceased, and rested his head upon a rock which overhung his seat. I was overwhelmed with my feelings. Who can stand unmoved amid the desolation wrought by winter upon the vernal glories of the year! And who can see a noble spirit borne down under the accumulated weight of real and imaginary woes, and feel no emotion! But what consolation could I offer to one whose comprehensive soul had already examined every source? I attempted to combat his superstition, advancing all the arguments I could think of against the popular belief in spectres.

"Can you, then," said he, "fix your eyes upon the illuminated vault above, and think there are no spirit forms inhabiting the regions of space? Do you acknowledge revelation, and will you deny me this additional proof of our immortality? Will you refuse me the pleasure of thinking that my sainted parents look down and weep, if spirits ever weep, over the afflictions of their unhappy son? I love to think that besides these weak spirits of ours wrapt in clay, I live in a universe of disembodied mind. To suppose that the Creator might suffer these unseen observers of our conduct to make themselves visible at pleasure, is as unreasonable as it is just to suppose that sometimes, for wise purposes, they may be allowed to address our bodily senses. With what enthusiasm of soul did those sages whose eyes were never blessed with the light of revelation, receive these intimations of an immortality which their aspiring natures longed for, but scarcely dared to hope! No, my friend, these feelings are born of religion, they arise from the divinity within us; and whatever may be the fears which they inflict upon a guilty conscience, whatever may be the impositions of the crafty upon the ignorant and credulous, they are the remains of that nature by which man was designed to commune with blessed spirits—

‘ When from the steep
Of echoing hill or thicket, oft were heard
Celestial voices to the midnight air,
Sole, or responsive each to other's note,
Singing their great Creator.’ ”

The siege of Quebec had now been prosecuted for some time with dubious success. The conduct of those noble chieftains, Wolfe and Montcalm, was like that of two valiant knights who have retired into the forest for the purpose of tilting, previous to the coming tournament. Europe would have rung with their martial deeds, had not envious fate cut them down in the spring-time of their youth and glory.

On the 6th of September we broke up our encampment at Montmorenci, and passed up the St. Lawrence to the island of Orleans. On the night of the 11th, it was whispered that we were on the eve of a decisive movement ; and at 1 o'clock on the morning of the following day, we were directed to get into our boats and drop silently down the current. The profoundest stillness had been enjoined, not a voice was heard, and our armament might have been taken for spectre boats as we glided down the stream by the dim starlight. An hour before dawn we stopped and moored our boats close to the shore, a mile and a half above the town. Here the banks of the river rise abruptly 200 feet, to the plain of Abraham, which is on a level with the rock of Quebec. We were commanded instantly to land and climb the steep. There was no enemy to oppose us except some picket guards, and these were scouted at our approach. When the first dawn began to streak up in the east, we had accomplished this dangerous enterprise ; our whole army had ascended, and we were filing off to the right and left in order of battle. The sun arose, and the dismayed Frenchman who had thought himself secure in his rock-bound fortress, saw the morning beams gayly reflected on the height from English steel and pennon. I have seen nature under various circumstances, but never with such mingled emotions as on that autumnal morning. Behind us lay the St. Lawrence, its waters dyed in crimson by the rising effulgence of day ; on our right rose the dusky walls and glittering spires of Quebec ; while before us spread out the broad plain of Abraham, skirted with ancient trees whose fading foliage betrayed the first approach of winter frosts. The army, elated with the prospect of success, thought themselves already amply repaid for their toils, and awaited with impatience the appearance of the enemy. My friend's countenance, which since his disclosure had worn an unusual serenity, now seemed irradiated with the lively glow of hope. The sun had half-way ascended a smoky Indian summer sky, when the main body of the French were seen crossing the river Charles at the left of Quebec, and at 9 o'clock the tops of their columns were visible upon the extremity of the field. The town also from its gates disgorged large bodies of troops, forming a long and magnificent array under its battlements. Presently the foe, who had halted to straighten his line, was in rapid motion, advancing towards us. Already frequent volleys interchanged between the advanced guards saluted our ears with the din of battle, and rolled dusky clouds of smoke along the plain. We were now ordered to move forward, with a slow and steady step, reserving our shot until the enemy were within forty yards. A sheet of fire was poured in upon us over the tops of some cornfields on our left, accompanied by the Indian war cry, but unheeding these diversions we kept our eyes steadily upon

the bristling columns directly before us. When the enemy had arrived within the fatal distance, five thousand triggers were pulled, and our line like a wall of fire rolled back upon them the tide of death. These discharges were repeated with dreadful effect; until confusion and carnage told how much the enemy was in arrears by the horrid exchange. We rushed forwards to the charge. We met as the tempests meet; and now instead of the roar of musketry, was heard the ringing of broadswords and the heavy thrust of bayonets. The French bravely withstood us for a minute, then reeled, broke their ranks and fled, and we swept them fiercely before us over the plain. When the heat of battle and pursuit was over, and none remained to contest the field except some bodies of Indians who fought and fled by turns along the skirts of the plain, I looked around for my friend, but he was missing. Taking some soldiers with me I hurried back over the field of the dead and dying. What cared I in my present emotions for the bleeding victims of war who lay on every hand—so selfish are we made even by our noblest affections. I found him. Among many others, on the spot where we had grappled with the foe, lay extended on the earth, the lifeless form of Lieut. W. An enemy's steel had pierced his heart. His hand still retained the sword which he wore, and which was red to the very hilt with blood. The breeze was playing with the locks upon his pale brow. His features were settled. I had often seen my friend smile during my acquaintance, but it was with an expression that sickened the heart of the beholder, and never had I witnessed such satisfaction on his countenance, as I there saw in that cold smile of death.

 SONNET.

TO COL. TRUMBULL.

HAIL! Patriot Painter! how the heart to thee,—
 As the eye gazes on thy canvass, teeming
 With visions, fair, as ever poets dreaming
 Imaged, with heroes dear to memory—
 Landscapes, that cause the spirit to return
 To those blessed scenes of Arcady long gone,
 When Praxiteles harmonized the stone,
 And Euehir's pencil made the canvass burn,—
 Thrills with delight, and on thine aged head
 Involuntarily blessings rich as heaven can give,
 Or man can pray for—that thou long may'st live—
 Friends may surround thee—Genius on thee shed
 Still brighter glories, and when life be done,
 The goddess may bear home her chosen one.

JAMES FENNIMORE COOPER.

Fiction is a likeness of Nature. When well drawn, it constitutes one of the noblest works of human intellect ; requiring in its perfection the acutely observing, and the philosophic mind ; indeed, the historian, the dramatist, the poet, and the student, are all united in the person of a good novelist. True, the world has seen few minds worthy of all these appellations, yet such we deem to be essential to the *perfect* portrayer of nature. Scott has become in this branch of literature the sun of the present age, and in him are combined more than in any other, the characteristics indispensable to eminence. In his writings we see the fancy of the poet, the narrative of the historian, the sagacity of an extremely acute mind, with the rare accompaniment of a thorough antiquarian, all perhaps predominating over any thing like philosophy. Hence, the liveliness of his tales, the quaint humor, and the entire absence of serious reflection, and scientific *denouement* of peculiar feelings and impulses. In Bulwer we see the philosopher, the dramatist, and the wit ; often lacking simplicity, occasionally, though more rarely, delicacy, and throughout his works exhibiting evidence of a vitiated taste and corrupt morals, in connection with the most brilliant emanations of genius. Irving and Brown, with the individual whose name graces the head of our article, are essentially the first writers of fiction whom America has produced, and are worthy of a high meed of national applause, as men of lofty talents, as individuals who have contributed to public pleasure and profit, and as those who have, in a great measure, built up and enriched our native literature. Of the three, none have in our opinion, aided more the furtherance of these several objects than Mr. Cooper. Irving has indeed attractively combined the simplicity of Addison, with a more delicate humor and superior beauty, (though perhaps inferior in originality to the great master of the Elizabethan age ;) but in his fictitious writings, he can hardly be called a purely American author. With a fancy of extraordinary richness, he has unfortunately wandered to the sunny clime of Andalusia, or sketched the character of the old English baron. His Dutch neighborhood has certainly given rise to some of his happiest efforts ; still we would have him, with a truly national pride, confine himself exclusively to our land, our habits and institutions ; if he ~~would~~ go back to the romantic days of its infancy, let him enlarge the sphere of his acquaintance, nor render himself obligated to the venerable Die-drich alone. Brown, too, cannot be regarded wholly an American writer ; his scenes were laid upon this side the Atlantic, but his

incidents and his characters were not strictly national ; he wrote as an European might write under American costume. His manner, from its gloom and sombre coloring, very nearly resembles that of Godwin, but is more varied and stirring in incident. His was a powerful and energetic mind ; he was, so to speak, a *philosophic* novelist, yet not like Bulwer turning from the true course of his story to indulge in the reflections of the closet, but his whole narrative is moulded under the influence of deep, inquiring thought ; the human mind—its waywardness, its capacities, with its entire dissection, form the interest of his tales.

Cooper we do not make the subject of remark, simply because we believe him most praiseworthy in his own department, but since he now occupies a very peculiar position in the world of letters. His reputation has had its ebb and flow—its flow and ebb ; the daily, weekly, monthly, and quarterly presses have teemed with their satirical abuses, until now the jaundiced mind of the nation has almost forgotten ‘the American novelist,’ the author of the ‘Spy,’ in the crazy originator of ‘Home as Found!’

Mr. Cooper was born in the town of Burlington, upon the Delaware, in the year 1789, whence he was removed at a very early age to Cooperstown, the settlement so beautifully described in the introduction to his tale of the ‘Pioneers,’ under the name of ‘Templeton. At thirteen* he became a member of this Institution, where he remained nearly three years, when he entered upon a seafaring life, the source doubtless of those impressions, which have so richly colored his much admired sketches of maritime adventure. Upon his marriage, he left the navy with which he had subsequently become connected, and settling amid the romantic scenery of Westchester, for a time employed himself conspicuously in the political affairs of his county, but soon sought a more enduring record for his genius. ‘Precaution,’ his first work of consequence, appeared about the year 1820, but was soon buried in obscurity, amid the thousand romances of a like description and equal worth, which were daily emanating from the English press. For this performance he gained but little merit. But in the following year the publication of the ‘Spy,’ at once established his name for ability, and gained for him abroad the appellation of the American novelist ; “a work which,” says he, in a letter to his bookseller, “was written to see if I could not overcome the neglect of the reading world. How far I have succeeded, Mr. Wiley,” continues he, “must ever remain a secret between ourselves.” As herein intimated, the sale of the work

* There is some doubt relative to his age upon entering College ; he was, however, very young, and hence doubtless the indiscretion which subsequently proved the cause of his dismissal. He was an ordinary scholar, and esteemed even at that period of youth a very fair writer.

proved to be enormous. English readers, notwithstanding the captivating power of the Great Unknown, which was then at its full height, still grasped with extraordinary eagerness the welcome volumes of the young Sir Walter, and hailed with joy the first true and native tale of the colonial soil. His countrymen did honor to his success, and even transatlantic critics applauded. Pleased with his triumph, our author published in the ensuing year a third, 'to please himself.' 'The Pioneers,' was however no less agreeable to the public than had been his former offering. The Pilot, the Last of the Mohicans, the Prairie, Lionel Lincoln, and the Wept of Wish-ton-Wish, all followed in rapid succession—all with an eminent degree of success. Lionel Lincoln alone was subjected to much severity of remark, while the others elicited the most flattering encomiums of the American, French, and British critics. Subsequently, at different periods of his life, he has presented to the public, his Water Witch and Red Rover; several stories of European extraction—the Bravo, Headsman, Heidenmauer, and the Monikins; with Notions of the Americans, by a Travelling Bachelor; Gleanings of Travel in England, Switzerland, France, and Italy; a Letter to the American People; and latterly, the two famous novels of Homeward Bound, and Home as Found, beside an elaborate and comprehensive history of the American Navy. Having thus hastily glanced at the rapid public career of our author, we propose to consider briefly his literary and personal character, and remark upon the injustice of the calumniations of late thrown upon him from every quarter, with the reasons which have rendered him so peculiarly obnoxious to the American press.

In forming the design of an American novel, Cooper entered upon an untrodden field; none had gone before, to make trial of its dangers, or test the congeniality of our western scenes with the true spirit of romance. Brown had, with sombre coloring, laid a few masterly strokes upon the pages of American fiction, but had not embalmed its genuine characteristics; he had never studied American character, either native or Saxon, and was a stranger to the true spirit of this western land. His sketches of savage nature are of the most gloomy dye, and resemble in their coloring more the untamed ferocity of the New Holland cannibal, than the more placid and perfect pictures of Cooper's portrayal. The question had been gravely propounded by the Quintilians of England,—could an American novel be written? and as gravely answered,—that the crude and imperfect state of our society, the lack of variety in its component parts, and above all the *monied* temper of our character, would long chill the efforts of the novelist. The condition of the aborigines, they admitted to be admirably adapted to the purposes of fiction, but denied the ingenuity of our countrymen to warp it to their designs, or so to enweave it

with the *mushroom* state of the people, as to give at once a pleasing and variegated picture. Their surprise was therefore no less than their disappointment, upon the perusal of those tales, which so pointedly and charmingly, represented the rich capabilities of the American clime.

In his portraiture of Indian character, Cooper has been eminently successful ; in wild, tumultuous strife, and the calm deliberative quiet of the council fire, he has shown himself alike acquainted with his subject. Avoiding the error of Brown, in painting too deeply and darkly the predominant traits of the savage, he may perhaps be found guilty at times of veering to the other extreme, and of giving a false and unreal tractability to his manners. The young Uncas, of the Mohican story, is sometimes too tame for his royal blood, and lacks the fiery and vindictive spirit of the true-hearted Indian ; Chingachgook, of the same tale, is however an admirable picture, and represents to the life, the generosity—the deep, rankling passion, with the wakeful spirit of his race. The fierce Magua is a sterner drawing, perhaps too cruel and unrelenting ; but the three present a group of master workmanship, exhibiting the wildest and the tamest freaks of savage life. Canonchet, of the Wept of Wish-ton-Wish, is also a portrait of nature's child, and presents a bold and pleasing contrast to the puritanic gravity of the Heathcote family. Indeed, in many of his most pleasing narratives, we find the Indian habits all so closely interwoven with the tale, as to constitute one of its chief charms, and to excite a most feverish anxiety in the development of their wily plots. In the character of the borderer, however, does our author most excel. The untamed hunter, who by long and continuous pillage of the forests has conceived a disgust for the usages of civilized life ; who is constantly fretting at the onward march of improvement and the encroachment of new settlements upon his wide domains ; who can take up his abode in the wilderness, and brave the dangers and disquietudes of a forest life ; who possesses from early acquaintance the cunning of the savage, with the dextrous management of the hunter's deadly weapon ;—such is Mr. Cooper's favorite portrait, and such properly the hero of his finest stories. This is the 'Longue Carabine' of the Mohicans, the 'Leather-Stocking' of the Pioneers, the 'Trapper' of the Prairie ; and after the same model is drawn 'Long Tom Coffin,' and the 'Rover' of the waters. Into these he throws a genuineness of feeling, a natural disposition, a blunt, honest purpose, which attract and sustain a thrilling interest throughout.

In the intercourse of loves and lovers, Mr. Cooper is decidedly in difficulty ; whether he lacks an inspiring sentiment, or fails in vivifying his own emotions, we will not pretend to say. Certain it is, that he is stiff and unnatural ; indeed, in all the intercourse

of refined society, and in his pictures of female tenderness, he succeeds with far less effect than in his bolder sketches. The interviews of Cora Muro with Uncas,—the meekness of poor Dame Heathcote, and the social chats recorded at the Wharton mansion, are perhaps the finest delineations of this character. In his subordinate actors, introduced for the mere unravelling of the plot, he often fails. We feel their presence irksome, and they marvelously impede the true course of the story. In this respect, we cannot but observe a striking difference between Scott and our author; the former, happily rendering such personages the medium of communicating additional beauty, and interest; while Cooper, seems to drag them in as burdensome, yet necessary accompaniments of the machinery of his tale. Scott infuses animation into every character, scene and incident; we are satisfied with our situation, under whatever circumstances he may place us: Cooper has created all the interest dependent upon two or three characters, in pursuit of whom we are ever eager, and deem interruptions from other sources disagreeable and tedious. But to atone for this defect, our author has kept us almost constantly in view of his heroes, and by the tide of thronging incidents, sustains the interest as effectually as Scott in his boldest efforts. In description, Cooper is eminent; he paints natural scenery with beauty and grandeur, and its only occasional fault is the indistinctness of the outline, whereby we are unable to form very perfect conceptions of his view. In domestic and personal portraiture, he is always successful—clear and striking. He depicts character with power and vigor.

In the progress and unfolding of the plot, consists his great failure. He seems to have begun in many instances, with no conception of the end he was approaching, and thrown in his incidents and coincidents, as circumstances required. Indeed this seems to us by far the more charitable, as well as plausible supposition; for surely he never would deliberately, have admitted such gross violations, of what he sneeringly calls the ‘keeping’ of his plots, as is observable in the *Prairie*. Many indeed are free from so aggravated fault, but none are distinguished for the nicety of their design. As illustrative of many of the beauties, and some of the faults we have noticed, we take the liberty of quoting two passages from the *Mohican narrative*.* The first is the scout’s description of Glenn’s Falls, where the little party of the tale are hidden.

“In what part of the falls are we?” asked Heyward.

“Why, we are nigh by the spot that Providence first placed them at, but where, it seems, they were too rebellious to stay. The rock proved softer on either side

* *The Last of the Mohicans; A Narrative of 1757.* Carey & Lea, Phil. 1833.

of us, and so they left the centre of the river bare and dry, first working out these two little holes for us to hide in."

"We are then on an island?"

"Ay! there are the falls on two sides of us, and the river above and below. If you had daylight, it would be worth the trouble to step up on the height of this rock, and look at the perversity of the water. It falls by no rule at all; sometimes it leaps, sometimes it tumbles; there, it skips; here, it shoots; in one place 'tis white as snow, and in another 'tis green as grass; hereabouts, it pitches into deep hollows, that rumble and quake the 'arth; and thereaway, it ripples and sings like a brook, fashioning whirlpools and gullies in the old stone, as if 'twas no harder than trodden clay. The whole design of the river seems disconcerted. First it runs smoothly, as if meaning to go down the descent as things were ordered; then it angles about and faces the shores: nor are there places wanting, where it looks backward, as if unwilling to leave the wilderness, to mingle with the salt! Ay, lady, the fine cobweb-looking cloth you wear at your throat, is coarse, and like a fish net, to little spots I can show you, where the river fabricates all sorts of images, as if, having broke loose from order, it would try its hand at every thing. And yet what does it amount to! After the water has been suffered to have its will for a time, like a headstrong man, it is gathered together by the hand that made it, and a few rods below you may see it all, flowing on steadily towards the sea, as was foreordained from the first foundation of the 'arth.'—Vol. I, pp. 75, 76.

The second extract, is from a scene after the escape of the party from the Maquas, through the agency of Hawk-eye and Chingachgook. David Gamut, a meddler in psalm tunes and religious notions, is reproving his friend the scout, for uttering what he conceives to be inconsistent with a right doctrinal belief, and asks for 'warranty of such an audacious statement, in any of the holy books.'

"Book!" repeated Hawk-eye, with singular and ill-concealed disdain; do you take me for a whimpering boy, at the apron string of one of your old gals; and this good rifle on my knee for the feather of a goose's wing, my ox's horn for a bottle of ink, and my leather pouch for a cross-barred handkercher of yesterday's dinner! Book! what have such as I, who am a warrior of the wilderness, though a man without a cross, to do with books! I never read but in one, and the words that are written there are too simple and too plain to need much schooling; though I may boast that of forty long and hard working years."

"What call you the volume?" said David, misconceiving the other's meaning.

"'Tis open before your eyes," returned the scout; "and he who owns it is not a niggard of its use. I have heard it said, that there are men who read in books, to convince themselves there is a God! I know not but man may so deform his works in the settlements, as to leave that which is so clear in the wilderness, a matter of doubt among traders and priests. If any such there be, and he will follow me from sun to sun, through the windings of the forest, he shall see enough to teach him that he is a fool, and that the greatest of his folly lies in striving to rise to the level of one he can never equal, be it in goodness, or be it in power."—Vol. I, pp. 169, 170.

Meantime, David adjusts his iron rimmed spectacles, and as the forester concludes, lifting his eyes, together with his voice, he

aid aloud, "I invite you, friends, to join in praise for this signal deliverance from the hands of barbarians and infidels, to the comfortable and solemn tones of the tune, called 'Northampton.' "

The Pilot, the Last of the Mohicans, and the Pioneers, we consider the best of our author's productions, notwithstanding the decided preference of many for the Prairie, the Heathcote story, and the Rover of the seas. The Bravo has also been well received by the public, and is the only one of which Mr. Cooper avows, 'he is not at times ashamed.' The Heidenmauer is poor, as also in an eminent degree his two last sea novels. Many of his fictitious works have been translated into the French, German, Italian, Polish and Russian tongues, and have, in every quarter of the globe, richly entitled him to the well earned name of *the* American novelist.

Such are some of his most characteristic points as a writer of fiction. Amid the wild and untried fastnesses of the American forests, his fertile imagination has depicted scenes of genuine beauty and interest; the broad prairie, with its roving squadrons of man and beast, he has painted with a *naivete*, almost rivalling the much admired pieces of his distinguished countryman Irving. In the bloody and fierce struggles of the American savage, he has attained unequal success: now, he leads us among the towering crags of some bold upland scenery, where every leaf is stirring with the tread of a lurking foe; and now we are abroad in the van of the fight,—our feelings wrought up to an intensity of interest, in watching the deadly struggles of the brutal savage. Again, we are toiling through some mountain dell,—an Indian guide is threading the bosom of the trickling rivulet, at times impeding its little flow, by the fallen leaves of autumn, and leaning down to scan the impress of each footprint upon the pearly sands; now, the deadly yell bursts fearfully upon our ear, and before we are aware, the red faced warrior is peering from behind each tree of the forest! In such portraiture, our author is at home; herein he especially excels—this has won him unfading laurels at home and abroad. But again,

"His home is on the deep,"

and with thrilling interest, does he weave his tales of naval life. The loss of the Ariel, the stern and unerring judgment of Wilder, the perfect picture of a son of Neptune in old 'Tom Coffin,' are excellent, and have thrown a garb of enchantment about these works which render them perhaps more pleasing than his efforts upon the land. But the novels of Mr. Cooper are commendable in another point of view,—the high moral tone which pervades, render them doubly worthy the regard of his countrymen. He does not like Bulwer, unite in the person of his heroes, a high sense of honor, and a noble intellect, with the most debasing

vices; he does not, like him, seek to throw a wizard veil of attractiveness—a deep felt interest, about the blackest ~~and most~~ obdurate heart. He is not guilty of Marryatt's predominant fault—picturing in his heroes the careless, profane profligate, and kindling half his mirth out of the very blasphemy of his subjects. He has not thrown that licentious coloring about his most depraved actors, which so eminently characterizes the rovings of 'Roderick Random;' and he has carefully avoided that grossness and indelicacy, which materially impair the beauties of the great work of Fielding.*

About the year 1828 appeared the 'Notions of the Americans, by a Travelling Bachelor,' in which Mr. Cooper presented himself under a new garb. The manner is easy and graceful, in the epistolary form, and united with some errors and discrepancies, contains many well drawn arguments, and much sound reasoning. In his reports of travel, he fell into an error, to which we conceive every novelist must be exposed, who attempts a similar task,—exaggerated pictures, and a total reliance upon his tried powers of narrative and description, thereby discarding that *noting down* of incidents, which has rendered famous our countryman Stephens. The author's name, even, did not prove a sufficient warrant for the general perusal of these volumes.

His 'Letter to the American People' was of the same general style as his 'Bachelor,' although of a highly different character, as we shall take occasion to remark. The Naval History of Mr. Cooper is an acquisition of no little moment to our native literature, and at intervals he discovers in it a perfect revival of his former graphic power. The naval engagement on Lake Erie, with the escape of the Constitution from the British convoy, are pieces of very fine description. The work has been received with general favor upon this side of the Atlantic, but England little relishes the details of her vanquished prowess.

Of the personal character of Mr. Cooper, there have been very many and diverse opinions. He certainly is an individual of most variable temper, as has appeared in his long connection with the American public. Highly pleased with his manifest success in his earlier works, he by no means attempted to conceal his real feelings, but generously admits in the preface to one of his earlier productions, that 'he is delighted with the public,' inasmuch as they are pleased with his tale, (the Spy,) and 'hopes that this reciprocity of good will may long continue.' In Europe he is a sterling republican; jealous, perhaps foolishly so, of all slight, and imagining every one possessed of an ill-concealed disdain for any thing of cisatlantic origin. Hence, he is exceedingly sus-

* Tom Jones.

picious, manifests an unbecoming effrontery in many situations, and very probably, vanity. But however strongly Mr. Cooper may have been assailed by this charge, we believe that at that period of his life, before his disposition was soured by the calumniations of his countrymen and foreigners, all apparent conceit, was the fruit rather of a high regard for his own nation, and a lofty, though inconsiderate sense of any aggression upon her renown, than his own self-sufficiency. Certain it is, that Mr. Lockhart, whatever may have been the course of our author, did great dishonor to his own name, and *if possible*, to the fame of the Quarterly, in his most slanderous, gross, and vulgar abuse of Cooper's 'England.' The 'Notions of the Americans,' appearing about the same period, was generally well received by his countrymen, notwithstanding its thorough democratic sentiments, were a source of considerable uneasiness to some, both at home and abroad ; and in general, it was thought a worthy and fit representation of the character and prospects of our government. His panegyric was deemed by many, even among us, extravagant, and by foreigners eminently so. Indeed its reception abroad was by no means gratifying to him, and the *soi-disant* manner with which this and many of his subsequent works, were received by the American critics, immediately disturbed the placidity of his temper ; and like a petted child for the first time denied the gratification of its wishes, his fury and unchecked passion at once burst forth into an open storm of rebellion, which has not yet entirely subsided. His 'Letter to the Americans,' was the first intimation of an attack. French, British, as well as our own reviewers, all came under the ban of his excited feelings, and with the most improvident folly did he calumniate the whole class of American readers, reviled their subserviency to foreign opinions, and entered madly into an open contest with certain unknown individuals who had severely criticised his performances through the medium of the daily print ! He moreover united himself with distinguishable zeal to one of the great political parties of the day, thus rendering himself again obnoxious to the shafts of his foes ; and latterly has produced two novels, of the same tone and spirit of the Letter, containing naught of the beauties of his former works, either in descriptions of sea life, or in the portraiture of original character, but mere base and deceitful caricatures of individuals from several classes of our mixed society.

Such is the disaffection which has laid bare the character of our author to unlimited censure ; conduct which has aroused feelings of unmitigated hate, and subjected him to the most cruel of abuses. Forgetful of all his favors, and the blandishments of former days.—the sweet and never dying charms with which he has enrobed the glorious features of American scenery, and in which he has embalmed the stirring recollections of our border strug-

forget the slanders of an abusive press, or if he cannot for-
place himself above their imputations, and nerve himself for
trials; we would bid him write for his country, if not for
country's people—write 'for himself,' and trust to his own
insic merit, for retrieving the name and fame of the *great
erican novelist*.

ut we must take leave of Mr. Cooper; and we do it with re-
ance, hoping that he may live a green old age; hoping and
ting that the 'reciprocity of feeling.' between himself and the
erican people, may revive with tenfold power; and that, as he
ls forth the welcome tributes of his genius to a grateful pub-
he may with the presentation of each successive offering, ex-
n in the plenitude of his heart—

"To-morrow to fresh streams, and pastures new!"

I.

FAIRY LAND.

rflight, moonshine, dew, and spring-perfumes, are the elements of these tender spirits;
sist nature in embroidering her carpet with green leaves, many-colored flowers, and daz-
asects; while in the human world they merely sport in a childish and wayward manner
beir beneficent influences."—*Schlegel*.

I.

THE signal star from its silent tower,
Hath shot its ray through the sapphire sky,
And the spirits who love the starlit hour,
Know that the time of their meeting's nigh.
The moon is out in her path of blue,
And sheds o'er the earth her paly beams;
The fiery choirs their dance pursue,
And 'neath the light of their twinkling gleams,
The fairies throng to their elfin hall,
To join in the merry festival.

They leave the shades of their woven bowers,
Their homes in the forest, and grot, and dell,
And soft retreats in the balmy flowers,
Sparkling e'er with the nightly showers
Of silver tears from the stars that fell,—
Away they hasten where'er they dwell,
From emerald vale and wood-crowned mountain,
From amber river and mossy cell,
From coral cavern and laughing fountain.

Some glide over the spell-bound deep,
With pearly shell for their flying boat;
Others in lotus-leaf vessels sweep
O'er streamlets lull'd by the gale to sleep,
And some on the white-winged nautilus float.

Some dart by on the centipede,
 Fleet as the shaft of the lightning riven;
 Some mount the spirited fire-fly steed,
 And spur him on to the dizzy speed,
 Of the meteor-flash in the heaven.
 Others are riding the ambient air
 In chariots woven of gossamer;
 Their tiger-moth coursers strong and bold,
 Sprightly beating their jewelled wings,
 Purpled with scarlet and azure and gold,
 Prance on with their fiery curvetings;
 Their bits they champ, their feet they stamp—
 The air with their gallant pawing rings.

All are hastening to answer the call
 Of the fairy-queen to her magic hall.
 Fairy, elf, and sprite, and fay,
 Spirits of earth, and air, and sea—
 All are thronging in glad array,
 To join the moonlight revelry.

II.

Sweetly the stars are smiling on
 The fairies' spell-wrought, mystic grot,
 For they have ne'er looked down upon
 A lovelier, a more dream-like spot.
 Behind, huge cliffs stupendous rise,
 Piercing the blue depths of the skies—
 Crag over crag in grandeur piled,
 Rock upon rock sublimely wild;
 Umbered by many a chasm brown,
 Where startling Mystery seems to frown—
 And on the highest peak afar,
 Pale Dian rests her silver car.

Down from the foremost toppling steep,
 Impetuous bounds a dashing stream,
 Whose glittering surges, as they sweep
 From rock to rock with furious leap,
 Like molten opal brightly gleam,
 And scatter foam-wreaths to the night,
 Tinted with hues of rainbow light.
 Wild music from its rushing swells,
 Like the clear chime of crystal bells;
 And when its waters gain the plain,
 With silvery arms they clasp around
 The vale where lies the fays' domain,
 Within a ring of magic ground.

Here the soft turf of emerald hue,
 Is spangled with its pearly dew;
 And o'er it graceful trees are bending,
 Their wreathed boughs to the earth descending.

Light breezes wave their flowing tresses,
Wooing the leaflets with caresses ;
Or seek the blossoms that have spread
 Their trembling beauties to the air,
And on their soft forms bosomed,
 Wanton in gentle dalliance there,
Then hasten to the fays' retreat,
And thither waft each stolen sweet.

Green vines are intertwining o'er
 The entrance to that deep recess ;
And 'mid the leaves a golden store
 Of grapes lie bathed in loveliness ;
O'er which with rosy fingers twine,
The blossoms of the gay woodbine.
Steeped in the moonshine's magic ray,
 Each fibred leaf, each purple cluster,
Each slender tendril, fluttering spray,
 Is kindled to a glowing lustre,
Till all, in beauty interlaced,
Seem o'er a sheet of silver traced.

With nature's living jewels set,
 The sward within that blythe retreat,
Breathes odors from the violet,
 The anemone and lily sweet,
And all the blossoms bright that meet
In the flower-spirit's coronet.

While fretted with stylactites,
Pure e'en as dew-drops when they freeze,
Above, the grotto's archway glows ;
Gemmed gorgeously with dazzling rows
Of carbuncle and amethyst,
 And orient ruby clear, serene,
Which by the stellar sparkles kiss'd,
 Twinkling the crevices between,
Blaze forth in ruddy rays, and throw
 A beamy roseate veil of light,
In mellowed radiance soft as bright,
Like a rich blush o'er all below ;
 Making things lovely as a dream
Of paradise e'en lovelier seem.

The softest, airiest draperies,
That elfin art can bid arise,
Of woven incense loosely wave
Down from the bright roof of the cave,
And gracefully in light folds fall
O'er each gem-studded, glittering wall ;
So delicately fine and slight,
 (More flexible than gossamer,)
That e'en the gentlest breath of night

Its floating texture serves to stir.
 It rises on each scented gale,
 And waves o'er gems of worth untold
 Beneath, which through their gauzy veil
 Seem softer beauties to unfold.
 And in the center from on high,
 It forms a silken canopy
 O'er the resplendent crystal throne,
 The fairy-queen may mount alone.

Here in their bright enchanted seat,
 Their journeys o'er, the fairies meet ;
 And while they wait their coming queen,
 With tripping measures rove the green ;
 Or chase the starbeams to and fro,
 As dancing o'er the flowers they go ;
 Or quaff the glistening dew-drop up,
 That gems the lily's snowy cup ;
 Or from the fragrant blossoms sip,
 The sighs that warm each rosy lip.

III.

Hark ! along the still hushed air
 Those dulcet strains celestial swelling,
 Heavenly preludes that declare
 The queen draws nigh th' enchanted dwelling.
 Now harmoniously they rise,
 In tones of mystic melodies ;
 Now float, and melt, and die away,
 In cadences too soft to stay ;
 Then solemnly and slowly gushing,
 The thrilling symphonies prolong ;
 Mount aloft, then wildly rushing,
 Like a loud triumphal song.

She comes ;—her white-night butterflies
 Soar onward through the welkin blue ;
 With fleet wings starred with myriad eyes,
 They bear along in fairy guise,
 Her pearly car of roseate hue.

Her elfin locks of gold are flowing
 In tiny ringlets, o'er a brow
 And cheek ethereal fair, and glowing
 With that sweet smile which spirits know,
 And only pure bliss can bestow ;
 Which kindles in her soft blue eye,
 With such a placid witchery.

She raises in her little fingers
 Her wand, and waves it thrice on air ;
 The car has vanished, but she lingers

To gaze upon those bright forms there,
 As true to her as they are fair ;
 Then onward glides from flower to flower,
 Along her velvet pathway spread,
 Scarce brushing off their dewy shower
 Beneath her gentle, lightsome tread ;
 Fair blossoms springing up to meet
 The pressure of her tiny feet.

Her waving robe of amianth wove,
 And like the snow by moonlight gleaming,
 With her soft tresses from above,
 Are both upon the zephyr streaming ;
 The robe's light folds together pressed,
 And circled by a zone of fringe,
 Of plumage from the hum-bird's breast,
 Tinted with every iris tinge ;
 And her bright ringlets scarce confin'd,
 Struggling with every rising wind,
 To burst their clasping bandalet,
 With sheeny, starlike brilliants set.

Thus radiant clad, a vision bright,
 She bursts upon the fairies' sight,
 Who raise a shout of elfin glee,
 Their lov'd and lovely queen to see ;
 Then at her feet in reverence bow ;
 And while with stately steppings now,
 She mounts the throne, they chant on high
 Their songs of homage-minstrelsy.

P. S. P.

ANCIENT SCIENCE.

No. II.

“In the history of the sciences, the history of the world seemeth to me
 as the statue of Polyphemus with his eye out, that part being wanting
 most show the spirit and life of the person.”—*Bacon*.

GREECE—ABSTRACT SCIENCE.

Pure geometry has been justly called the most perfect of
 sciences. This perfection it owes to a people, who, so
 being absorbed in merely scientific pursuits, have been
 in all subsequent ages as models of taste in poetry and all
 imitative arts. Indeed, it is to the pure and chaste ima-
 ge of the Greeks that we must ascribe the beautiful sym-
 metry and simplicity of their geometry. The modern analysis
 is more powerful and more rapid, and its conclusions far above

the highest of the ancient analysis ; but nothing either in ancient or modern times can surpass the investigations of the Greek geometers in clearness, precision, and elegance, or compare with them as finished specimens of exact logical deduction. And though their works have been sadly defaced by the injuries of time and barbarism, yet it will be allowed with Leslie, that the remnants we now possess, "will be regarded by every person capable of appreciating their beauty, as some of the noblest monuments of human genius."

Geometry is almost the only branch of mathematics with which the ancients were acquainted ; and to trace its history in Greece alone is to trace it from its infancy to its highest maturity. Before Thales, it was little more than a "scheme of mensuration" among the Egyptians, and so limited in its principles, that by no means could it be called a science ; from the hands of Apollonius it came forth not only a science, but almost a perfect science.

Thales, of Miletus, (born 640, A. C.,) the author of the Ionian sect of philosophers, was ranked among the seven sages ; perhaps not so much for his mathematical knowledge as for his system of philosophy and theory of the origin of the world. Yet his discoveries in geometry are worthy of great praise ; for however simple the propositions he demonstrated, and however easily understood now that they are discovered, the first discovery itself was the work only of an active and ingenious mind. He proved that "vertical angles are equal ; that the angles at the base of an isosceles triangle are equal ; and that the angle in a semicircle is a right angle"—important discoveries in the infancy of the science. he was also the first to employ the circle in the measurement of angles. Nor could these truths have been all that were known at that time, for we are told that Anaximander, whom Cicero calls the friend and companion of Thales, formed a connected series of geometrical truths, which now form a large part of Euclid's first book ; and among all the ancient writers the philosopher of Miletus is spoken of as a "learned geometer."

Pythagoras, of Samos, lived about fifty years after Thales ; but as the latter lived to the great age of ninety years, the Samian sage had an opportunity of becoming his pupil. From Thales it is probable that he learned the first principles of geometry which that philosopher knew, and added them to those which he himself afterwards brought from his travels in Egypt and the east. Though he has always had the reputation of a great original inventor in the mathematics, it is difficult to tell what were his own discoveries. Among other things ascribed to him, is the famous "forty-seventh" of Euclid ; and it is generally related, that on the discovery of it, he sacrificed a hecatomb to the gods—a very fine story, it is true, which has been repeated by compilers and authors "*ad nauseam*," and discredited by the best authori-

ties. As to the hecatomb, Cicero says that it was contrary to the Pythagorean institutions, which did not admit of animal sacrifices; and Leslie, from the authorities which he possessed, concludes that "the proposition was brought by Pythagoras from the east." It is certain, however, from the reputation he enjoyed among the ancients themselves, that he must have excelled either in his attainments or his discoveries in geometry. He had some wild notions with regard to the powers of numbers, but for the present we pass them over, as our object is now to trace that which really belongs to science, and to cast aside whatever was extraneous, however curious. It is sufficient to mention that his system of philosophy was distinguished by its mathematical characteristics, and gave to his school the name of *mathematical*.

One hundred years after Pythagoras, Hippocrates, of Chios, compiled the first elementary treatise on geometry; certainly an important step, as it must have contributed much to the stability of the science. It was in his time that the famous problem relative to the "duplication of the cube," engaged the attention of geometers. It is said that the Delphic oracle, when asked by the Athenians how a pestilence then raging in their city might be removed, replied, *double the altar*. As the altar was a perfect cube, it immediately became a problem to determine the dimensions of a cube of twice its solid contents—which afterwards was known as "the Delian problem." Though it was not then solved, (for its solution even at the present day is not due to the pure geometry, but to the more universal calculus,) yet Hippocrates in his pursuit discovered some important principles connected with the solution; and this problem, as also that of the trisection of an angle and the squaring the circle, became famous in the Platonic school which immediately followed. Among the many beautiful discoveries made by the ancients in their attempts to solve these unsolvable questions, are the properties of the *lunulæ*, first observed by Hippocrates, which may be thus stated: If semicircles be described on the three sides of a right-angled triangle, the two exterior lunulæ or crescents formed on the perpendicular sides, will together be equal to the area of the triangle. This was considered at first as a property which would immediately lead to the squaring of the circle, inasmuch as circular spaces are here made to equal a rectilinear space; but it was soon found that this isolated case had no bearing upon the solution of that great question.

The next cultivator of mathematical science we find in the 'academic groves,' where in a spot adorned with statues and temples, surrounded with high trees, and intersected by a gentle stream, the "Homer of philosophy" studied and taught the principles of science, and of moral and political wisdom. Plato considered geometry as the first essential in the study of philosophy; as is shown by the well known inscription which he placed over

the door of his school: *Ὀδδεις ἀγεμιστρῆτος εἰσιτω*. Here, three hundred years after, in the rigid discipline of Plato, studied the poet Horace; who thus speaks of his residence at Athens:

“Adjecere bonæ paulo plus artis Athenæ,
Scilicet ut possem curvo dignoscere rectum,
Atque inter silvas Academi quærere verum.”—*Ep. II. 2, 43.*

It appears from this that the school still retained its mathematical characteristic, although the poet mentions it in his usual satirical manner.

Before Plato the circle was the only curve that employed the speculations of men of science, but with him or in his school, originated a new and interesting branch of geometry—conic sections, which was most ardently seized upon by the scientific men of the day, and soon reduced to system; Aristæus only twenty years after the discovery wrote a treatise on the sections of a cone in five books. Plato, however, as a mathematician, has derived most of his fame from the fact that he is the first who is known to have employed the *geometrical analysis*, which is the method of discovering a demonstration by first assuming a proposition as true and then reasoning back to some simple or known truth. Having thus arrived at a fundamental principle, this is made the basis of the demonstration, and by reversing the order of the analytical investigation, we have at once the direct proof. Thus the first book of Euclid may be said to be an inversion of the analytical investigation of the forty seventh proposition, as in fact, a great part of the theorems may be inferred by assuming this one as true, and making proper analytical deductions. “The method of geometrical analysis,” says a distinguished mathematician of modern times, “constitutes the most valuable part of the ancient mathematics, inasmuch as a method of discovering truth is more valuable than the truths it has already discovered. Unfortunately, however, the fragments containing this precious remnant have suffered more from the injuries of time than any other.” Though all of the Grecian mathematicians were acquainted with this analysis, it seems to have been cultivated with most success by Apollonius, of whom we shall more particularly speak hereafter. It was not until about the end of the fifteenth century that this lost science again appeared, when Werner (having no book but the *data* of Euclid from which he could derive any information concerning the geometrical analysis) resolved by means of it Archimedes’ problem of cutting a sphere into two segments having a given ratio to another. But to return to the times of Plato; we find Archytas, from whom it seems that Plato derived his first knowledge of geometry. He was distinguished in almost every branch of philosophy and science, and was held in such estimation by his countrymen that he was seven times

chosen general and governor of Tarentum, contrary to an express law. He has the merit of having first (contrary to the spirit of the ancients generally) applied the mathematics to practical purposes; but the results of his labors have not come down to us, as he perished by shipwreck, and with him all his works except a treatise on the universe. To his body thrown upon the shore, Horace addresses the beautiful ode, commencing thus:

“Te maris et terræ numeroque carentis arenæ
 Mensorem colibent, Archyta,
 Pulveris exigui prope litus parva Matinum
 Munera: nec quidquam tibi prodest
 Ærias tentasæ domos, animoque rotundum
 Percurrisse polum, morituro.”

Aristotle, though generally known only as the founder of the Peripatetic sect, and a copious writer on logic, rhetoric, ethics, and metaphysics, nevertheless cultivated to a considerable extent the abstract sciences; an entire book of geometrical propositions, said to have been invented by him, has been collected by a commentator on his works. His contemporary, Eudoxus, principally distinguished as an astronomer, but also not unknown as a geometer, studied in Egypt together with Plato, and on his return to Athens, opened a school, “which he supported with so much glory and renown, that even Plato is said to have envied him.” He composed “elements of geometry,” from which, says Proclus, Euclid very liberally borrowed.

But we now come to the most brilliant period of Grecian geometry. Euclid, Archimedes, and Apollonius, by their successive labors, (which began and ended with the third century before the Christian era,) carried the pure geometry almost to its perfection. Its elementary truths were arranged and digested by Euclid into the most admirable order, and explained and demonstrated with such elegance and clearness, “that,” says Playfair, “no similar work of superior excellence has appeared even in the present advanced state of the science.” The exact time of Euclid’s birth is unknown; but his well known reply, “there is no royal road to geometry,” is said to have been given to the first Ptolemy, from which data the era in which he flourished is fixed at A. C. 300. His was the first mathematical school instituted in Alexandria, a city which had just been built by the great conqueror of the east, from whom it received its name, to take its stand immediately as the center of learning of the civilized world; a dignity which it retained in all branches of knowledge, but especially in astronomy and mathematics, from the time of Euclid to that of its conquest by the Saracens in the seventh century.

Here studied the prince of ancient mathematics, Archimedes; who, though a pupil of Euclid, was eminently his superior in

genius and attainments. We know of none that can be compared with this wonderful man, except the illustrious Newton, whom he much resembles in some of the characteristics of his mind. Both pursued nearly the same branches of philosophy; both were deeply versed in the sciences of astronomy, geometry, mechanics, optics; in all of which both produced many great and important inventions. In the present connection we are to look upon Archimedes only as a mathematician; but even here it is impossible within our limits to do him justice; "a whole volume might be written," says Hutton, "upon the curious methods and inventions that appear in his mathematical writings now extant only." He was the first who found the areas of spaces included by curved lines, (excepting Hippocrates, whose discovery was confined to the properties of the lunulæ mentioned above.) He has left us the quadrature of the parabola, the elegant proposition that "every sphere is two thirds of the circumscribing cylinder," with many others respecting the relations of spheres, spheroids, and conoids to cylinders and cones. His most celebrated work is that on the quadrature of the circle, in which he makes the first approximation to the ratio of the circumference to the diameter. It is a curious fact that he made an observation, which followed out might have led him, as it afterwards did Napier, to the invention of logarithms. He remarked, that if we place in two columns side by side, a regularly ascending arithmetical and a regularly ascending geometrical series, we can multiply any two terms of the latter simply by *adding* the corresponding terms of the former and finding the sum in the first column; opposite to which in the second column will be found the required product. It only remained for Napier to discover that this facility in a particular case could be extended to all numbers whatever; and we cannot doubt that had Archimedes lived in the time of Napier, (when facilities in arithmetical computation were so much sought after on account of the increasing intricacy of trigonometrical and astronomical processes,) he would not have failed to have made this discovery.

In estimating the genius of such men as Archimedes, Napier, Newton, we must take into account the ages in which they lived. Should a Thales at the present day discover that the angle in a semicircle is a right angle, or any two or three propositions in Euclid's elements, neither his own age nor posterity would think of him as of a great improver in geometry. Pascal, it is true, did something like this when but a boy; but Pascal would have been forgotten had he done no more. The progress of discovery is gradual; it is seldom that a great invention comes to light long before it is absolutely necessary to the progress of science. Hints of the theory of gravitation were gradually accumulating before the year 1666; the true system of the universe had begun to gain

adherents, its laws were discovered, and science only waited for a Newton to complete the demonstration by gathering all the known facts under the principle of universal gravitation. Had any one in the time of Pythagoras suggested the theory of gravitation, it would, like his solar system, have been regarded as visionary ; or at least it would have been of little service to science, for she was not then prepared to establish it by an extensive induction.

The same observations might be extended to the invention of fluxions, hints of which are also found in writers before Newton. Geometry had come to a stand ; it had in one direction, perhaps reached an impassable limit ; and the eyes of science were turned in search of some new method ; the well known result was the simultaneous invention of the method of increments by both Newton and Leibnitz. In short, the science of fluxions was *needed*, and it was therefore discovered ; but before this necessity it could not have appeared. Thus, also, logarithms could not have been discovered in the times of Archimedes ; and it is certainly an unfair conclusion, to say that a mathematician or philosopher was a greater man *merely* because his discoveries are of a higher order. To return, then, from this digression and come to the inference we would draw from it, we think that a consideration of the actual discoveries of the philosopher of Syracuse, in connection with the age in which he lived, will stamp him as *the greatest mathematical genius that has ever lived*. If this appear to any as extravagant, we refer them either to his writings themselves, which though but fragments are sufficient to prove his genius and to show us, as it were, “*ex ungue leonem* ;” or to the many accounts of him and his works, which are to be found among the historians of science.*

Upon the part of the history of Grecian science which remains after Archimedes, we shall be brief. Eratosthenes and Conon were his cotemporaries, “either of whom,” says Morell, “would have acquired in any other age, great celebrity in this department of science ; but their fame was completely eclipsed by the dazzling lustre of the great philosopher of Syracuse.” Eratosthenes deserves a particular notice, inasmuch as he made that rare but by no means unnatural combination of *poetry* and *mathematics*. Conon did not live to complete his discoveries, but his merit may in part be inferred from the intimate friendship and esteem of Archimedes, who thus laments his death : “How many theorems in geometry, which at first seemed impossible, would in time have been brought to perfection ! Alas ! Conon, though he invented many, with which he enriched geometry, had not time to perfect them, but left many in the dark, being prevented by death.”

Apollonius, in mathematical attainments, was inferior only to his great predecessor of Syracuse, whose writings and discoveries

* See Montucla, Bossut, Playfair, Hutton, *passim*.

he is charged by some with having appropriated. Whether this be true or not, his contemporaries, who probably had better opportunities of judging his merits than we, denominated him "the great geometrician." His treatise on the conic sections is the only means which the moderns possess of estimating his genius; and Playfair thus gives his testimony in its favor: "Apollonius treated of the conic sections—the curves, which after the circle are the most simple and important in geometry, and by his elaborate and profound researches, laid the foundation of discoveries which were to illustrate very distant ages."

After this brilliant era in the history of the ancient mathematics, we find no names that can be classed with this first order of minds, or that we can place even in the second rank, till we arrive at Pappus, nearly six hundred years after Apollonius. It is from Pappus that the moderns derive a great part of their knowledge in regard to the attainments of the Greeks. "His Mathematical Collections," says Bossut, "exhibit one of the most valuable monuments of ancient geometry. * * It gives us a complete view of the state of ancient mathematical science."

The history of ancient geometry, closes with Proclus, who revived the Platonic school at Athens, A. D. 450, and is known to us, as a mathematician, by his commentary on the first book of Euclid. If we trace the science after this, we shall find it among the Arabians, where it remained almost buried until the revival of letters in Europe.

Among the Greeks, geometry was not practical; it was seldom applied to astronomy and the other physical sciences, and by many, particularly the latter Platonists, (one of whom, and a distinguished one, was Proclus,) it was regarded as merely speculative, a pure intellectual science, "far sublimed above the grossness of material contact." There were even those who made the study of geometry the key to theology. But these speculations did not affect their actual and sober attainments in geometry, the fragments of which, like the ruins of their Parthenon, are the remains of a beautiful and finished structure, which still serve as models of elegance and taste.

GREEK ANTHOLOGY.—No. II.

Reader—I had thought at this time to discourse feelingly unto thee, and therefore eloquently, of the deep and melancholy yet brilliant spirit of the Grecian genius; showing how they were, more than any other people, a nation of poets, and why their lyre even in their hours of mirth so often sent forth the voice of

ness. But (in thy ear, gentle reader, for I presume thou canst be one of such) through the brave show of liberal promise at first, and subsequent still braver refusal to fulfill it (for it is ever counted bolder for a *noble* heart to run away than to fight, to a coward than a hero) of ninety "sons of Yale"—"lights un-a bushel," who have subscribed yet forsworn their promise, Magazine is cramped for want of funds, and I am happily derided from boring thee as I could wish. I can, therefore, present thee with only a part of the delicacies prepared to please thy rary palate. Here is one by Simonides, who of all the lyric poets of Greece, was at once the most martial and tender. It seems to have been written upon the fallen at Marathon.

Gaining their country ever-burning fame,
They wrapped them in the shroud of death's dark night.
Though dead they live, for Valor shouts their name,
And brings them back from Pluto's realms to light !

He has another in the same spirit upon the heroes of Thermopylæ.

If virtue's height be gloriously to die,
We of earth's children have the fair prize won.
For Greece and liberty in death we lie,
Leaving a deathless name beneath the sun !

These, however, are epigrams, and have little of the lofty music breathed from each line of the following glorious lyric. Read original,—“it will,” as Sir. P. Sidney says of ‘Chevy Chase,’ “in thy heart like the sound of a trumpet.”

heroes of Thermopylæ, died to set their country free, gained a fair fate and a name glory o'er earth's highest fame. sacred is their grass-grown mound ! holy altar, hallowed ground, ere memory through future days I burn the incense of their praise, sing their death a brighter story in all time-honored, lineal glory !	When such a shroud enwraps the brave, Nor cold corruption of the grave, Nor gray Time's all-destroying sway, Bring its embalming folds decay ! This tomb, this hallowed shrine hath won Renown from Hellas' every son ; And brave Leonidas, the king, To this is ever witnessing, Who left behind a soldier's name— A country's love—perennial fame !
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Who can fail of recalling to mind that exquisite ode by Coleridge. It is a thing of more beauty and sweetness, but less fire.

now sleep the brave, who sink to rest all their country's honors blest ! in Spring with dewy fingers cold come to deck their hallowed mould, there shall dress a sweeter sod, than Fancy's feet have ever trod.	By Fairy hands their knell is rung, By forms unseen their dirge is sung ; There Honor comes, a pilgrim gray, To bless the turf that wraps their clay, And Freedom shall awhile repair, To dwell a weeping hermit there !”
--	--

Here is one *almost* in the same spirit, by Ammianus.

<p>Old Screech can't bring his hand to bear Upon his nose to wipe it ; Because it's so much less in length, It will not reach to gripe it !</p>	<p>Nor does he say ' Heaven save us,' when He sneezes to a wonder ; His ears, so far above his nose, Hear not its awful thunder !</p>
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Here follows a beautiful thing by Meleager, to a locust, which will remind the reader of those simple and exquisite lines by Cowper—

" Little cricket, full of mirth, Chirping on my kitchen hearth," &c.

TO A LOCUST—MELEAGER.

• Thou soft beguiler of each vain desire,
Thou rural songster with thy noisy wings,
That with thy mimic music of the lyre,
Lullest to slumber by the murmuring springs,
Now with low hum pour forth a drowsy lay,
To while this weary noontide hour away.

Thus shalt thou charm the pangs of sleepless care
That ever rend this sad and aching heart,
Tuning, sweet minstrel, in the stilly air
Thy tiny lyre to sooth love's fiery smart ;
And I will give thee, harp of sunny hue,
Morn's earliest gifts, the drops of pearly dew.

I can offer thee but one more—a chorus from Antigone, as noble, perhaps, as any in the Grecian drama.

<p>O many things through earth's wide span, Of might and fear we find, But nothing mightier than man, With his all-grasping mind. He goeth with the stormy blast, Beyond the gray, old ocean, Though round him roar the billows vast, With huge and heaving motion : And her supremest deity, From whom he draws his impious birth, The deathless and unwearied earth, He wasteth aye incessantly ; Year by year With the harnessed steed and the busy share Turning the turf with anxious care. Wild roamers of the wilderness, That ne'er his milder power confess, And foolish tenants of the air, That perils past so soon forget, He lureth to his wily snare, And flings his skillful woven net Around the finny tribes, that be Far rangers of the deep, green sea. Who can the thousand dark wiles scan,</p>	<p>Of his vast mind—inventive man ! The wild beast in his forest haunt, Must own him for his lord ; The desert steed, no dangers daunt, With fiery hoof and flying mane, And mouth unworn by bit or rein, Must feel the lash and cord, And to the neck-encircling yoke, The untamed mountain-bull be broke. Yea ! him his mighty mind hath taught To pour the soul's electric thought Through vocal sounds and winged words Across the heart's responsive chords, By eloquence and wisdom's weight, " To govern and to guide the state," To summer's heat and winter's blast, And arrowy rain descending fast, His form is never bared ; His soul no apprehension chills ; For all the future's crowding ill, His heart is still prepared ! Life's countless evils he can flee, That all so hopeless seem to be ; He only may not save his breath, And shun the icy hand of Death !</p>
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THE
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NO. 6.

DESTRUCTIBILITY OF EMPIRE.

THE arguments of David Hume to prove the necessity of national decay, have been gathered by a certain poet into one line—

“Man is born to die, and so are nations.”

Were we to look merely at the *facts* recorded in the ancient history of the world, we should undoubtedly observe a remote analogy between the existence of governments and individuals, and perhaps might be led to adopt the “lame and impotent conclusion” of the great English philosopher and historian. Certainly, to an unpracticed ear, there is but little of inspiration in the deep voice of the past. Its language is that of the sepulchre, and, like the ghost of Clarence, it “sits heavy on the soul” of him, who would dare to hope for the perpetuity of human institutions. The verdancy of spring, the exuberance of summer, the fruitage of autumn, and the frosts of winter, scarcely follow each other in more rapid succession than do the rise and glory and fall of nations. Unceasing *change* seems written upon all the creations of man, as well as upon the works of God. We find it in the dusty mementoes of ancient republics; we see it in the crumbling walls and fading relics of once imperial cities; we hear it in the dirge notes of the wind as it moans through the courts of the falling temple, and in the wild cry of the owl and the bat, as they hover around the sacred altar, or sit unscared in the ‘holy of holies.’

Whether our own republic shall share the fate of those which have preceded it, or constitute an exception to the general law of decay and annihilation, has become a question of the most thrilling interest to mankind. A world is waiting the issue of this great experiment of free institutions with mingled feelings of fear

who are ready on the occasion to perpetrate the destruction of the union and the consequent downfall of our republican institutions. In their ill-starred horoscope they discover nothing but omens of destruction. The 'fiery sword' gleams above us, and the 'dew' rests upon the plains beneath. Many, whose passions are stronger than their judgment, alarmed by the signs of evil, as interpreted by these prognosticators of evil, are beginning to adopt the language of the Captain in King Richard—

"The bay trees in our country are all withered,
And meteors fright the fixed stars of heaven;
The pale-faced moon looks bloody on the earth,
And lean looked prophets whisper fearful change."

Now all these apprehensions of danger to the permanency of the union and the stability of our government, result not from the essential nature of our institutions or from any omens of terror, as from a superficial examination of the history of those nations most resembling our own, which have risen and fallen in antiquity. To the careless observer the light of the past is not always the sure 'pillar of fire,' but rather the 'faint light' which sheds its faint, uncertain beams upon the path of the future, or dances in the darkness over the graves of the dead. If it were necessary it would not be difficult to show that little analogy whatever exists between this and the republics of ancient days, and, therefore, that the supposition, that the same doom is awaiting us which was visited upon them, is altogether gratuitous. This republic did not, like Rome, derive its origin from a horde of wandering, ignorant robbers and assassins, but from men of noble hearts, and enlightened minds. Its government was not founded upon the absurd, though poetical, basis of a misty mythology, but upon the immutable basis of truth. Its hills and valleys are not covered with statues of fantastic heathen deities, but with the temples of a more exalted

Why is it that the ancient republics were almost all as evanescent as the fashions of a luxurious metropolis? In their history we find an answer. They were destitute of *virtue* and *intelligence*, those great conservative principles which lie at the foundation of our government. Why did Greece plunge the dagger into her own bosom? The reason may be seen in the inscriptions upon her altars dedicated "to the *unknown God*." What overthrew the "city of seven hills?" She fell not for want of physical power to sustain her, but because her *virtue* was but another name for *courage*; her knowledge little else than skill in battle; her religion a blind superstition. What did it profit Carthage that half the world trembled at her nod? Even her Hannibal, while her councils were without wisdom and her citizens degraded, could not avert the ruin which blotted her out from among the nations of the earth. What availed the unequalled wealth of republican Holland? The immense treasures of her bank were not sufficient to bribe departing liberty to linger in a land unilluminated by the light of virtue and intelligence.

It will not be denied that the pervading influence of the Christian religion, and the universal dissemination of knowledge among the mass of the people, are peculiarly characteristic of our country; nor will it be denied that they are highly conducive to the prosperity and permanence of our free institutions. In this respect, we stand on incomparably higher and broader ground than the most enlightened nation of antiquity. An Athenian populace, it has been truly said, was an 'ignorant mob.' The scanty knowledge which they did possess, was confined exclusively to a chosen, laborious few. Here, on the other hand, every barrier to its progress is broken down. Schools for all are dotting our land, as stars the firmament. The *press*, an engine of power unknown to the Greeks and Romans, is scattering far and wide, on its wings of light, the living principles of rational liberty.

But besides these elements of perpetuity, which we discover in the intrinsic nature of knowledge and religion, there is another feature in our government peculiarly indicative of stability, and which, at the same time, distinguishes it from all those of which we have spoken. We refer to its *written constitution*, an instrument never recognized or known by the ancients. Their governments, therefore, had in all their complicated machinery, no *regulating power*, but were ever subject to sudden and disastrous changes, according to the wild caprice of fickle subjects. Like ships without helm or ballast, they were for a season tossed upon the waves of popular passion, and then engulfed forever. But on the contrary, the constitution of the United States, from its protecting character, has been well termed by a venerable ex-president, their "shield embossed with heavenly hands." Combining their separate energies in times of darkness and danger,

and still extending its guardian care over all, it has, at least in theory, become identified with our dearest rights and interests. The great body of the people, therefore, are strongly attached to it as a sacred legacy from the framers of our government and the heroes of the revolution; and they watch it with a vigilance not less sleepless than that which guarded the heaven-descended *ancile* of the Roman, the symbol of the perpetuity of *his* empire. It is the rallying point around which are gathered the most splendid talents and sterling patriotism of the nation. Constituted the umpire in all questions of right and interest, its decisions are heard in silent acquiescence; and no one, as he values the favor or fears the indignation of the people, ventures to doubt its authority, much less to lay upon it the hand of sacrilege. The aspiring patriot may well enter the lists in its defense; for the proudest and noblest title ever conferred by a great political party upon its favorite, is that which rests with such becoming dignity on the dark brow of the New England statesman—"the Champion of the Constitution." The devoted attachment of the humble, and the towering genius of the great, have therefore united to render it a hallowed and indissoluble bond of confederation, the great palladium of liberty.

The vast extent of our territory, embracing as it does every soil and clime, is often objected to the permanence of the Union. The different productions of different climates, it is said, must create a diversity of interests. It should be remembered, that a diversity of interests by no means implies that they are diametrically opposite, as is frequently supposed. If this were the case, every village and neighborhood would be a scene of rivalry and contention. It is true, that a spirit of jealousy and animosity had begun to spread through several of the States a few years ago, but it was readily checked by correcting the mistaken principle in which it originated. The high Tariff, which had been regarded as indispensably necessary to the protection of our manufactures, was found to crush the commerce and agriculture of the country. Hence the celebrated discussions in Congress which finally resulted in the famous compromise bill of Clay, who, however, unjustly received for his exertions the anathemas of both parties—a circumstance which shows the correctness of the position which he assumed. But independently of any considerations connected with the Tariff, there are two things which tend to obviate any difficulties which might arise from the extent of our territory. The first is our representative form of government, by means of which, every portion of the country, however humble and insignificant, has a voice in the council chamber of the nation. This representative system is the philosopher's stone which the political alchemists of antiquity sought in vain to discover. Had it not been for their ignorance on this

t, it is highly probable, as De Tocqueville intimates, that the great republics might have flourished ages longer than they

As it was, the numerous provinces which came under their control, having no representation in the councils of the metropolis, were soon dissatisfied with their allegiance, and improved the opportunity to effect, by means of combinations in some emergency, the destruction of the parent state.

The other circumstance to which we referred, is the wonder-facility of internal communication between the most distant portions of the country. The whole land is checkered with roads, and the fire-winged car, in the language of Carlyle, flying from far cities toward far cities, weaving them, like a ceaseless shuttle, into closer and closer union." Maine and Louisiana are thus brought together, and the various characters and passions peculiar to each are modified by a mutual influence, they can blend in harmony and peace. In this way, all sectional prejudices are forgotten, and the patriotism which might otherwise be confined to a state or district, is made to embrace diversified interests of a nation.

The argument derived from the existence of slavery, which is often urged against the permanence of our free institutions, we need not stop to examine. We will simply say, however, that we regard this objection as entirely without foundation, and that, however much we may deprecate the evils, social, moral, and political, inseparably connected with the system of slavery, we cannot discover in it any thing which foretokens the destruction of union. It requires no great sagacity to see that the threatenings with which the welkin is sometimes made to ring, are, when viewed even in their most alarming aspect, mere "sound and fury signifying nothing."

It was a remark of Webster, in a speech at New Haven not long since, that our government had little danger to apprehend from any source unless it may be from an *apoplexy*. The idea is often advanced, that this nation, with its increasing age, is fast verging toward that state of indolent debasing luxury, which has proved the ruin of many of the countries of the old world.

The argument deduced from this idea loses much of its force when we remember that there is here no law of primogeniture, of course no princely estates; no palaces of corruption, which have come down from sire to son from time immemorial. Every thing, on the contrary, tends to equality—to the promotion of virtuous industry and enterprise.

But there is one bond, which, if all others fail, will still hold firm and indissoluble union the numerous states of this great Republic. We refer to the bond of *early associations*, of *historical recollections*. It is a silent, invisible influence which these exert; but yet, like attraction, they have a magic power which

d, O speed thee on thy way,
 way of war and woe,
 at me live my lonely day
 wearily and slow.

ften here at eve,
 n this rock so high,
 armuring harp shall grieve
 he plaining sea-bird's cry.

will watch the setting sun
 he sinks beneath the wave,
 ill I dream he shines upon
 Regner's narrow grave.

herefore, wherefore wilt thou go,
 leave thy loving wife!
 on lands, by stranger hands
 ose thy precious life!

! if glory calls,
 t thee not to stay.
 ave thy melancholy halls—
 ay! away! away!

om the anger of the sea,
 the wrath of scornful foes,
 e him Odin unto thee,
 ere the mead forever flows.

rn of heart, and strong of hand,
 ride the seas in pride;
 ride command o'er every land
 t's wash'd by ocean's tide.

And many a king to thee shall bring
 The proffer'd crown on bended knee;
 Lo! still in triumph waves thy flag
 O'er British isle and Northern sea.

But ah! it never can be so,
 Thou wilt return no more—
 Oh! what so sad as ocean's low
 And melancholy roar!

It is the dirge of noble dead
 That lie beneath its waves;
 And many a weltering form is there,
 In its dark and solemn caves.

They ne'er shall hear the tuneful harp,
 Or voice of happy men,
 Till Time hath finished all his course,
 And Lok has burst his chain.

Yet speed, O speed thee on thy way—
 Thy way of war and woe,
 While I shall drag my lonely day,
 All wearily and slow.

'Twas thus that on a cliff
 That rose above the water,
 Aslauga tuned her sorrowing harp—
 The simple shepherd's daughter,
 While slowly o'er the placid bay
 King Regner's galleys held their way;
 And as she ceased, he bid his bards
 Strike up a battle song,
 Till echoing hill and high cliff rung,
 And woods the music rich prolong.

When ceased the strain, then once again
 From o'er the sleeping wave,
 That harp of melancholy tones
 Its soft and wizard murmurings gave,
 In faint and distant moans.

And ever since, along the sea,
 A low, sad voice I've heard,
 In wild and broken minstrelsy,
 Like ocean's mourning bird.

THE BLESSING OF THE BAY.

IN the eastern section of Massachusetts, a half hour's ride from the Pilgrim City, is the thriving village of M——, situated upon the head waters of a small stream, whose current gliding through a beautifully circuitous channel, mingles with the bay a little to the northward of Old Trimountain. This river, which we shall call the Mystic, takes its rise in a smooth lake, so closely surrounded with dark foliage on every side, that it seems to rest like a bank of verdure upon its placid bosom.

M—— was first settled by the whites in 1630; and at the period of our narration, (three years afterwards,) consisted of only a few frail dwellings of wood clustered about a brick fort which was provided with a swivel and a few superannuated muskets, to defend the infant settlement from the fierce rovers of the forest. The whole of New-England was, at this early period, almost exclusively under the dominion of the Red men. Their untamed spirits were already beginning to chafe under the galling encroachments of English settlers; and a look of unfeigned hate would often mantle upon their brows, long before it broke out into open hostility. They saw the forge pouring up its black columns where once curled in darkened wreaths, the smoke of the council-fire. The sound of the artisan's hammer awakened the deer from his covert. The instruments of husbandry were turning the tangled glebe into a fruitful field; and they felt with prophetic truth that they must soon leave behind them their hunting grounds, and the graves of their fathers, or drive the oppressors from their shores.

Two aged chiefs of the Aberginian tribe, divided between themselves the possession of that portion of territory which formed the basin of the river Mystic, who were familiarly known among the early settlers by the names of Sagamore John, and James. They had heretofore maintained amicable relations with each other, with the exception of occasional quarrels and bloodshed, arising from some encroachment or border tumult, each following his occupation of fishing in the river and hunting on its shores. Yearly at the time of Indian summer, the warriors of the tribe met together at a place midway between their two villages, spent a night in dancing and merriment around a brilliant fire, smoked together the calumet, partook of a feast served up from the daintiest morsels of the last year's hunt, and returned at morning light to their own cabins.

It was an autumnal afternoon in October of the year 1633. That sombre tinge which at this season sprinkles nature with a

nothing melancholy, hung with a lingering softness upon the gray hills and woods of M——. The lengthening shadows of the mountains, were flitting through the valleys, as the sun hid behind their distant tops his last mellow rays. Just at this time the dark, athletic forms of three Indians, might be seen emerging from the woods a half mile from the river. One of them advanced a few steps, brandished his tomahawk aloft, and uttered a shrill war-whoop. The unusual sound startled the ears of the villagers, who ran instinctively for their arms and ammunition. But the Indians, after the signal had been given, buried themselves again in the depths of the forest, and all was still and tranquil as before.

Of the houses which surrounded the fort, there was one, which seemed by its appearance to be the dwelling place of a superior personage. There was an air of wealth and elegance about it, which appertained not to the others, which were only the temporary residences of those exiles who left their native land, and sought our shores 'for conscience's sake.' This was the house of Thomas Dudley, then deputy governor and afterwards governor of the colony of Massachusetts. He was not only the richest, but the most influential and active man in the village where he resided. He was kind to those who were in need of aid, a pattern of industry and worth among his fellow men, and a devoted husband and father at home. A daughter, eighteen years of age, elegant, accomplished and beautiful, was the object of his tenderest care and solicitude. Catharine Dudley was possessed of a mind of the very finest mould. She was born in the parent land, and brought up in the most respectable circles of English society, and no expense had been spared by her fond father to make her education thorough and complete. Her personal appearance by no means bespoke a persecuted adventurer in a wilderness of savages. She was tall and elegantly formed. Her hair, which fell in circling ringlets into her bosom and upon her shoulders, in blackness and smoothness, might vie with the raven's wing. Her color slightly rufous, with roundness of limb and full contour, seemed to unite the voluptuousness of a Circassian beauty with the chastened elegance of a cooler clime. She had lips which were indicative of sweetness of temper and benevolence of heart, with an eye whose dark and liquid depths appeared a living fountain of feeling and of love. The charms of her disposition were yet more captivating than those of her person. The impress of divinity was stamped upon her open brow, but in *her*, intellect was under the control of affection. Firm and undaunted when the moment required decision, yet confiding always in the judgment of others with all the artlessness of unfeigned simplicity. She was a being made to love with the quenchless ardor of complete devotion, but yet formed to reign over the *thoughts* of her associ-

ates, as if she were a pure passionless intellect. Possessing such a character, and having enjoyed such an education, she could scarcely fail of having imbibed a decided taste for those natural outlets of feeling, music and song. On the afternoon of the day referred to above, Catharine had been strolling along the skirts of the wood, at a little distance from her father's house, attended by none except her own thoughts, which to her were ever sufficient company to make the hours fly past with rosy feet. She was admiring the various tints with which Autumn had begun to deck the forest, and amid the displays of the Almighty's works, her simple heart was tracing His goodness and His love. 'Through the wide world, that being only is alone, who lives not for another.' But Catharine lived for those whom she loved; and her mind now fondly dwelt upon the friends to whom she felt the warmest earthly attachment. Her thoughts recurred to her dear father and mother, her infant sister, and not unfrequently, I ween, to *him* who occupied a place in her affections, at once new and enduring; toward whom she felt not a sister's or a daughter's love, but a passion whose artless language nature taught, and whose essence is only to be known by participation. While thus meditating, she was surprised by the yell of the savage not fifty yards from the spot where she stood; and looking hastily about, she saw his eye, like that of a basilisk, fixed upon her own, and kindled into a gleam of hellish passion. She shrunk involuntarily, and quailed under his glance. He sprung towards her with uplifted battle-axe; but bethinking himself of the danger of seizing her there, in open day, and so near her father's house, desisted from his purpose. But his mad determination was formed; and only relinquishing his design for the present, he turned back with a fiendish hollow laugh, and bounded like a furious tiger to the woods. Catharine fled with all speed to her home; burst open the door, and fell fainting into the arms of ———. The parlor of Gov. Dudley's dwelling, was for some moments a scene of the wildest confusion. The inmates had heard the whoop of the Indian, and were just about to go out and discover the cause, when Catharine entered breathless and pale with terror. By the use of the proper restoratives, she soon revived and opened her eyes upon a familiar form that was bending over her with the tenderest concern, her hand firmly clasped in his. 'My Edward,' she said, 'have you seen my father to-day?' 'Yes, dearest Catharine,' replied he, 'I left him a short hour since in Shawmut, where business will detain him till to-morrow. There have been fearful indications of late of hostility from the Indians, and he was unwilling to leave you to-night alone.' When she heard that her father was safe from harm, though her cheek blanched at the mention of the savages and their horrid warfare, yet she quickly resumed her accustomed vivacity; and soon other topics engaged their thoughts

and words, of which we will not stop to speak, except to say that they were "fu' tender" in their nature, and seemed equally to interest the feelings of both of them.

Edward Winthrop was at this time about twenty-one years of age, possessed of a manly and elegant figure, and a noble and generous disposition. The same vessel which transported Miss Dudley across the broad Atlantic, brought *him* also to these shores; and an intimacy was established during the voyage, which imperceptibly ripened into the warmest love. Immediately after their arrival here, the two families were drawn into still closer alliance by being associated in the government of the colony. Governor Winthrop resided in Shawmut, which was the aboriginal name of Boston. His son was connected with him both in his private and public business; and his ready comprehension and active bodily habits, made him a very profitable assistant. The regulation of the little colony, rendered it necessary for the governor often to visit the residence of Mr. Dudley in M——, and as his son was his constant companion, Edward and Catharine found frequent opportunities to reciprocate those feelings of attachment which they had for each other, and to massacre time by that sort of dreamy, cobweb existence which lovers usually experience, and which 'none but those who've felt it know.' As Edward Winthrop rode that afternoon on his way to M——, he caught glimpses of the Indians at several different times, winding among the hollows of the mountains or skulking behind clumps of knotted oaks. They seemed to be all directing their steps to a common rendezvous, armed and painted like the fierce visage of Moloch, and seemingly with no very peaceable intentions. He made his way, however, without any molestation, though not without some apprehensions of impending danger, and arrived at the house of Gov. Dudley just in time to receive into his arms, fainting and lifeless, the idol of his affections.

The next day had been appointed for a scene of absorbing interest to the young colony; namely, the launching of the first vessel ever built in America. Winthrop, Dudley, and some other of those Puritan settlers, looking forward with almost prophetic ken to the future destinies of the western world, had for some time been desirous of establishing a commerce with the mother country, and of carrying it on by means of our own shipping. For the accomplishment of this object, many natural facilities offered themselves. The forests of America abounded with the best of oak; and trees, against which it would have been death for a man to lift an axe, had they stood in a gentleman's park in England, here bared their giant arms to the stormy sky, the property of any one who would make them his own. In short, they saw the boundless resources of a great continent opening before them, and were desirous of employing them in hastening for-

ward the steps of civilization, by encouraging commercial interests and the intercourse of nations. The village of M—— was selected as the place in which to set up the first vessel. It presented advantages for that business which have made it from that day to this, one of the most important ship-building places in New England. Timber could be obtained on the spot without the labor of distant and expensive transportation. The river, which at the flow of the tide was of sufficient depth to float the largest merchantman, was much more suitable for building than the shore of the open sea. Moreover, the form of the river presented a natural barrier to the incursions of hostile invaders. It flowed in a very circuitous course, forming in the vicinity of the fort and within musket shot of it, a complete *omega*, leaving an area of about a dozen acres, surrounded on all sides by the river except a narrow neck of three or four rods in width, which formed a communication with the land, and which could be easily and securely guarded. It was within this natural bend of Mystic river, upon this lovely peninsula, that, two hundred years ago, the keel of the first American vessel was laid. The work slowly advanced, though the red men looked on with jealous eye, till its final completion; and it was now, as we have said, to be moved into its own element. The preparations had been fully made, and on the morning of the day succeeding the events before mentioned, every thing was ready. Gov. Winthrop and suit were present, and the élite of Shawmut and Charlestown, at an early hour, had collected on the spot. The red banner of England was already floating from the stern of the vessel, and a figure of Charles I, in his regal robes, adorned her bows. There was a happy couple among the spectators, but it was difficult to say whether the scene they were witnessing or some other one which occupied their thoughts, was to them of more absorbing interest.

Reader, hast thou ever seen a noble ship launched for the first time into her native element? It is a thrilling sight. The recollections of some of *our* earliest and happiest days, are connected with such occasions. It was our fortune to be born within the sound of the ocean's roar, and in the days of joyous boyhood to talk with the 'old rolling sea' as friend to friend. And well do we remember the satisfaction with which we threw aside our books for a half day, when we were told by the instructor that we were at liberty to 'go to the launching.' It was a scene, above every thing else, calculated to excite in a youthful breast the warmest enthusiasm. The hurry, the bustle, the anxious solicitude, lest, after all the customary measures had been taken, the unwieldy mass should prove disobedient to her master's wishes—the crash of the falling 'standards' and 'shores'—the clatter of the ringing steel which frittered away piece by piece from beneath her keel the foundations on which she stood so calmly and

securely—and more than all, the bright banner which floated above her, smiling in the sunlight, as the gentle airs kissed its joy and fluttering folds; all these were calculated to fill us with a glow of excited interest.

The scenes of this colonial festival were none the less interesting for being, at that early age, of a very novel character. One of the ceremonies which was formerly always practiced at a regular launching, but which is now, for obvious reasons, discontinued, was the *christening* of the ship. This old custom, which was on that occasion executed with exactness, deserves at least a mention. The rite was usually performed by the intended captain, or one of the inferior officers. He stood erect upon the bows, midway between the 'knight-heads' and the 'windlas-bits,' holding in his hand a bottle of 'rare old Jamaica,' which, the moment the keel touched the water, he dashed against the bowsprit, pronouncing at the same time the name of the vessel, while all the spectators caught the word, and joined vociferously in the shout. The ship was now ready. The 'last block' had been split away: and springing like a hound from the leash, she seemed to leap forward with eager haste to float upon the liquid bosom of the deep. The instant her shoe touched the surface of the water, the baptismal spirit was dashed about her prow, and the stentorian voice of the captain proclaimed her name "**THE BLESSING OF THE BAY.**" The loud acclamations of all the witnessing crowd were joined to his, and the fervent wish was echoed on every side, that she might prove a *blessing* to the colony, and to the world, by uniting the sympathies and interests of different nations, and by strengthening the bond which still held the colonies firm to their parent land, the home of their fathers. She was now on her own element, where she sat like a thing of life, as the joyous hurrah sped to and fro from ship to shore.

Their work over, all were invited to the house of Gov. Dudley, where refreshments, according to the prevailing custom on such occasions, had been provided; and in the midst of good cheer, their grateful hearts forgot not to acknowledge to an Almighty power the kind care which had prospered them as a state and commonwealth, and which was now opening under such favorable auspices, the season of a healthy and profitable commerce. In this social assemblage of the people of the different villages in the same colony, all were deeply interested; for they felt a common bond of intimacy, strengthened and cemented by sharing the same dangers and difficulties, as well as by feeling themselves animated by the same hopes. Little did they imagine that their present security was but the delusive lull of the winds before a storm of outbreking vengeance.

While the events of which we have just spoken were passing, Sagamore John, and James, beneath the covert of a dark pine for-

est, were holding with the warriors of their tribe, 'a talk' big with interest to that happy band of villagers. On the previous night they had celebrated their annual rout, and the ashes of the council-fire yet smouldered by their side. Their eyes were burning with rage and hate. They had already inflamed their people into the most ardent zeal for a war with the 'pale face,' and with a deliberation almost unknown to the Indian character, but which experience with the English settlers had already taught them, they were now consulting on the most effectual means of striking a final and decisive blow. They knew that the events of that day would call together a large body of the whites at M——, and they determined to take advantage of the circumstance to overwhelm them with destruction. 'Warriors,' said Sagamore John, 'the pale face came to your shores and spoke peace: you listened, and he gives you war. He has driven away the deer and the beaver from your borders. He has taken your bread from your mouths, and has spread his blanket on the graves of your chieftains. Warriors, take vengeance for your insults. Fly upon the foe like eagles upon the wounded stag. Drive them into the sea. A pale 'squassise'* lives in yonder white cabin; spare her from the edge of the battle-axe; she shall be the prize of the warrior who will weave me a necklace of the scalps of her kindred!' Every tomahawk was raised and brandished on high, and every voice joined in the death-yell of that savage band. Their plan was concerted. They were to conceal themselves in the adjoining thickets, and wait till the white men began to separate and return to their homes, and attack them furiously on all sides at this moment of security.

The party for Shawmut had gone on their way but a few rods from Gov. Dudley's dwelling, and had just entered a part of the road which lay through a clump of forest trees, when a shower of arrows flew from behind the foliage, and two of the party fell to the earth pierced to the heart. The rest promptly rallied, leveled their pieces, for they never at that time traveled without arms, and returned the fire of the Indians with great effect. The attack on the part of the enemy was general, and at first they had the superiority. The whites retired a few steps to reload their muskets. Sagamore John stopped here only long enough to scalp the dead, and leaving to the other chieftain the direction of the fight in this quarter, bounded off to the house of the governor. With one blow of his battle-axe he beat down the door, which fell in splinters at his feet, and entered the parlor where stood Catharine, watching with intensest solicitude the event of the battle which was now raging without. She was so engrossed with the scene before her, which her father and lover had already

* Unmarried Indian female.

entered, that she did not observe the approach of the Indian until he put his head over her shoulder, and with a grin of infernal triumph, yelled in her ears the well known war-cry. With a scream of horror, she recognized the same face she yesterday saw in the field. She seized the first weapon that came in her way, and with almost supernatural strength, defended herself for some minutes from his power. But it was all in vain; he clasped her in one of his powerful arms, uttered a note of wild exultation, and made off for the woods, whose coverts he soon safely regained, and Catharine must become the victim of his brutal rage.

Meanwhile the Shawmut party, by the timely aid of the reinforcement, had killed or completely put to flight the whole attacking horde. Edward during the whole action had scarcely taken off his eyes from the house where he had left his treasure, and directly saw the savage leave it bearing in his arms the struggling form of a young lady. His noble heart kindled with rage and resolution; new strength seemed to enter his limbs as he bent his fiery course upon the trail of the Indian. He pursued him for several minutes, getting an occasional glimpse of his person through the branches of the trees, but not long enough to level at him his rifle; and he dared venture none but a well aimed shot, for he would sooner perish himself than injure a hair of her he loved. The sagamore presently arrived at a little interval of rich bottom land, such as is often found lying between two contiguous woods, appearing like a green island in the midst of the forest. If he could but reach the opposite side of this he would be safe; for he would there find a path which the 'vulture's eye' might not penetrate, and through which no unpracticed pursuer could follow him. He feared to go around it, under cover of the trees, for that would prolong his flight through the comparatively open woods, and he saw that the white man was evidently gaining upon him. The only way was, then, to attempt to cross it directly before his pursuer came up. He threw away his battle-axe and made straight for the opposite side of the savanna. He had more than half crossed it, and was flying swift as the wind to the covert. Edward gained the margin and saw the Indian in full view and within reach of his rifle. 'Good God! he is mine!' he exclaimed. He put the piece slowly to his shoulder, leveled it coolly and deliberately at the head of the savage, while every second was bringing him nearer and nearer to the tangled wood. A smart crack of the rifle sped the ball to its destination. The piece dropped from his hands, but his firmness had not failed him. The Indian jumped convulsively into the air, uttered a scream of agony, and fell a ghastly corse within the shadow of the trees. In the last death-struggle, he grasped the waist of the girl still closer, till his limbs relaxed their hold, and his glassy eyeballs rolled back and became fixed in their sunken sockets! Edward

hastened to release from her confinement the beauteous prize, who was now a helpless load. She had fainted, and was apparently lifeless. In the hour when opposition could avail, she was armed with strength beyond her sex ; but when overpowered, she found in insensibility a relief from that commotion of overwrought and harrowed feeling which must otherwise have proved fatal to her. Edward imprinted upon her pale brow one kiss of love, and taking her in his arms, hastened away with the speed of wings to her own abode. We leave her there for the present.

The Indians had been completely routed in every quarter, a large number of them slain, and one of their chiefs had fallen. Persons were dispatched to obtain his body, the head of which was cut off and placed upon the jury-mast of the ship just launched, in order to terrify and deter the Indians from all farther aggressions. Only three of the whites fell in the engagement, and the wounds which many others received were not mortal. The governor and suit returned to Shawmut without farther molestation, with thankfulness for their safety, though not without unfeigned sorrow at the loss of some whom they ill could spare.

As might be supposed, Edward Winthrop did not that night return with his father ; and as Mr. Dudley offered his devout thanksgivings before the family altar for deliverance from the perils of the wilderness, both Edward and Catharine united in his petitions with hearts of devout and pious gratitude.

The Indians never again made any attempt upon that colony. They had been reduced by the plague, which a few years before had prevailed throughout that whole region, so that they were now only a remnant of their former greatness and power. This unsuccessful effort broke their remaining spirit, and they sunk away one by one like the leaves of autumn. Hillock and mound in close succession had already covered the hill-side where their warriors reposed ; and the rude piles of monumental stones, showed that the flower of their tribe slept beneath the cold clod. Nothing now remains of them but the scenes of their simple life, the old rocks and oaks among which their whispering spirits seem to wail in the voice of the storm.

The ship, soon fitted out and freighted with fond hopes, weighed anchor and set sail from Shawmut. Henceforth,

‘ Her path was o’er the mountain wave,
Her home was on the sea.’

The success of this enterprise induced still more exertion, and ship after ship was built and manned by the hardy New Englanders. The settlement at M—— continued to flourish and increase, though one of its fairest flowers was soon transplanted to Shawmut. Catharine Winthrop lost none of the charms she had before possessed, by a change of name and situation. She was

the same brilliant intellect, the same warm heart; and the Capitol of the 'Bay State' is still proud of her numerous offspring.

The village of M—— has not ceased to the present day to encourage commerce and enterprise, by furnishing for trade the finest models of American vessels. The airs of both tropics swell their canvas, and in every foreign port they spread to the gale the stars and stripes of Freedom's banner. But not the least of the honors which appertain to this unambitious town, is that it *led the way* to the peculiar success and glory of our commercial interests, by giving to its country **THE BLESSING OF THE BAY.**

M. R. D.

MEMORY.

"Oh memory! how much cursed by every lover,
When hope is fled and passion's over."—Byron.

THOUGH now my summer's sun is set,
And all its sunny hours are gone,
Yet, lovely girl, I'll ne'er forget
That brightest hour with thee alone.

I'll ne'er forget that moonlight hour,
When thy fair form was at my side—
Where I did feel thy gentle power,
And fondly deemed thee all my pride.

I'll ne'er forget that quiet dell,
From all life's busy scenes apart,
When thou didst bid a mystic spell
Steal soft as music o'er my heart.

I'll ne'er forget that look of thine,
From thy dark eye so brightly flashing—
Its glances pierced this heart of mine,
As sunbeams pierce the waves when dashing.

Was it then my fancy dreaming,
Of woman's love in friendship's smile?
Could that eye so brightly beaming,
Beam the brighter to beguile?

No—as first my fancy made thee,
Thy dear ideal shall remain;
Never can my heart upbraid thee,
Though thine image give me pain.

Ah ! and must that brightest vision—
 Sweet dream of bliss so fondly cherished,
 Mock me with the cold derision,
 Of woman's love since hope has perished.

Yet while future years shall vanish,
 While faithful *memory* holds her power,
 Darkest clouds shall never banish
 The sweet twilight of that hour.

ANDES.

PHILOSOPHICAL ANTHOLOGY.

“ We must be risen
 And at our pleasant labor to reform
 Yon *flowery arbors*.”—*Milton*.

“ Velut silvis, ubi passim
 Palantes *error* certo de tramite pellit,
 Ille sinistrorsum, hic dextrorsum abit ; unus utriusque
 Error, sed variis illudit partibus.”—*Horace*. Sat. ii, 3, 48.

Dear Reader—There are flowers in philosophy as well as in poetry, and we have imagined that it would be at least a pleasant diversion to cull a few of the scattered blossoms which yourself may have observed in your rambles through the fields of philosophy, but which nevertheless it may please you to have gathered into a kind of bouquet, however loosely thrown together. Perhaps the critic would be disposed to hint that those we have gathered are the *withered* ones, which have long since dropped from their parent stem ; and indeed we should be inclined in part to coincide with him, for we have found them not in the regions of truth and certainty, but in the wild overrun gardens of *error*, where every thing springs up almost instantaneously, lives but an hour, and dies ; while truth itself is in perpetual bloom. But as shells are said by the naturalist to teach an useful lesson in regard to a former inhabitant—its habits, its instincts ; why may not also a withered flower have a moral ? Even error is not without instruction ; and in those cases where it is impossible that truth should be obtained, there may be worth even in false and groundless hypothesis ;

“ Hic error tamen, et levis hæc insania, quantas
Virtutes habeat, sic collige.”

Unfortunately for philosophy, it has never been determined how far the mind may pursue its inquiries with the sure prospect of final success. Some things we can know, others we cannot

know ; but the line between the possible and the impossible has never been so distinctly drawn as to preserve men from falling into absurdities about things necessarily beyond the reach of the human faculties. Nearly every avenue which men have blindly entered, expecting through it to arrive at true knowledge, has proved to be but a deceptive *cul-de-sac*, which obliged them to return as they came. In one direction only does the road seem clear, that pointed out by the immortal Bacon ; but the aspiring imagination—"sublimi feriens sidera vertice"—does not seem willing to "plod on" in this difficult way, and would rather

—"rove

In search of wisdom through the philosophic grove,"

possessed, it would seem of a *cacoethes conjectandi*, and not satisfied with discovering truth, but seeking the glory of *inventing* something that may pass for it. Plato and Aristotle have ever been considered great philosophers, but they both despised Anaxagoras because he was too much absorbed in physics and the study of astronomy ! They themselves were excellent mathematicians, and only despised the astronomer because he did not *occasionally* take a flight into the poetical regions of philosophy. "In Plato," says Degerando, "philosophy and poetry were strictly combined, and united as it were in marriage. He carried to perfection the art of poetry as applied to scientific subjects, if we may use such language, and became the Homer of philosophy." But how does even Plato's genius fail when he abandons certainty for conjecture. He considered geometry the first essential in the preparatory study of a philosopher ; but why ? We have an answer in his own words, which we of these Baconian times certainly do not pretend to understand : "The eye of the soul which is darkened and buried by other studies, can by the mathematical disciplines alone be invigorated and again excited to the contemplation of that which is, and transformed from resemblances to real beings, and from a cave and those bonds which exist in it as the authors of generation, and from material impediments be able to rise to an incorporeal and invisible essence !" This is what one of his biographers calls "a happy mean between the elevation of poesy and the simplicity of prose ;" it is rather what a distinguished modern writer calls "*a cataract of glory tumbling from a precipice of moral sublimity !*" Well might Cicero have said, "that were Jupiter to converse in the language of men, he would express himself in the style of Plato."

Let us follow Plato a little way into his philosophy. Among other things, he held "that souls are pre-existent, and derived from heaven to animate different bodies in succession ; and that after having been purified they are to return to heaven, from

which at the end of a certain number of years they shall be again employed to animate successively different bodies ; so that there will be nothing but a continual round of defilement and purification, of returns to heaven and dismissions to earth, to animate bodies !” In his dialogue on the immortality of the soul, there is a long discussion upon the question whether the soul is a *harmony* or not ? and he proves the negative by the following *reductio ad absurdum*. “Suppose the soul to be a harmony. In the first place, one soul is not more or less a soul than another ; that is, it is not more or less a harmony than another harmony, and therefore it possesses not more or less concord. Then it necessarily follows that one soul cannot love either more concord or discord than another, and therefore cannot have more virtue or vice than another. But one soul *does* have more virtue or vice than another ; therefore, the hypothesis that the soul is a harmony leads to an absurdity ; therefore, the soul is not a harmony.”—Q. E. D.

Here is another extract from the poetical philosopher, which is a fine example of fanciful speculation—a pretty flower worth preserving. “There is,” says he, “another pure earth above the pure heaven where the stars are, which is commonly called ether. The earth we inhabit is properly nothing else but the *sediment* of the other, and yet we fancy we inhabit the upper part of the pure earth ; much after the same rate as if one living in the depths of the sea should fancy his habitation to be above the waters ; and when he sees the sun and stars through the waters, should fancy the sea to be the heavens ; and by reason of his heaviness and weakness, having never put forth his head or raised himself above the waters, should never know that the place we inhabit is purer and finer than his. This is just our condition ; we are shut up within some hole of the earth, and fancy ourselves at the top of all ; we take the air for the true heavens in which the stars run their rounds. If any one could mount up with wings to the upper surface, he would no sooner put his head out of this gross air, than he would behold what is transacted in those blessed mansions.”

Equally ingenious are the dreams of Aristotle ; thought characterized more by that mechanical spirit which made Degerando call him the “Archimedes of philosophy.” The universe, according to him, is the sum total of all things subject to change ; but beyond its limits is neither change, nor time, nor space. The earth is the central point, the heavens the circumference ; hence there are three kinds of motion in the universe, *to the center*, *from the center*, and *about the center*. The circular motion is the most perfect, and the upper regions of the heavens in which it prevails is perfect and divine. The elementary matter of the constellations is the principle of all life, action, and thought in the inferior region, and all things here are subject to its influence

and direction. The constellations themselves are animated beings, and their principle of motion is within themselves!

The philosophers of ancient times were much given to doubting the existence of material things. What a pity that Berkeley did not live in those days of idealism; he would have found some congenial spirits among those sages, and would have had the sympathy which the empirics of our times will by no means give. We find among them one (Zeno) endeavoring "by four logical arguments to prove that there cannot be any motion in space;" and again another (Diodorus Cronus) advancing equally subtle arguments to prove the reality of motion. But the question, "are we sure of the existence of any thing, even of ourselves?" not only troubled the brains of these Greeks, but has even visited the imaginations of the modern sober Baconians.* It is a *terrible question*, said the French philosopher; and indeed it is certainly *preliminary* to any other. Without doubt, to a philosopher who sees all the direful consequences of being logically reasoned out of existence, this is in truth a terrible question; but the world in general is, fortunately, not so easily alarmed, and we find the question to have produced very little change in the practice of men, who all seem to act as though they firmly believed themselves alive.

The starting point of the ancient philosophy was the question concerning the origin of the world; and innumerable attempts were made to frame a consistent theory of the creation and to show how matter came into its present form. Recourse was always had to first principles. Thales found the first principles of all things in *water* and *spirit*; Heraclitus, in *fire*; Xenophanes in *water* and *earth*; Anaximenes and Diogenes in *air*; Pythagoras in *numbers*. According to the first of these philosophers, nothing has motion without spirit or mind (*νοῦς*), and therefore having observed the attractive power of the magnet, he very consistently supposed it to possess a soul. But we are not informed as to the manner in which he supposed the world to have been formed out of this spirit and water. Nor is it easy to discover how Heraclitus made an universe out of fire; for the volume to which his meditations were committed obtained for him the title of (*σκηπτειρος*) "the obscure," even among those ancients who indulged in like profound investigations. He talked of the principles of discord and concord, acting according to fixed laws of fate; called the principle of force, the principle of thought; considered the universe as full of *dæmones*, endowed with a portion

* "Y-a-t-il quelque chose? C'est une terrible question à laquelle on n'a pas assez pensé."—*D'Alembert*. Even Des Cartes failed in settling this question by his famous axiom, "cogito, ergo sum"—for this assumes the *ego* he meant to prove.

of his all-pervading fire ; and maintained the excellence of the soul to consist in its *aridity*, or freedom from aqueous particles ! As to the system of Diogenes, it seems that his primitive element, air, possessed an intellectual energy, by the help of which it became a world. But perhaps the most curious instance of abstract philosophy was the doctrine of Pythagoras. There were ten elementary numbers which embraced a perfect system of nature. The universe was considered as a harmonious whole, consisting of ten great bodies revolving around a common center agreeably to *harmonious* laws. The sun, the seat of Jupiter, the most perfect object in nature, was the principle of life, and the stars were divinities. The soul was an emanation from the sun, and a *number*.

Xenophanes took the stars to be small clouds, lighted up at night and extinguished in the morning. He said that there were numerous suns and moons, and that different climates are accommodated with different sets. Anaxagoras thought the firmament to be an arch of stone, the sun a body about as large as the Peloponnesus, and the stars, stones whirled up from the surface of the earth by the swiftness of the surrounding air, by which they were set on fire. But Diogenes was by no means satisfied with this ingenious theory, and therefore proposed the more plausible one, "that the stars are hot pumice stones, originally fixed in the sphere of the heavens and serving as lamps in the night, but chiefly designed as breathing holes of the world !" Others thought that the sun was a globular and hollow body, containing fire within, which produced light by streaming out through a cavity on one side ; and that when this cavity was stopped, the sun was eclipsed. Of the cosmogonies of the ancients none was so famous as the atomic theory proposed by Democritus, *the laughing philosopher* ; who attributed the motions of the solar system to the operation of an independent principle of motion existing in each of the atoms of matter, in consequence of which they form themselves naturally into separate, revolving spheres or *whirls* ; which brings us very nearly if not quite to the modern theory of *vortices*. It has been hinted that the good humored sage in proposing this theory merely intended to act up to his character and make himself merry at the expense of his disciples ; but however this may be, it was most seriously maintained by Des Cartes, which makes it more probable that the ancient philosopher was in sober earnest. Besides, we are no longer allowed to doubt the possibility that the human mind can entertain such absurdities ; what Cicero once severely remarked has been abundantly proved, that "there is no absurdity so glaring that it has not been maintained by some philosopher at some time or other." Upon all these theories, however, Aristotle, absorbed in his logic and metaphysics, looked with contempt ; and declared the busi-

ness of world-making a gratuitous work and unworthy of a philosopher.

Plato himself was not insensible of the absurdities of preceding philosophers. In his *Parmenides* is introduced the great sophist of that name, discoursing most pompously upon the ideas of being, oneness and the like. It seems that many of the ancients were anxious to arrive at a complete generalization, and to find a term which would include every thing; this term was *being* or $\tau\omicron\ \delta\upsilon$, and as the abstract idea of being is *one*, they also made use of the general term *oneness*, or $\tau\omicron\ \epsilon\upsilon$. With these obscure terms the sophists played many pranks to the bewilderment of many philosophical heads. Upon $\tau\omicron\ \epsilon\upsilon$ depended every thing; incredible are the consequences if $\tau\omicron\ \epsilon\upsilon$ exists, equally incredible are they if $\tau\omicron\ \epsilon\upsilon$ does not exist! The $\tau\omicron\ \delta\upsilon$ is possible, the $\tau\omicron\ \mu\eta\ \delta\upsilon$ is impossible!

But these were the imaginings of the earlier philosophers; there was a wonderful progress in after times, for we find them to have transferred their inquiries from the investigation of primitive essences to the discovery of the *summum bonum*. Antisthenes placed this chief good in virtue, but he defined virtue to consist in abstinence and privations as the means of assuring to us our independence of external objects; by such a course he thought that man could reach the highest perfection of his nature, the most absolute felicity, and become like the deity. Aristippus found the chief good to consist in enjoyment, and despised all the sciences, especially mathematics. Pyrrho again held virtue to be alone desirable, but equally despised the sciences, empirical and speculative, and proposed "ten sources of doubt," which should lead us to withhold our assent in all speculative matters. Aristotle's *summum bonum* was a happiness resulting from the perfect exercise of reason; while that of Epicurus was a state simply exempt from suffering.

But philosophy was still advancing; it had not yet reached the ultimatum of absurdity. The later Platonists (not at all worthy of that name) talked about the soul of the world, and the primitive unity, about attaining to the comprehension of the absolute by contemplation; perverting some of the notions of Plato and carrying others to the height of extravagance and folly. Plotinus puzzled himself with the questions, "What is matter? and how was it produced from unity?" (For every thing with him must be derived from unity.) His answer is completely satisfactory. "Unity as being the cause of reality continually progresses from itself as a center; and following this progressive scale of production to the end we arrive at a final product beyond which no other is possible," and *this* is matter! There is a work on the mysteries of the Egyptians, the product of that age, (about A. D. 300,) attributed to Iamblichus, in which, styling himself the

priest of divinity, he gives solutions with the most perfect assurance to the mystical queries of contemporary philosophers; and defines with the utmost minuteness the different classes of angels, the apparitions of the gods and demons; with a multitude of details equally wonderful. This was a great step in the degeneracy which some time after reduced philosophy to a mere logical skeleton which stalked over the whole of Europe through the middle ages, visiting the imaginations of such men as Alexander of Hales (*Doctor Irrefragabilis*), Thomas Aquinas (*Doctor Angelicus*), and Duns Scotus (*Doctor Subtilis*), a worthy trio reviewed in one famous verse of Hudibras, where the squire is described as having been

“ In school divinity as able
As he that hight *irrefragable*,
A second *Thomas*, or at once
To name them all—another *Duns* !”

Philosophy in these days achieved some of the highest triumphs of stupidity and nonsense, and immortalized the names of the schoolmen in their solutions of difficult problems about angels and apparitions. A subject which troubled them much was the *principle of individuality*, which they discussed in the form of the following question. Since Peter and John are both men, in what do they differ from each other, and what is it that makes one Peter and the other John? St. Thomas, too much engaged among the angels to pay very minute attention to a question concerning material existences, answered it in the plain common-sense manner: “A man’s individuality lies in his flesh and bones.” But however plausible this solution, it involved, according to the principles of the realists, (and of St. Thomas himself,) a gross error; for they did not admit the reality of flesh and bones! Accordingly, Duns gave the much more elegant solution, which is famous even at the present time and known probably to many of our readers. “The individuality of Peter,” said he, “lies in his *Petreity* or *Peterness*; and the precise reason why he is Peter and not John is, that in him humanity is combined with *Petreity*, while in John the additional ingredient is *Johnnity*.”*

Another hero of these times was the most learned and ingenious St. Anselm, Archbishop of Canterbury, who composed a subtle dialogue called “The Grammarian,” in which is discussed the questions, “whether a grammarian be or be not a substance,” and “whether it be possible that there should be a grammarian who is not at the same time a man.” These difficult points settled, the logician proceeds to prove (to his own satisfaction at least) the important truths that “man is not grammar,” and that “he who knows grammar is a grammarian!”

* N. A. Review, Vol. ix.

The world is also indebted to another philosopher of the middle ages in the person of Albert *the Great*, whose achievements in alchemy our readers will grant with us to be meritorious and wonderful. Degerando has given the alchemist's own account of his discoveries. "I began," says Albert, "to labor diligently in decoctions and sublimations, in solutions and distillations, in curations and calcinations, until at last I discovered that it was possible to transmute metals into the sun and moon. Weak and ignorant as I am, I mean to write for the use of my friends and associates an easy and infallible method of doing this, but in such a style, that seeing they shall not see, and hearing they shall understand!"—for which kindness his "friends and associates" must have been very grateful. Respecting his skill in magic, he makes the following remark. "The reality of apparitions is proved by the evidence of Trismegistus and Socrates. But to remove all doubt on the subject, I may add the testimony of my own experience, having raised them myself!" Who is there that is not convinced?

The spirit of speculation, however, has not been confined to the metaphysician and natural philosopher; it has even invaded the regular, circular and quadrangular systems of the mathematician. Ozanam, a French mathematician of the 17th century, would not suffer himself to be drawn into the theological disputes of his day, and gave this excellent reason for his conduct: "It is the business of the Sorbonne to discuss, of the Pope to decide, and of the mathematician to go to heaven in a perpendicular line." Even La Place was not free from the absurdities of speculation, and in his work on chances, has given proofs of this in himself, as well as in the case of Bernouilli, Leibnitz and others. If we reduce the fraction $\frac{1}{1+x}$ to a series whose terms are arranged according to the powers of x , and then suppose $x=1$, the fraction becomes $\frac{1}{2}$ and the series becomes $1-1+1-1+\&c.$ to infinity. By adding the first two terms of this series, the next two, and so on, we transform the series into another having each term = zero. Hence Grandi inferred the possibility of creation, because he found an infinite series of *nothings* producing the quantity $\frac{1}{2}$. Leibnitz, also, saw an image of creation in his binary arithmetic, where he employed only two characters, zero and unity. He imagined that unity might represent God, and zero nothing, and that the Supreme Being might have made all things out of nothing, as unity with zero expresses all numbers in this system of arithmetic.*

* La Place adds also, that "this idea pleased Leibnitz so much that he communicated it to the Jesuit Grimaldi, President of the Mathematical Board in China, in the hope that this emblem of creation would convert to Christianity the reigning emperor, who was particularly fond of the sciences."—*Essai Philosophique sur les Probabilités*.

But enough has been said to show that even the philosopher is not wholly free from the intellectual weaknesses of human nature. We would not be understood, however, to despise philosophy in all its forms; for though to us the search after first principles and *essences* must ever seem a vain and profitless study, yet the search after *laws*, either of nature or of mind, we hold to be one of the noblest employments of reason. But reason is not content with learning laws, she would discover causes, would fathom the mysteries of creation, of mind and of matter, would

—"model Heaven
And calculate the stars."

Though baffled in these inquiries, the philosopher has tried to solve the problems which the workings of his own mind suggested, the nature and origin of thought. But every where he has suffered his fancy to mislead his judgment, and too often while he thought

"To soar with Plato to the empyreal sphere,
To the first good, first perfect, and first fair,"

he has only been wandering in a "mazy round" of wild conjecture, producing nothing but imaginations and "airy shapes." It *may* be, indeed, as a German philosopher has conjectured, "that a time will come when those very modes of thinking which now appear to us deviations from the true path, may be discovered to have been nothing but the necessary steps of reason in her gradual progress of true cultivation and genuine wisdom." It is true that in nearly all the systems of the philosophers, however obscured by fanciful and intricate speculation, there glimmer here and there the scattered rays of genuine truth, refracted perhaps by the medium of human reason from its pure whiteness into a number of gaudy colors. But again we observe that one system is directly opposed to another, and we are certain that though error may oppose error, truth can never oppose truth; we see that one philosopher builds his theory only upon the ruins of a preceding one, that "systems expel systems only to succeed one another like the phantasmagoria with which children are amused, one gaudy and disproportioned figure making way for another, equally motley and equally unsubstantial;" and we are compelled to think that, instead of being only different roads to the same end, they are really deviations and wanderings from the certain path of inquiry, and therefore all equally in error;

—"unus utriusque
Error, sed variis illudit partibus."

What reason then have we to hope that these "present modes of thinking" will prove in the end to have been but the "necessary

of reason," except in the single circumstance that they have not men the position of some of the dangers and difficulties lie in their way? Instead of inspiring such flattering hopes, the inadequacy of reason to satisfy its own requirements should lead the philosopher to listen to another and surer guide, direct and therefore infallible; which will lead him to wisdom and happiness by a path remote from subtleties and refinements, and living in the midst of the daily duties of life. Even speculative philosophy will not have proved wholly an useless study, if it has served but to exhibit to him the fallability of human reason when abandoned to its own direction, and to convince him that did the great bard, who had drunk deeply from every fountain of human knowledge, that

"Apt the mind or fancy is to rove
Uncheck'd, and of her roving is no end;
Till warn'd or by experience taught, she learn,
That not to know at large of things remote
From use, obscure and subtle, but to know
That which before us lies in daily life
Is the prime wisdom."

X.

LINES ON CHILDHOOD.

The pleasures of childhood departed forever,
How oft does fond memory recall them to mind;
Though we search every prospect that meets us, we never
At noonday the fragrance of morning can find.

How dear were the ties that in friendship united
Young hearts yet unseared by the world's busy strife;
How pure were the joys of affection requited,
When nature's best feelings were springing to life.

Then fancy light-winged each pleasure enhancing,
Threw back her rich rays on the scenes of the past;
And still as through youth's early progress advancing,
Her wreaths in the pathway before us were cast.

Then Hope spread her wings in a sky all unclouded,
And pointed to regions of ceaseless delight,
But alas! ere we reach them their brightness is shrouded,
And the beauties we dreamed of are hid from the sight.

L. M.

A FRAGMENT.

TRIM. "Dost credit friend the half that e'er was told thee?"

SNUFF. "No, I' faith, and this, I think, doth smack somewhat
Of the marvellous."—*Old Play.*

DARKNESS was in my heart. The shadows of many sorrows lay upon my soul. The spirits I had summoned were powerless to aid me. "Must it be so?" I cried, "must the last of the race of Udolph, who has passed his life in vigils and sufferings, be ever baffled thus? I will consult the mightiest of them all, the spirit of the waters." So I went forth at the dead hour of night and stood by the gray and melancholy ocean. Wild and mournful sighed the winds around, and a few trembling stars were imaged on the dark and rocking billows. "Spirit of ocean," I cried aloud, "where dwelleth thy power and the glory of thy presence? By my magic words and fearful spell, I bid thee conduct my spirit to thy shadowy court." So I uttered the magic words and the fearful spell above the troubled waters. A tremulous light swayed to and fro, advanced over the deep, and a voice of strange utterance said, "follow the spirit-torch wheresoe'er it lead thee." Suddenly my burden of clay became ethereal, and, a bodiless consciousness, I followed far along the billows the waving light and the weird voice and entered the depths of ocean. A clear and limitless vision was given me to behold all things; and presently I saw that from the shadow of night we had emerged where sunlight lay upon the deep. Beautiful, unutterably strange and beautiful were the hues and forms amid the green waters. All around glanced the colors of the sunbow amid groves of coral and crystal halls, and shapes of exceeding loveliness moved through them by the light of their own brightness. It was a world of life. The emerald and ruby rocks were spangled with moving stars, on the sea-forest boughs swung crescent moons, nymphs in the bright caves were braiding their amber hair, and all throughout lived a slumbrous melody, like the dying tones of the organ. Death, too, had been there. The pebbly bed was strewn with the wrecks of navies. Uncounted treasures of diamonds and gold lay unhoarded; helmets and swords rested motionless where they fell; and all among the coral groves were scattered the bones of the dead, white and smooth, and it was seen, where the maiden lay locked in her lover's arms, by her long hair flowing in threads of amber. Still glided on that guiding light, and louder and sweeter grew that melody of ocean. Then uprose before me yet afar a vast and caverned concave. Crystal were the pillars thereof, gems and pearls were scattered on its

ave, and the fretted roof blazed with the diamonds of a world. There were borne those solemn harmonies, there moved forms of light, and faces indistinct but of sad and spiritual beauty looked forth by the crystal columns. Far within uprose a throne of cean marble, adorned with all things of rare and wondrous hues. Then unembodied voices, I knew not whence, spoke to my spirit.

FIRST VOICE.

Earth-dwelling mortal
By sorrow unbended,
Why to our ocean halls
Hast thou descended?
If wo unto madness
Hath never subdued thee,
And only with sadness
Unending imbued thee,
Thou art but as one of us
Joy never feeling,
Yet still in our silent souls
Sorrow concealing.
Why then of us seek'st thou
From sadness relief,
Who endure eternal
Existence and grief?
If with us thou inherit
Pain knowing no cure,
With us, hapless spirit,
Endure! endure!

SECOND VOICE.

What seek'st thou in the stirless reign
Of ocean's spirit king,
Where joy nor grief nor fear nor pain
Can wild emotion bring?
We dwell in a changeless calm of sadness
Unmoved by grief, unmoved by gladness!
Linked to life thou wishest death,
Oh! vain is thy desire,
For still th' undying soul will burn
With anguish's quenchless fire!
Thou canst not lose thy memory,
For visions of the dark past flee,
Howe'er thy life thou spurn;
Back to the green earth and the air,
Whate'er betide thee learn to bear—
Return, O child of earth, return!

THIRD VOICE.

Hast thou learned all earth's wisdom
And magical lore,
What thou seek'st the green ocean
To win for thee more?

Oh! know'st thou not, mortal,
Aspiring so high,
That knowledge is sorrow,
And wisdom a sigh?
Or seek'st thou more beauty
Than earth can bestow,
Within the deep waters,
Where bright colors glow—
Where strange things are lying
Of wonderful hue,
And momentarily changing
To tints ever new?
But beauty is fleeting
As sound on the wind,
Which leaves not a trace of
Its passage behind!
And when it has vanish'd
It gives but a grief,
That splendor so lovely
Hath being so brief!
Then seek not the mysteries
Of ocean to know,
But bearing the present
Increase not thy woe.
Or wouldst thou escape from
The grief of the past,
By beholding the future
In our dark mirror glassed?
Oh! seek not to double
The woes of life's day—
From our ocean-hall haste thee,
Oh! haste thee away!

ALL THE VOICES.

But if thou wilt not stay thy steps,
Who travellest here alone,
Lo! yonder sits our mighty lord
Upon his lofty throne.
Approach—draw near,
Nor faint nor fear,
Before his sadly-beaming eyes,
But tell thy wishes in his ear,
Which gathereth all the mysteries
Of this round, rolling sphere.

Then I looked, and above the shining throne uprose a shadow and awful form. His presence darkened the green waters around and the deep-born melodies grew still. I drew near, yet unfaithful, and a voice like a forest wind fell upon my ear ; and to voice I answered.

Spirit of Ocean. Lone child of sorrow ! what wouldst thou with me ?

Udolph. Her presence and—her long-desired voice.

Sp. of Ocean. Whom speak'st thou of, that I should know from all
Her form or spirit ?

Udolph. In the universe
Of radiant hues and forms know'st thou the brightest ?
Of all created essences that dwell
In Heaven, on earth, or in thy still domain
Know'st thou the purest ? hast thou ever seen
A perfect loveliness—the soul of Beauty ?
This bright, this pure, this beautiful is she !
Oh ! could I hear one tone—

Sp. of Ocean. Thou hast not said
Where dwells she, or with what existence—whether
A pure intelligence, a viewless spirit,
Or animated clay, she hath her being ;
Whether her habitation be in heaven,
Or some far world among the luminous orbs,
That gem the breast of space, or, on this globe,
The air, the earth, or my sad, silent reign.
O'er other worlds than this I have no power,
But in these elements, where'er her home,
Or with what being, bodily or ethereal,
I can compel her presence—speak.

Udolph. Alas !
Her birth-place or abode I cannot tell,
Nor how so spiritual a loveliness
May have existence. Yet will I recall
The scenes and feelings of the twilight past,
Of which she is a portion.

From the cradle
I've been in love with Beauty, and have paid
Such adoration unto all her forms,
It has become the passion absolute
And essence of my being. Nature first
Was my delight in all her glorious shapes,
Her sounds melodious and living hues.
I loved the spring—her low and winning voice,
Green leaves, and gentle flowers, and singing birds,
And fountains prattling free ; I loved the summer
Glowing with life—his deep, mysterious skies,
Dark woods and silent waters ; and I loved
The pale and melancholy autumn, with
His sickly smile, his sorrowing winds, dead flowers,
And withered foliage ; even stern winter's reign,
The eddying storm, the hushed and frozen stream,

And mountains robed in snow, had charms for me.
 The breaking morn, with dew and glancing beams,
 The radiant noon with light and shadow playing,
 The golden sunset and the dusky eve,
 Silence and starlight, and the sad, pale moon,
 Clouds, mountains, winds, and ocean's solemn waste—
 All these I loved, and in that love did dwell
 With a most constant worship.

Yet I grew

Restless, unsatisfied with nature's charms,—
 Not that they seemed not lovely as at first,
 For never hath their beauty faded yet
 Unto my vision—but my spirit craved
 A more ethereal loveliness, a ray
 Of that all-glorious Intelligence,
 Which did create and animate this whole,
 A beauty instinct with undying mind!
 In vain I watched and questioned the bright stars,
 As if from their far light could emanate
 A being to my wish. In vain I sought
 Among the stars of earth some virgin form,
 Whose heavenly mould should serve but to transmit
 With softened luster the soul's light within;
 For evermore I found the fairest were
 A disappointment and a mockery!

'Twas on a day, I do remember well,
 A summer's day, I laid me down to rest
 By a cool fountain. Slumber stole upon me,
 And dreams confused with many images
 And shifting scenes. But soon all these were passed,
 And light most magical did shine around,
 Nor of the sun nor moon, but as the shining
 Of some bright, solemn star; and, while I gazed
 In mute surprise, before me did appear
 A thing of earth and heaven—a chiseled form
 So fair, so pure, so eloquent with life,
 It seemed embodied light—a countenance
 Of sad and spiritual beauty, sweet
 Ineffably, reflecting in its mien
 A heaven of loveliness, all mantled o'er
 With such a holy, bright intelligence,
 As fills the sky, when stars are shining forth
 From Ether's silent depths. I yearned to hear
 A voice, a tone from her, but dared not speak,
 Lest I should scare away the gentle vision.
 How long I mutely gazed I cannot tell,
 But I awoke to sigh, that I had found
 And lost again, what I had sought so long.
 And ever from that hour, in dreams by night
 And reveries by day, I have beheld
 The self-same form and face which did appear
 By that cool fountain. Yea! all times, all places,

Have still presented to my mental eye
 The same sweet image. I have seen it look
 From heaven's clear mirror; I have seen it glassed
 Within the running stream, in shady fount,
 On sleeping lake, on ocean's face, and oft,
 Full often called and listened for an answer.
 Thus ever present with her, yet debarred
 From sweet converse, I have in midnight vigils
 Pored over ancient scrolls of wizard lore,
 Wringing from nature's mysteries a power
 And fearful spell, by which I have enforced
 The mightiest spirits to my ministration,
 That by their powerful skill I might endow
 This lovely phantom of my own dark mind,
 If such, with life, voice, passions, and thus hold
 Communion with her spirit. Oh! in vain,
 All vainly have I lived through weary years,
 In bitterness of soul, to find the vision,
 Still ever lovely, ever voiceless still,
 As first in that sweet dream!

But now I've come,
 O lord of ocean! to thy sounding halls,
 If thou, perchance, the mightiest spirit of earth,
 Canst ease my agony—if thou canst make
 This spirit or phantom, whatsoe'er she be,
 A bright reality, with voice and words,
 And answering sympathies.

Sp. of Ocean.

Those I may give,
 The last lies in her power. What form wouldst thou
 Have her assume?

Udolph.

That perfect loveliness
 With which she hath enthralled and tortured all
 My mortal being. Bring the brightest thing
 The world can boast of.

Sp. of Ocean.

Then thou must behold
 The spirit of beauty. I will summon her
 That thou mayst see.

Then did the Spirit of Ocean wave his scepter, and utter slowly
 his incantation.

Incantation of the Spirit of Ocean.

Light of creation,
 Illuming each part,
 That gain'st adoration
 From each mortal heart;
 To whom every star
 For a dwelling is given,

Whoso splendor afar
 Fills the glad courts of heaven;
 By the spell of my power,
 Be thy bright presence here.
 This, this is the hour,
 Appear, now appear!

Then I heard a voice approach, first distant, then nearer,
 singing.

What the voice said in its song.

from that eternal face,
 hath forever shone,
 verse, my dwelling place,
 gh all my power is known.
 or I glance the stars put on
 beauty and their pride,
 sh-lit worlds, where I have gone,
 brightly side by side.
 , where mortals have their birth,
 made to please their eye ;
 ed in living green the earth,
 ied hues the sky ;
 ie trees their lordly growth,
 lants their lowly grace,
 k with gay and many dies
 ether's airy race.
 ie dew its pearly sheen,
 endor to the flower,
 ry blade of grass is green,
 r mysterious power.

Within the ocean's stirless deep,
 Where choral music swells,
 I give the amber's golden sleep,
 And tinge the purple shells.
 Its sands I spread and pebbly bed
 With pearls and diamonds bright,
 And through its coral forests shed
 A strange and dreamy light.
 But most in woman's virgin face
 Have I my power displayed ;
 My every art and gentle grace
 Are sweetly there arrayed : [heart,
 And when soft love hath warmed her
 And virtue fired her breast,
 And knowledge hath illumed her mind,
 How beautiful and blest !
 Bound by the magic of thy spell,
 I've sought thy silent reign,
 Where thou and thine in calmness dwell,
 To me thy wish explain !

he voice ceased, the Spirit of Beauty appeared before me
 e throne.

Ocean. Lo ! she stands before thee ! speak,
 If thou hast aught of question.

Beautiful !

As in my dream ! Oh ! let me hear thy voice,
 If thou art a reality, and not
 A mockery of the mind.

Beauty. Thou ! mortal ? What
 Hast thou to do with me ?

Have I not loved thee,
 And with a love knowing no change through years
 Of suffering and sin ? Have I not scorned
 The loves of kindred and the hopes of fame,
 The common sympathies of social life,
 And smiles and tears of maidens eyeing me
 With looks of tenderness, through darkening days
 Still clinging to the worship of thine image,
 The pale remembrance of a vanished dream ?
 Oh ! know'st thou not, or wilt not recognize
 Thy sorrowing votary ?

Beauty. Unhappy mortal !
 Full well I know thee, who thou art, and what
 Thou'st felt and suffered, and must suffer still.
 I know, that from the cradle thou hast been
 In love with beauty, and at first it was
 A holy love, bestowed on nature's charms.
 But when with growing years it had become

The passion of thy being, and then didst
 Forget or scorn that nobler beauty, virtue's,
 Thou then o'erlook'dst the aim of thy existence,
 And justly wast condemned to misery,
 Drinking the cup of bitter discontent.
 And when from these in wretchedness of heart
 Thou turn'dst to satisfy thy craving soul
 With beauty more sublime, ethereal;
 Of knowledge and the mind, thou wast the more
 Removed from love of that pure excellence,
 Which is the essence of the Deity;
 And thus thy soul grew darker still. 'Twas then,
 To punish thy perverseness, I was sent
 To lead thy folly on and torture thee
 With a vain vision. In that transient dream
 I did appear, and by that shady fountain
 In this created loveliness I gazed
 In sadness on thee, that thou couldst so miss
 What was most truly beautiful, and stir
 Thy soul's pure springs to blackness, with vain toil
 After that happiness which hidden lay
 In thy own breast, wouldst thou its fount unseal.
 I would have spoken, but thou hadst been left
 To the wild workings of thy own dark soul,
 And wast not to be warned. So from that hour
 In wretched constancy thou hast adored
 The semblance of a vision mirrored in
 Thy own imagination, which hath ever
 Presented thee the image of my form,
 A phantom loveliness!

But now return,
 Open thy heart to human sympathies,
 And, loving virtue first, thou shalt enjoy
 All other loveliness; or otherwise
 Created beauty must forever be
 A madness and a torture to thy spirit.

(Spirit of Beauty retiring.)

Udolph. Oh! one word more! Say that thou hat'st me not!

Sp. of Beauty. Mortal, farewell!

Udolph. Oh! linger yet a moment!

Is it a sin, that I have loved thee so,
 And worshiped thy bright image? If it be,
 Let pain and suffering atone for *that*
 Through countless years, (for I shall love thee ever!)
 But let me gaze upon thee still, and hear
 The tones of thy sweet voice, which seem to me
 The breathings of the soul of melody!

Sp. of Beauty. How can I linger?—for my errand is
 To beautify the universe of God,
 That all His creatures may rejoice, and feel
 His boundless mercy. Yet my presence still
 Shall be around thee, and, with upright soul,

Thou mayst behold and hear me in the face
And voice of nature, in the whisperings
And sweet affections of the human heart,
And in th' aspirings of the human mind,
When they are pure.

I hear the journeying stars,
The circling suns, and angels' song proclaim
The birth of a new world, and I must haste
To bathe it in the gladdening smile of God!
Mortal, farewell!

she departed, and I saw her no more! Then faded away
shadowy presence of the Spirit of Ocean. Borne by invisi-
bly, I passed the coral groves and the waving sea-banners,
found myself again on the rocky shore. My companions
the silent night and the hoarse billows. More lovely than
has the world appeared since that hour—sweeter the sym-
es of human nature. But never, amid the throng of men,
the busy press of social life, have I forgotten or ceased to love
ace and glory of that vision! Yea! doth it not haunt me
remembered dream—a dream of heaven!

?

LINES TO A MOUNTAIN STREAM.

SWEET stream, how like a peaceful life
Thy pleasant waters glide—
How brightly smiles the morning beam
Upon thy sleepless tide!

May thy glad waters ever flow
As sparklingly as now,—
When evening's sunny smile is bright
On yonder mountain brow.

The trees that skirt thy laughing stream,
In gayest verdure drest,
Forever shade the dewy flowers
That hide the robin's nest.

And, when the moon with placid mien,
Looks forth from yonder sky—
When from the dancing leaves is heard
The night-wind's mournful sigh—

Thy waters with a gayer smile
Reflect the starry ray,
And light for many a weary mile
The wanderer on his way.

W.

THE ANCIENT GREEK MUSIC.

No. I.

“ Ne fortè pudori
Sit tibi Musa lyræ solus, et cantor Apollo.”—*Ars Poetica*, v, 406.

IN the history of the fine arts, as we approach that of music and poetry in the early ages of Greece, we feel ourselves in a region where mythology, superstition, and enthusiasm, aided by the beauties of nature, the sensitive taste and genius of the people, are producing all the wonderful effects that could be ascribed to enchantment. Beautiful and sublime as the ancient mythology may have been, much as it added to the power of music, still it has obscured as well as magnified every thing connected with its early history among the Greeks. Their system of deification was such, that we are often at a loss to distinguish a fanciful god from a real person, and still oftener, through the mists of fable, enlarge man to the stature of deity. We can only learn the comparative merit attached to each art, without knowing the degree of perfection attained. All historians, however, agree in ascribing to music great influence among the Greeks, and from their peculiar regard for this art, raised it to a high degree of cultivation. Vossius tells us “that Greece was governed by the lyre,” and Plato said “that his music could not be changed without altering the constitution of the state itself.”

As the ancients attributed every important invention to some god, they did not fail to consider music as the divine art, sent directly from heaven. Beautiful as is this account of the birth of music, yet we prefer the simpler and more natural idea of its origin as given by Lucretius:—

“ Through all the woods they heard the charming noise
Of chirping birds, and tried to frame their voice
And imitate. Thus birds instructed man,
And taught them songs before their art began ;
And whilst soft evening gales blew o’er the plains
And shook the sounding reeds, they taught the swains ;
And thus the pipe was framed and tuneful reed.”

We do not wonder so much at the ancient superstition with regard to music being an immediate gift of God ; for musician among them implied poet and philosopher, and they consequently believed that he must be inspired with a “living coal from off the altar of God.”

According to mythology, Cadmus, a contemporary of the Cretan Jupiter, introduced into Greece a race of Phœnicians called

Curetes, who brought with them the arts and sciences of their native country. Cadmus is said to have espoused Harmonia, who was so skilled in music that the art was called after her name. At their marriage, which the gods attended, Mercury was present with his lyre, and Minerva with her flute. Apollo also was there, and his lyre was accompanied by the flutes of the Muses. Apollo was the first to accompany the lyre with his voice, but the credit of its invention belongs to Mercury, who gave it to Apollo as a peace offering for having stolen his oxen.

“ To Phœbus Maia’s son presents the lyre,
A gift intended to appease his ire ;
The god receives it gladly and assays
The novel instrument a thousand ways,
With dextrous skill the plectrum wields, and sings
With voice accordant to the trembling strings
Such strains as men and gods approved, from whence
The sweet alliance sprang of sound and sense.”

It appears then, that Apollo was not only the god of the bow, (as is commonly believed,) but also the god of music. Thus, Horace says—

“ Quondam cithera tacentem
Suscitat Musam, neque *semper* arcum
Tendit Apollo.”—*Car.*, lib. II, ode x.

Notwithstanding the above mythological account of the introduction of music into Greece, we are bound to believe, since Egypt was the birth-place of the arts and sciences, that from them the Greeks borrowed whatever they knew of music. They did indeed excel their masters and all others, but this resulted from their native invention, their love of the beautiful, and their form of government. In Egypt the arts were not allowed to advance beyond a certain fixed limit, whereas in Greece, rewards were ever held out to encourage excellence, and genius was always rewarded.

The great respect entertained for music among the ancient Greeks is exemplified in the remarkable fact, that though a particular art is ascribed to each Muse, yet mythology represents them all as possessing the power of song,—

“ By turns the nine delight to sing.”

And Milton says,

“ Here the Muses in a ring
Round about Jove’s altar sing.”

These soul-enchanting ladies were engaged in the worship of Bacchus. He is said to have first established schools of music. (The term “servants of Bacchus,” is not only applicable to those who indulge in wine, but to actors; and especially those who perform in pieces in which music and dancing are introduced.)

The merry Pan was the companion and counsellor of Bacchus, and aided at all his carousings with the melody of his pipes, which Virgil has given him the credit of inventing.

“Pan primos calamos cera conjungere plures
Instituit.”—*Eclog. II*, 32.

The Muses had their terrestrial secondaries under the name of Sirens. The enchanting power of their melody, and Circe's warning to Ulysses against their seductive strains, we find first mentioned in the *Odyssey*.

“Next where the Sirens dwell you plough the seas,
Their song is death, and makes destruction please.
Unblest the man whom music wins to stay
Near the curst shore and listen to their lay;
No more that wretch shall view the joys of life,
His blooming offspring, or his beauteous wife.
Flee swift the dangerous coast! let every ear
Be stopt against the song! 'tis death to hear!
Firm to the mast thyself with chains be bound,
Nor trust thy virtue to the enchanting ground.”

From this short account of the fabulous age, it appears that music was in very high repute, and that he who excelled in its practice or science, was considered worthy of being raised to the rank of divinity. Indeed, historians say, so great was the respect of the Greeks for this art, that they were accustomed to consider it the foundation of all the sciences, as well as a source of pleasure. On this account they studied the laws of harmony, supposing that the disposition of all physical existences was arranged according to a system of concords.

Chiron, Linus, Orpheus, and Amphion are the most celebrated as masters of music in the heroic age of Greece. We pass by the history of Chiron, styled by Plutarch the “wise centaur,” and Linus, who was killed by his pupil Hercules, to give place to Orpheus, the greatest of all ancient musicians. He embarked in the Argonautic expedition, and not only excited the courage of his companions by the tones of his lyre, but even silenced the Sirens by the sweeter music of his voice and instrument.

It is said of him, that he played with such skill and miraculous power that the most rapid rivers ceased to flow, the wild beasts of the forest forgot their wildness, and the mountains came to listen to his song.

“Orpheus could leave the savage race,
And trees uprooted left their place
Sequacious of the lyre.”

Of all the nymphs who listened to his song, Euridice was the only one of whom he became enamored, and their nuptials were celebrated; she, however, soon died, and Orpheus resolved to re-

er or perish in the attempt. With his lyre in his hand, he entered the infernal regions and gained admission to Pluto. The hell was charmed with his strains, and according to Virgil Cerberus ceased to snarl, the wheel of Ixion stopped, the rock of Sisyphus stood still, Tantalus forgot his thirst, and even the Furies relented. Pluto shed iron tears, and Proserpine was obliged to restore his lost Euridice.

“All dangers past, at length the lovely bride
In safety goes with her melodious guide.”—*Georgics, Book III.*

genius, however, was the cause of his death. The Thracian women, jealous of his influence over their husbands, waylaid and murdered him.

The story of the walls of Thebes rising “like an exhalation” from the melodious strains of the harp of Amphion, exemplifies still more strongly the ideas which the ancients entertained of the power of music.*

Homer, the poet and historian of the period of the Trojan war, tells us some account of the poet musicians who flourished at that epoch. Homer speaks in the highest praise of Tiresias, Phrynis, Demodocus, and Phemius. It is supposed that he intended to represent himself in the person of Demodocus, though he has been most lavish in his own praise, his fame exceeded that which he gave to his representative. The following passage from the *Odyssey*, will show how clearly the character of Demodocus is applicable to Homer.

“The herald now arrives and guides along
The sacred master of celestial song;
Dear to the Muse! who gave his days to flow
With mighty blessings, mixed with mighty woe;
With clouds of darkness drenched his visual ray,
But gave him skill to raise the lofty lay.
High on a radiant throne, sublime in state,
Encircled by high multitudes he sate;
With silver shone the throne; his lyre, well strung,
To rapt’rous sounds at hand Protonous hung.”

In Homer’s works we learn that the arts were in great repute, but none so much esteemed as music. He has given a panegyric on the sister arts when he says—

“How sweet the products of a peaceful reign,
The heaven-taught poet, and enchanting strain.”

It is a thought by some learned commentators, that this story was taken from the account of Joshua’s blowing down the walls of Jericho by the music of the trumpets. We leave it for critics to decide; but would merely observe, that we rather consider an improbable conjecture, as the rearing a wall with flutes and lyres, and blowing one down with rams-horns, differ HARMONICALLY.

The great poet has himself considered music of so much importance, that he has given it a place in *four* of the twelve compartments of his shield of Achilles.

The songs of the ancient bards were always accompanied by the lyre, and instrumental music was scarcely known. At all public feasts music was introduced, and

“ Thus the blest Gods the genial day prolong
In feasts ambrosial and celestial song;
Apollo tuned the lyre. The Muses round
With voice alternate aid the silver sound.”

In their worship, no single rite could be performed without it. All prophecies, and all the stern decrees of fate were given in melody. It was the aim of their greatest men to excel in it; and a kind of shame to be obliged to confess themselves ignorant of it. The musical attainments of Epaminondas gained him glory as well as his heroism, and the refusal of Themistocles to play on the lyre at a feast, was considered a reproach, as well as the flagrant vices of his youth. It was in Greece that music was in honor, and held a conspicuous place in their education. It was deemed of great use in forming the mind and exciting a love of decency, sobriety, and virtue. Their heroes frequently stirred their enthusiasm by singing the immortal deeds of kings. Achilles and Paris were musicians, and though the one sought in music the indulgence of his effeminate habits, the other, by means of the lyre, checked his unbounded rage for glory.

Little is known of the musicians between the time of Homer and the establishment of the games. There is a total blank in history from the time of Homer to Sappho, and from Sappho to Anacreon. Between the time of Anacreon and Pindar we find the names of Tyrtæas and Archilochus—the former the inventor of the trumpet, and the latter of lyric poetry and the rival of Homer. It is probable that Olympus lived at this time. He is celebrated by Plutarch, Aristotle and Plato for his musical talents. It is reported of Alexander, when at a feast, he heard his curule song performed by Antigenides, was so excited that he seized his arms and was ready to charge the guests. Terpander is supposed to have succeeded Tyrtæas, although there is much doubt in respect to the time and place of his birth. He added three strings to the lyre, and by this innovation very much enraged the Spartan senate. He also has the honor of inventing a system of notation by which music could be written and preserved. The Egyptians, Phenicians and Hebrews possessed no musical characters, and consequently all music previous to the time of Terpander was traditionary and fleeting. His notes were made up of the Greek alphabet, and though his system was very imper-

fect, still it rendered music capable of being read.* Music was at this time not only connected with poetry, but with philosophy and politics ; so much so that Lycurgus travelled into Crete for the purpose of obtaining the assistance of the musician Thaletas, in contriving and establishing that form of government which had such a singular effect upon the character of his countrymen.

We cannot here refuse the claims of a lady musician whose merit ranks so high as that of Lamia. She was distinguished as a flute player, a wit and a beauty. She became the mistress of Demetrius Poliorcetes, and influenced him to confer so great favors upon the Athenians, that they dedicated a temple to "Venus Lamia." It is probable that much of her influence and fame was owing to her beauty ; yet Plutarch speaks in the highest praise of her musical powers. The "Tibicinæ," or female flute players, were not as common among the Greeks as among the Persians, still the example of Lamia is sufficient to show, that since piano-fortes were not invented, ladies did not hesitate to play a more humble instrument—the flute.

We have been thus particular in noticing the ancient Greek musicians, until just after the institution of the games, because our history would be incomplete without them, and still more, to show the great influence and high respect the most polished nation of antiquity attached to music.

It is a difficult task to account for the miraculous power ascribed to ancient music. It has doubtless been exaggerated by fable, but we cannot believe it was all fiction. "So much fable could not be built upon a vacuum." The melodies we have received from the Greeks are very few, and though we may have found their form, we have never felt the powerful spirit that once animated them ; we can never understand the zeal and solemnity music gave to their sacred songs, nor feel the beauty and exalted hilarity it contributed to their social enjoyment. We cannot comprehend the softness of their Lydian mode, nor the fury of their Phrygian measure. That music in an age extremely rude or highly polished is capable of producing great effects, cannot be denied. Its power is over the passions, and if it appeals to the intellect it owes its influence to the feelings. The uninstructed mind, unaccustomed to flowing sounds, considers them supernatural, and feels as if in them it heard the voice of a spirit. Among a civilized people the sensibilities are alive to all the elegance, beauty and grandeur of a refined and cultivated melody. It was

* These characters (Rollin says) were used until the eleventh century, when Guy d' Arrezo invented the modern manner of writing them with notes placed on different lines, so as to mark the sound by the position of the notes. In order to mark the duration or length of the notes, crotchets, minims, &c. were introduced by John de Meurs of Paris, in the reign of King John.

thus among the Greeks; and their stories do not appear so incredible when we contemplate them as a people naturally sensitive, passionate, in the highest degree superstitious, peculiarly imaginative, and possessing a religion that served to render every thing mysterious. The effects of music could not be any thing less than wonderful, among a nation so susceptible. It exerted also a reciprocal influence in rendering their feelings more acute, and their judgment more capable of enjoying all that is beautiful and refined in nature and the arts. The charm of musical sounds, and the measured cadence of verse decorated with gorgeous imagery, combined to form an enchantment subduing alike the senses and the spirit. It bound the soul as by a spell; and the pleasures of sense often overcame the understanding. It delighted their imagination and feasted their passions, but above all it heightened the mystery of their sacred worship; there it addressed their superstition, and was eloquent as the "still small voice of God."

But this part of our subject can be pursued more appropriately, and considered more at length in connection with the notions entertained of music by the Greek philosophers; whose ideas were as full of harmonical wonders as the golden legend is replete with saintly miracles.

JUBAL.

Ὁ ἐξόριστος Πολυός.

Περιπόθητη παῖτρίς μου,
 Ἐὼς πότῃ εἰς τυραννίαν;
 Ἐὼς πότῃ ν' ὑποφέρῃς,
 Ὑπὸ Ρωσσικὴν δουλίαν;
 Ἐὼς πότῃ τὰ παιδιὰ σου,
 Νὰ πλανῶνται ὀδῶν ἐκεί;
 Παντὶ καταφρονημένα,
 Χωρὶς δόξαν καὶ τιμὴν;
 Ἐξυπνέισθαι πατριῶται
 Καὶ τὰ ξίφη σας ζωσθεῖτε,
 Κατὰ τῶν ἐχθρῶν ἀνδρείως
 Ὡσαν λέοντες χυθεῖτε.
 Τὴν σημᾶν ἀναπετᾶτε,
 Τῆς θεᾶς ἐλευθερίας,
 ὣς Σπαρτιᾶται ὀρκισθεῖτε
 Κάτ' ἀχρείου τῆς τυραννίας.
 Τὰ δόπλια ἀρπάξατε,
 Ἀσπίδας σας δράξατε,

Ρομφαίας ξεγυμνῶστε,
 Ὡς τυράννων στήθη χῶστε.
 Τάχα θάνατον φοβεῖσθε;
 Τί εἶν' τοῦ δούλου ἡ ζωὴ
 Ὅτιαν ζῇ ὡς ἄλλος εἶλες;—
 Τάρταρος καὶ φυλακή.
 Τῶν προγόνων σας ἡρώων,
 Ἐνθυμείσθε, πολυόε,
 Κι αὐτῶν φιλοτομηθεῖτε,
 Νὰ φανῇτε ἀξιοὶ υἱοὶ
 Πουλαουσκού εἰσθε σπέρμα,
 Καὶ τὸν Ρῶσσον συγχωρεῖτε
 Τὰς γυναῖκας τὰ παιδιὰ σας
 Λύθαδῶς νὰ καταχρᾶται;
 Δὲν ἀκοῦς κλαυθμὸν πλησίον;
 Εἶν' ὁ θρήνος τῶν παρθένων,
 Ἀπὸ ποταποῦ βαρβάρους
 Ἀπηνῶς, καθυβρισμένων.

Ἐντροπή σας ἀπογόνοι.
 Κοσμοῦσκει θαυμαστῶν !
 Ἦθελ' αὐτὸς ὑποφέρει
 Τέτοιαν ὕβριν τοῦ εχθροῦ.
 Τ' ἔθνη ἰδὲ τὰ περὶ σέ.
 ὦ ἡρώων τόσων γῆ !
 Πολεμοῦντ' ὑπὲρ δικαίων ;
 Εἶσαι τούτων χειρὼν σύ ;
 Πιπτειν ὑπὲρ τῆς πατρίδος,
 Εἶναι θάνατος γλυκύς,

Στέφανος ἀθανασίας,
 Σὲ ἀκολουθεῖ εὐθὺς.
 ὦς ποτε τὸν Ἀσωνίδα,
 Ἦ υἱὸς τῆς Κολομβίας,
 Τοὺς πεσόντας εἰς τὰς μάχας
 Ὑπὲρ ἀνεξαρτησίας.
 ὦ θεὰ ἐλευθερία !
 Ὅστις σὲ δὲν ὑπερφιλεῖ
 Δύναται αὐτὸς ποτέ
 Ἀνθρώπος ν' ὀνομασθῇ ;

The above ode was written on request by a native of Greece who is a member of the Senior Class in Yale College. The sentiments are put into the mouth of a banished Pole, but may well be supposed to be from the writer's own heart and addressed to his own country.

It may be well to notice for the reader the peculiarities found in this specimen of modern Greek as differing from the ancient. In the first place, the old word *καὶ* or its contracted forms *κα* and *ν* are used with the subjunctive instead of the infinitive. In the sixth line *ἔθ* is probably used for the old word *ἔθνη*. In the twentieth line *ὦ* is for *Εἰς* ; and in the thirty third *Δι* is interrogative.

THE BANISHED POLE.

My country, loved so long and well,
 Thou land where I to being woke,
 How long shalt thou in bondage dwell,
 And bear the Russian's iron yoke ?
 How long thy sons in exile roam
 Bro' stranger lands, from home, sweet
 home ?

Call all the earth their name despise,
 Their glory and their honor gone ?
 Heroic hearts ! awake ! arise !
 And gird your swords in vengeance on !
 Gory strife and deadly close
 Like lions rush upon your foes !

Unfurl the flag of Freedom wide,
 And take the oath the Spartans took,
 To crush the tyrants' haughty pride,
 And never more oppression brook.
 H ! snatch the shield and bare the brand,
 To save your own beloved land.

Plunge deep your steel into their hearts,
 Nor fear a glorious death to die ;
 For when fair Freedom's light departs,
 And shades of bondage on ye lie,
 Life's but a dungeon and a hell—
 Better in Death's dark mansions dwell !

Remember your heroic sires,
 And be like them the true, the brave ;
 Light in your souls their holy fires,
 Tho' soon extinguished in the grave !
 They shall illumine your silent sleep,
 While cloudy ages o'er ye sweep !

The bold Pulauski's sons are ye,
 Who died for your unhappy land,
 And yet your wives and children see
 Grasped in the Russian's lawless hand ?
 Hark ! hear that shriek and wailing sigh !
 It is the hapless wanderer's cry !

Oh ! Kosciusko's craven race !
 Where he in battle fighting fell,
 Scorning such insult and disgrace,
 Ye bear the foeman's outrage well !
 Have ye forgotten to be free ?
 Then haste ye and forget to be !

The nations round dost thou behold,
 Struggling for right in stern array,
 And hast thou, land of heroes old,
 A meaner, weaker soul than they ?
 Awake thee in thy power and pride,
 And pour the battle's gory tide !

To perish for our native land—

It is a sweet and glorious death !

Around our brows shall Honor's hand

Bind Glory's green, immortal wreath,

And herald through the trump of Fame

To distant climes our deathless name !

Thus did Leonidas and those,

Columbia's valiant sons, whose graves

Were made among their fallen foes—

They would not live a tyrant's slaves!

Who loves thee not, O Liberty,

To him the name of man deny !

?

REVIEW.

Poetical Remains of ALPHEUS APE, Esq. ; with a Biographical Sketch, by AMINADAB LITTLE. Smalltown: 1840. 12mo. pp. 1249.

It is a melancholy truth that a large proportion of American genius is shrouded during the life of its possessor, in impenetrable gloom. It is only when he is dead and departed, and all is over, that a volume of "works," a memoir, or a long obituary, informs us that a great man has gone from our midst. These things ought not so to be. If an ignorant public cannot or will not appreciate the merit of the living, impartial justice demands that some little attention should be paid to defunct worth.

With feelings akin to these, we have entered upon a review of the volume whose title has been placed at the head of these remarks. ALPHEUS APE, Esq., was born in Smalltown, toward the close of the last century. "His family," says his biographer, Aminadab Little, "is of ancient and honorable standing, being nearly allied by birth to one branch of the English nobility, to wit, the Apes." It is not so much our design to give a biographical sketch of Mr. Ape, as to notice his productions, yet we cannot refrain from introducing one or two anecdotes, interesting inasmuch as they throw light upon the early development of genius.

It is related of Benjamin West, that when only seven years old, he drew the portrait of an infant; and it is well known that the most eminent musicians, at a very tender age, have manifested the future bent of their genius, by an enthusiastic love of harmony. Says Mr. Little, "the very first audible cry of the young Alpheus was the interjection 'Oh!' or something so nearly resembling it, as to be taken for it, thereby indicating passion; and from this little, and to the vulgar, unimportant circumstance, did his mother, with prophetic ken, predicate his future poetic greatness." Notwithstanding his mother's predictions, he does not seem to have given any *farther* proofs of unusual poetic talent during the earlier years of his life; indeed the first outbreak of his surprising powers was delayed till the hard winter of 18—.

"It was a cold day in December which was destined to behold the mighty dawning of the genius of Alpheus Ape, Esq. Many

and oft had his mother urged him to the development of energies she believed him to possess. But in vain. 'Moth-can't,' was the only reply. Judge then of her delight, most cted reader, when on entering the room with his garments ing wet from a neighboring frog pond, into which, in the e of his miscellaneous perambulations, he had unfortunately, he burst forth,

'Oh mother get me some
Dry clothes I pray;
Likewise a glass of rum,
To drive the cold away.'"

om this time henceforth, Ape having broken the ice—not of og pond, but of genius—became a poet. Had we time and, it would perhaps be interesting to go into a labored inves-on, with particular reference to the phenomena of mind, of onnection between immersion in a frog pond, and poetry. uch is not our purpose. It might have been the cold bath, now not.

ing at this auspicious period of his existence keen smitten the charms of a little brunette, whose name was Emma, he the first use of his new fledged pinions, in soaring to Par-is for an acrostic upon her, to him, beloved cognomen. We it.

ACROSTIC UPON EMMA.

"Eternal is my love for thee,
My angel! lovely sweet!
My soul is longing for to be,
A lying at thy feet!!"—page 76.

his, being graciously received by his mistress, and acting in sense as an emollient upon the hitherto untractable spirit of ather, who had designed her for some 'public man,' was soon followed by a sonnet of equal, not to say superior beauty.

SONNET TO EMMA.

EMMA! thou art a very handsome girl,
Yes, thou art very beautiful, I ween,
'The very prettiest girl that I have seen
This great while! Maiden of the waving curl,
Thou art as playful as a little *squirr'l*;
Thou art as lively as *fresh brewed hop beer*,
And yet at sorrow's doleful tale, the tear
Doth start unbidden from thine eye, and pearl-
Y drops do run down both thy beauteous cheeks,
Wetting thy gown, or apron, if so be
Thou hast one on. Ah! yes indeed, for me
Thou'rt *just the thing*. I've thought so for some weeks,
And yet I don't know really what to do,
Pray tell me now, my dearest girl, do you?"—page 79.



The minutest circumstances, even of dress and personal appearance, possess importance when linked to a great name, or a powerful intellect. We will then extract from the "Biographical Sketches" of Aminadab Little, some particulars of the late and ever-to-be-lamented Mr. Ape's peculiarities in this respect. They are written, as will be perceived, with a precision of description which is truly worthy of imitation.

"Alpheus Ape, Esq.," says he, "when in his prime, was a model in form and figure. His height was about that of a bush. His head was of the size and rotundity of a tolerably well developed pumpkin, with ideality large. From it depended long red locks, partially shadowing the edges of an equally red countenance. His ordinary dress was neat, and in good taste; his coat invariably of the color of a middling sized dog, for which animal he is said to have had a great affection. In the matter of shoes, he always selected *rights and lefts*, for he was wont facetiously to remark, that 'it would not be *right* should their use be *left* off entirely.' " We here break the thread of the narrative to remark that Ape was a punster, as well as a poet.

His biographer then goes on to particularize touching the wedding garments, for there was a wedding. Ape and Emma were united; the incorrigible father, at last yielding to the sobbings of his daughter, who, from some stanzas she had received from her lover, had drawn the conclusion that he was on the margin of suicide. With how much justice, one or two of the most violent will enable you to judge.

"My heart is like a *half-boiled shad*,
'Tis of affection full,
And all my spirit seems as clad
In *flaming cotton wool*."

O dear! *I feel as if as though*
I wish I was'nt here;
'*I can't, I know I can't live so,*
No, not another year."—page 147.

The appearance of mental hallucination which is visible in these lines, is undoubtedly to be attributed to the fervency of his passion.

But it is time that we should enter upon the more particular business of this article, the consideration of Mr. Ape as an author, and the rank in American literature which should be assigned to his remains. It appears from Mr. Little's account, that this lamented gentleman was one of the greatest poets of the age. Indeed it is roundly hinted that he excelled Milton in rhyming, Byron in solemnity, and Dr. Young in real genuine mother wit. We confess, however, upon an attentive perusal of his productions, that we cannot subscribe, without some qualification, to so sweeping an assertion. Something is always to be allowed for the warmth of friendship, which magnifies beauties, and refuses to behold defects obvious to other minds. While, therefore, as public censors, we feel ourselves bound to detract, in some slight de-

om the eulogium of Mr. Little, we can but admire the
n by which it was dictated.

te many, even of our most celebrated authors, Alpheus
sq. excelled in whatever he undertook. As a general truth,
se which has caught the stately steppings of the epic, can
be expected to glide into the easy movements of the grace-
ad, or the still gayer motions of the dancing ode. Not so
m. In each department of the Parnassian domains his
was equal. With a pen dipped in ink, did he indite
hts that breathed and words that burned;" while ana-
iambics, and hexameters, arranged themselves in fanciful
n obedience to his mandate.

let him speak for himself in the following touching scene,
to verse by his magic pen. It is from page 853 of his
uns."

e streamlet's bank I stood,
eard its gentle dash,
along the wild green wood,
oling waters flash,

t upon the olden time,
on the self-same spot,
rable thing occurred,
i should not be forgot.

r a sultry summer's eve,
from the woods' dark shade,
y tall man issued forth,
owards the brook he made.

was bowed—but not with years,
ep was faint and slow ;
his dusty way he seemed
early to go.

ies were ragged, and his beard
onger than it ought,
—he certainly appeared,
'the common sort.

s feet he had a pair
oes, that looked as though
y were—his socks peeped out,
ere and there—a toe.

I was armed, but yet no gun,
mahawk had he ;
old, and rusty hoe
ll the eye could see.

He cast his hoe upon the ground,
And sank upon the bank,
Like as if killed by pistol shot ;
So heavily he sank.

His hat soon followed his hoe,
His coat follow'd his hat ;
And in the breeze which gently blew,
His locks waved—and all that.

His face was of a sombrous hue,
It was not red with blood,
For he soon washed all of it off
In that pure crystal flood.

The streamlet's course was dy'd with
"soil,"
Which he washed from his cheeks ;
Its sparkling radiance was gone,
At least—for several weeks.

The moon's mild ray no longer shone
Reflected from its wave,
Up stream the little fishes swam,
Their little lives to save.

But when at length the swarthy man
Had washed himself enough,
He first hauled out a pipe-clay pipe,
And then began to puff.

He puffed a little while, when lo !
He jumped upon his feet,
Picked up his coat, his hat, his hoe,
And ran off down the street.

Tread lightly—for *this is the spot*
Where what I've told occurred ;
More than two hundred years ago,
Happened what now you've heard.

Tread lightly—for *perhaps the soil,*
The soil where you now stand,
Is only part of what that man
Washed off with his own hand.

The *grass of ages* grows upon
That old ancestral spot ;
But for the sake of that tall man,
It shall not be forgot.

And ages hence when we shall sleep
Six feet below the ground,
Our children's children here shall weep,
And kick up dust around.

It has been said reproachfully of the American people, that we have no national songs—no ballads. While there is not a barren heath in Scotland, a bog in Ireland, or a chalk cliff of Albion's isle, of which some thrilling event is not recorded in equally *thrilling* verse ; our beautiful scenery of mountain and forest is “unwept, unhonored, and unsung.” Our rivers roll onward to the ocean, unincumbered, and undammed-up by poetical raptures ; and the grassy velvet of our valleys is untrampled by the hoof of Pegasus. Those who would join in this lamentation over our sad state as a nation, cannot but be encouraged by the simplicity and beauty of the above-quoted ballad of Ape, to hope for better things. A beginning has been made ; *one* streamlet has been immortalized in song.

A word upon the style of this performance, and we pass on to another quotation. It is evident at first glance by the smoothness of versification, that it was written after some years of experience, in the highways and by-ways of Parnassus, had removed the roughnesses, and in some degree pruned the luxuriance, of his incipient efforts. To the casual reader, there would perhaps, seem to be an inattention to what Fielding denominates, the “fitness of things,” at the close of the fourteenth stanza, in making the hero of the story “run off down the street,” at a period of time which afterwards appears to have been “more than two hundred years ago.”

We were at first inclined to explain this seeming anachronism, on the ground of poetic license ; but on making strict inquiry after the locality of the spot, we have ascertained to our perfect satisfaction that an Indian *war-path* in former times crossed the rivulet, within a few steps of the place which tradition has pointed out as the scene of the occurrence. To this war-path, for the preservation of the rhyme, the poet with allowable freedom has given the more modern name of “street.”

We pass by multitudinous fragments of exquisite beauty—which had we “ample room and verge enough,” we would transfer to our pages—in order to notice what we consider the great work of Squire Ape. It is entitled “*New England—an Epic*,” and occupies the last three hundred pages of the volume before us. It is prefaced by a description of the circumstances which gave it birth, from the pen of Mr. Little, a part of which we shall insert.

"The appropriate celebration of the anniversary of our country's freedom, is a duty we owe to ourselves, and to the founders of our liberty, and that man who contributes by an effort of genius to commemorate this glorious event, should receive the plaudits of American citizens. Alpheus Ape, Esq., was invited by a committee of the inhabitants of Smalltown, in the year 18—, to deliver a poem upon the Fourth of July next succeeding, which invitation was gladly accepted by the gifted poet. This fact having been made known, an appropriate celebration was immediately determined on, and the citizens one and all resolved themselves into a committee of the whole, thereby to effectuate this most praiseworthy object."

Passing over the long detail of preliminaries, we come at once to the description of the day.

"At a somewhat earlier hour than usual, probably from respect to the occasion, the sun leaving the bedchamber of the night, and abluting himself in the waters of the ocean, as he passed, rose in clearness and brilliancy, irradiating the terraqueous globe with gild-edged splendor. As the church-bell rang out its glad notes of rejoicing, and the old gun-barrel issued patriotic peals to the number of twenty-four; the birds catching the spirit of the day sang 'Yankee Doodle' among the branches, and Nature put on an unmitigated smile of exquisite delight." In the like glowing manner does he depict all the performances of that day of days. "Mr. Ape," says he, "held an entranced audience in the most profound silence—excepting an occasional snore—for the space of six hours, during which time none of them left their recumbent positions."

But to our brief extracts. The invocation to the muse we deem particularly striking.

"Oh thou who livest there-away up high,
In the blue, boundless, and ethereal sky,
Or dwellest on Parnassus's sublime height,
Come down and a poor cripple help to write.
And thou too! MUSE OF FREEDOM! now descend,
While lowly at thine altar-shrine I bend;
Assist me to record the deeds of yore,
Deeds yet unsung, and never sung before.
O! nerve me to proclaim and shout it round,
Till heaven and earth, and air resound;
Till towards the east, the west, the south, the north,
The glorious song of liberty goes forth,
And all the world emancipated is,
From woes and crimes, and miseries."—page 904.

The progress and glorious fulfillment of the struggle of '76, will be found succinctly described upon page 1153.

" In that dark day which tried the souls of men,
 When gleamed the musket, and when stirred the pen ;
 When tyranny usurped unjust control,
 And staunched the very life-blood of the soul ;
 When anxious care sat pensive on each brow,
 And when the voice of joyful mirth was low ;
 When Liberty appalled, about to fly,
 Sent forth her doleful, piercing, parting cry ;
 Full many a yeoman heard, and at her call,
 Left the embraces of his earthly all ;
 With trembling hand girt on his rusty gun,
 Rushed forth, and came not till the strife was won ;
 Till in that bright, that arduous, glorious hour,
 He freed his country from oppression's power ;
 Then with a joyous heart quick staggered home,
 Drunk with the spoils of victory—and rum.
 Then Freedom's standard floated o'er these hills,
 These lofty mountains, and these gushing rills,
 These sunny valleys, and these streams which lave
 The glorious birth-place of a nation's brave.
 Old England found she'd not to sport with toys,
 When grappling with the stern " Green Mountain boys ;"
 By sad experience taught, confessed their fame,
 And owned herself mistaken in the name.
 Such is the land, such are the men I sing,
 And such the humble offering I bring."

But to do justice to such a work within the meagre limits of a review would be impossible. If we have been able in knocking off the corners of the lump to expose in some slight measure the brilliancy and richness of the mass of ore, our labor will be amply rewarded.

We only say in conclusion, *read the work*. Let that public which has suffered the author to go to his long home pennyless and poor, contribute to raise a monument over his ashes, and to alleviate the destitution of his " Emma," by patronizing largely his " Poetical Remains."

His merit is obvious to the slightest inspection. He has opened a new and brighter era in American literature. In fine writing, we prophesy, before many years glide away, it may be said of him with more truth, and in a more honorable sense, than it was of Cæsar :

" Victorque volentes
 Per populos dat jura, viamque affectat Olympo."

O COME, SWEET GIRL! THE MORN IS BRIGHT.

AIR—"The mill, the mill O!"

<p>O come, sweet girl! the morn is bright, With dew the meadow glistens; The loving blue-bird wooes his mate, And tenderly she listens. The maple robes itself with leaves, The forest lies before us— To wander in the cooling shade, Its waving arms implore us.</p> <p>The flower that grows beside the brook, Drinks gladness from its waters— She is thy sister, lovely maid, Ye both are Nature's daughters. See! rippling down its woody way, The busy streamlet wanders; There's life and music in its voice, Wherever it meanders.</p>	<p>Shall we be sad?—the robin sings, The earth is clad in beauty: Who would not feel on such a day, That happiness is duty? Thy song shall float through all the wood, While echo's voice shall aid thee; How sweet, my girl, in such a grove, To praise the Power that made thee!</p> <p>To yonder fountain's heaving breast, O, let us hasten nearer— And there, as in our infant years, We'll look in childhood's mirror. Here shall our mem'ry wander far, With unexhausted pinion, And bring some lovely relic back, From fancy's gay dominion.</p>
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POPE.

"Who shall decide when doctors disagree?"

THAT the public taste should long remain unsettled and at a loss to determine the precise place which a great author should hold in the eye of the world, is not a matter of surprise. He opens a new field of thought, which common minds will either devour without discrimination, or reject as worthless; that which is not understood is of course considered the fault of the author, while those parts which excite interest are often over estimated. It is not our design to eulogize the writings of Pope without qualification, or to extol those traits in his character which all must acknowledge to have been unamiable. He was often sarcastic without a reason, and sullen when he should have smiled; but the man who is always afflicted with physical infirmities, is seldom blessed with an even temper.

It has been often asserted, that private letters are the surest index of an author's character, for here, we are told, he leaves the region of fancy, and falling into his natural train of thinking,

gives us an easy transcript of himself. Biography does, without doubt, glean many of its best embellishments from private correspondence; but the product of a casual moment, or an idle mood, should not be relied on with implicit faith; for the writer is not of necessity free to betray, or open to communicate the real sentiments of his heart. The truth is, nothing that remains of him should be left out of the account. His boldest efforts of intellect, his brightest flashes of wit, and the humblest anecdotes of social life, are all requisite to make the portrait complete. Dante has a dark brow; Tasso has a lofty one; but the picture of neither is perfect unless every feature is distinctly drawn; unless the artist gives us the scornful lip of the one, and the proud wandering eye of the other.

Pope's letters have been much criticized for a stiffness and monotony of style which is deemed improper in this species of writing. This unqualified remark has contributed much to bring his excellent letters into comparative disrepute. Dull critics must live as well as dull authors, and since they are too ignorant to examine with correctness for themselves, or too stupid to draw a fair conclusion from examination, they are forced to expand the partial objections of some learned predecessor, into positive rules of taste, by which the unfortunate work is basely condemned before an unlawful tribunal.

Johnson did not see fit to value the poetry of Gray; thus having fairly rebuked the loftiest and mildest ode in the English language by a most eloquent sneer, no small portion of the reading world marvelled at their previous opinion, stared at the honest critic, and then agreed for a quarter of a century to neglect the "bard." By a similar sagacity, it was discovered that Milton's prose was constructed much after the Latin method of inversion, that his sentences were obscure, and so long that no one could articulate them without resting midway to recover breath. These faults, magnified beyond their size by those who had not a fraction of his power, cast the stately beauty of his prose into an eclipse, from which it has scarcely yet emerged.

Now as Pope's letters are declared to be cold and unfamiliar, thus, without examination, half the world will pass them over. Now granting this remark to be true, it might be proper to ask, what is the end of letter writing? Is it not usually to open a communication of thought and sentiment between absent friends? Should not this correspondence be in exact keeping with the feelings of him who writes, as far as the taste of his friend will warrant it? We grant the impropriety of writing philosophy to a fool, but it would be equally undignified to make a general practice of writing familiar folly to a philosopher.

Few men are blest with such confidants as Addison, and Steele; few have the privilege to console a Bolingbroke in exile, or a ban-

ed Rochester, in tears for domestic bereavement ; and perhaps may say, very few could have adapted themselves to these yet various intellects so well. His letters to Mr. Steele are of excellent remarks of a moral nature, which may serve to guide the conduct and lead us to consider seriously our connexions with society ; here we find beautifully set before us, the weakness of the greatest man when compared with the whole world, how soon even our friends will cease to grieve, though they could not cease to remember. "Sickness," says he, "is a sort of early old age ; it teaches us a diffidence in our earthly state, and inspires us with the thoughts of a future, better than a thousand volumes of philosophers and divines." After a few sentences of quiet reflection upon his own feeble health, he adds, "the morning after my exit, the sun will rise as bright as ever, the flowers smell as sweet, the plants spring as green, the world will proceed in its old course, people will laugh as heartily and marry as fast as they were used to do." This is seldom surpassed by anything in his happiest moments, and perhaps never equalled in beauty by Goldsmith. It calls strongly to mind that elegant passage of Byron's *Lara* upon the same subject ; both are so admirable in kind, that one knows not where to bestow his preference—

"Gaze on—while yet thy gladdened eye may see—
A morrow comes when they are not for thee ;
And grieve what may above thy senseless bier,
Nor earth nor sky will yield a single tear."

The letters to Addison contain moral reflections which would have graced the *Spectator*, and instructed its contributors. His remarks are not only beautiful but eloquent. "What an inconsistent animal is man ! how unsettled in his best part, his soul ; and how changing and variable in his frame of body ; the consistency of the one shook by every notion, the temperament of the other affected by every blast of wind. What is he altogether but one mighty inconsistency ; sickness and pain is the lot of one half of him, doubt and fear the portion of the other." He who can blame such letters as these for stiffness, would sacrifice worth to fashion ; and he who is blind to their beauty, has wasted most of all to study them.

It must, however, be owned, that the letters to females are less valuable. His mind was so uniformly masculine, and his belief of female vanity so well established, as often to lead him astray. When corresponding with Lady Montague, his flattery is too frequent and repetitious. A woman always loves to think herself charming, but if she has a cultivated mind, the more obliquely her charms are hinted at, the more faithfully she will trust her mirror's sincerity.

Another discovery has been made with respect to Pope, which is surprising indeed. It has been found, on the most careful examination, that he who did more than any other to fix the laws of English rhyme, who brought the metre in which he wrote to a strength and beauty which a thousand imitators have been unable to equal; who knew the nicest bearing of every word, and made the happiest combinations, was not a poet of consideration, but only a man of sense and judgment. This opinion might have arisen in part from the "Essay on Man," which, however poetical it may be, has an air of logical precision from beginning to end, which may detract greatly from its beauty as a poem. The author appears to have been sensible of this, and so doubtful of success, that he did not dare to claim it as his own until its general acceptance. Whether the relations of man to the inferior orders of creation, and the mysterious connection which he has with his Maker, in whose image he was created, be a theme for song, we will leave others to determine; but the rich flowers in which he has decked it, were all plucked in Apollo's garden. Says his prejudiced biographer, "The reader feels his mind full, though he learns nothing; and when he meets it in its new array, no longer knows the talk of his mother or his nurse." What great system of moral philosophy the nurse of this critic may have whispered in his infant ear, what ethical ballad may have hastened his cradled repose, or what theory of metaphysics his credulous grandame may have told him in a chimney corner, when she should have told him frightful stories, is all unknown to the world. But certain it is, such feminine prodigies live now only in tradition. Let us look at his argument. Strip this poem of its coloring, and what shall we discover? That we are, in comparison with our Creator, very weak and ignorant: that we do not uphold the chain of existence, and that we could not make one another with more skill than we are made. Let us test "the Merchant of Venice" by this sort of logic, and see if it will not apply precisely as well. A man falls in love with a maid, and she reciprocates the passion; he borrows money of a friend to carry on his amour; this friend would lose a pound of flesh were it not for the timely interposition of a girl in the garb of a counsellor. Why could not Shakspeare have told us this long tale in three plain lines, without all this trouble on his part, and without waste of time on the part of his reader? This essay is full of good sense, and clothed in the gayest coloring that fancy can create; strip it of the rhyme, strip it of the bright hues which its master gave it, and it is, to be sure, nothing but prose; so also would "Paradise Lost" be a second "Pilgrim's Progress," if it were translated by another Bunyan. If Milton had told us he was blind, who would call it poetry? Had he called himself a

nightingale, we might have smiled. But here is the aid of his art to stamp it with the name of song :

“ As the wakeful bird
Sings darkling, and in shadiest covert hid
Tunes her nocturnal note.”

The religious tendency of this poem has been censured not without justice. Indeed the author confessed to Warburton that he had ventured too far on a path which he did not understand. At the same time he denies any intention of casting doubt on the Christian religion ; as his actions never contradicted the assertion, we feel bound to believe him.

The “ Rape of the Lock ” is full of the most polished wit ; it embraces the whole circle of fashionable society, accommodating itself with ease to its many whimsical peculiarities. To charge our author with a want of power to create his machinery, because he may have gathered his gnomes and sylphs from Villars, is more pedantic than wise. Did he not assign them properties and natures according to his own taste ? And did not Homer do the same with his Jove, and Milton with his Satan ? Did Virgil make a new race of gods, or did he not rather exalt the old ones ? Gray did not build the abode of Hela, he only embellished it ; had he therefore no invention ? If invention is confined to the meagre creations of a single man, without regard to the past, its field must be indeed a barren one. This poem owes every thing to its dress ; its satire is delicate, just playful enough to make those who feel it smile, yet obviously severe enough to work a reform. A *fine* lady cannot be angry at his allusions, but she may be ashamed of her own conduct. How delicate is the penal code which he has constructed for that delinquent sylph who neglects his charge—

“ Gums and pomatums shall his flight restrain,
While clogg'd he beats his silken wings in vain ;
In fumes of smoking chocolate shall glow
And tremble at the sea that froths below.”

Though a piece of fiction, it is crowded with good sense ; though wrought for pleasure, it is full of moral meaning. On the whole perhaps Warton did not err in judgment when he pronounced it “ the best satire extant.” But in the pathetic and the sublime, “ Eloisa to Abelard,” places him among the first of modern authors. Its opening is gloomy and majestic as a Gothic convent. The first line is so solemn, that we immediately anticipate what he proceeds to tell us, that we are entering a place where “ ever-musing melancholy reigns.” What an inmate for such a retreat ! The beautiful and accomplished Eloisa, burning with a passion once gratified at the expense of virtue, condemned to struggle with penitence on the one hand, and vain desire on the other, still doomed to “ repent old pleasures and solicit new.” There is

a strange power in the lines which describe her wild emotions and disordered brain on entering her last place of retirement.

“ As with cold lips I kissed the sacred vail—
The shrines all trembled and the lamps grew pale ;
Heaven scarce believed the conquest it surveyed,
And saints with wonder heard the vows I made.”

The variable character, the passionate fondness, the sudden revolution of feeling, all of which belong so exclusively to the love-sick Eloisa, are sketched with that singular flexibility which is alone the birthright of genius. Without question it is the longest and noblest pathetic poem in the English language, and the best poetical epistle that was ever penned in any language. Warton objects to nothing but the dream of Eloisa, which is not enough out of the ordinary way of dreams to suit his taste. Whether this intellectual lady would be likely to dream like others of her sex, is matter of conjecture. Yet, though our objector might have dreamed in a more love-sick manner, we doubt whether even he, could have told it better. The translation of the Iliad, is a splendid monument of English art. It is full of melody and full of strength ; every page gives delight to the boy and profit to the man. If its style is unlike that of the original, what child does not know the difference between the stately march of Greek heroics, and the lighter facility of English rhyme ? In this work, language is wrought into every shape, that the liveliest imagination and most accurate knowledge combined, can display—much of it is sublime, it is all delightful. Whoever desires to write elegantly in verse or prose would do well to read it often. A singular objection has been raised against the regularity of metre and unbroken flow of verse, so common in his works. This objection is too narrow to deserve a sober reply. There are rough bards enough in these modern days, whenever the reader is weary of polished ones. If he is tired of luxury, let him feast himself on the coarse fare of Philips and Cowley until this Graham diet shall bring him to his senses : we would only say in the pitying words of Horace, “ O dura ilia messorum.” This is the first action ever brought against a poet for being elegant, and is likely to be the last. It does not argue well for the taste of our age, that this author is depreciated or neglected. It cannot be denied that many of his smaller productions are little more than mere imitations of the ancients. The epitaphs have not escaped the severest criticism for their incongruous images and broken metaphors. If his pastorals should be compared with those of Shenstone or Burns, they would seem little more than translations from Virgil. You have only to change the name, and you have Tyturus as much at his ease under his wide-spreading beech-tree, as ever Roman reader had in the first Bucolic. They are coldly classical,

ull of scholarship, yet without a soul to animate their forms. Every reader who is seeking for poetry, is forced to ask as he glances over the lines, "Can these dry bones live?" Shenstone is much more easy and pathetic, but he seems to have thought that shepherds alone should be allowed the privilege of pastoral lamentation. Burns comes home to the bosom of rural life in all its forms: he describes the fortunes of the lover, whether he be a shepherd or a weaver, in such honied phrase that we weep without knowing why. He is the bard of his own soil, and surrounding objects present ample illustrations for his page. But pastoral writing was not a province in which Pope's genius was calculated to labor. Subjects of a moral nature, "the proper study of mankind," any theme that could be adorned with fancy and elucidated by thought, flowed from his pen in measured numbers. With a restless nature, he united the steadiest and most rigid application: though cool in execution, his mind still glowed warmly with its own conceptions. His easy and precise use of language is almost unparalleled; and what renders it still more surprising is the fact that it was with him almost intuitive; he was born a poet, and at an age when other boys were learning the first rudiments of education, he was adding to the classic literature of his native tongue. As a writer of satire we think he stands unequalled. How severely his brother poet is handled in the following lines!

"One cell there is concealed from vulgar eye,
The cave of poverty and poetry;
Keen, hollow winds howl through the bleak recess,
Emblem of music caused by emptiness.

In these verses his victim is hewed in pieces, as Samuel hewed Agag. Atticus is thrust through as politely as a traveler in Italy, who sees the highwayman draw the dagger from his body, bowing and begging a thousand pardons for the trouble he has had in the honor to give him.

With regard to what he borrowed from others, he will excuse himself much better than we can. "I have hitherto had the good luck that none of my creditors have challenged me for it, and those who say it are such whose writings no man ever borrowed from, so have they the least reason to complain; and whose works on all hands are acknowledged to be but too much their own." To say that Pope's poetry is of the highest order would be extravagant praise, but as a model of severe, cultivated taste he is one of our most valuable authors. If, as Horace tells us, good sense is the first quality of genius, Pope must continue to hold the high place which the admiration of his readers has assigned him. That he took the lead of the age in which he lived, that he cast the taste of many elegant writers in his own mould, is proof enough of a commanding intellect.

IMITATION OF SPENSER.

A wight there was withouten worth or name,
 Unskilled in aught that could amuse the wise—
 He was right well I ween unknowne to fame,
 Ne any pleasure could his wit devise,
 Save that which puts the manly childe to shame—
 And oft his aged mother did him blame,
 That he should spend his time in such disport,
 Yet still his wonted life he held the same—
 Buried in vice he lay, ne heeded aught the dame.

It chanced upon a time, as forth he went
 To waste the day and bask him in the sun,
 He spied a rock whose massy base was rent—
 And from the chasm a welling stream did run :
 Adowne the vale its pleasant tide was spun,
 Imparting joyance to the verdant ground—
 And there he sat until the day was done,
 In revery employed full profound,
 Watching the silver wave, and listing to its sound.

And there he dreamed of fairy shapes and elves—
 A thousand airy forms did fill his brain ;
 Even the trees and rocks did make themselves
 Alive, and seemed giants fair and plain,
 (So loose did frantick fancy hold the rein,)
 Reflected on the wave in picture bright,
 Their sheen did work his eyes full mickle pain,
 Dazzled with gazing on the silver light—
 But suddeinly he woke surprised to find it night.

 OLLA-PODRIDA.

“Said Sancho, that great dish smoking yonder, I take to be an *Olla-podrida*, and amidst the diversity of things therein contained, surely I may light upon something both wholesome and toothsome. Absit, quoth the Doctor ; far be such a thought from me ; there is not worse nutriment in the world than your olla-podridas ; leave them to prebendaries and rectors of colleges, or for country weddings. Therefore, what I now advise for Signor Governor’s eating, to corroborate and preserve his health, is, about a hundred of rolled-up wafers, and some thin slices of marmalade, that may sit easy upon the stomach, and help digestion.”—*Don Quixote*.

Dear Editors,—Did you ever try to indite an epistle, pun or ditty, either serious or sentimental, on the evening of a day

herein you had exhausted in *hard study*, every function of our editorial brain, and had brought it to about the consistency of a sponge, or drained it dry as a squeezed orange? If not, then you know nothing of the misgiving which approaches my pen as my pen approaches this foolscap! Not one idea floats within the hereabouts of my defunct imagination.

Deposited in the embrace of a certain old chattel of mine, here sit, ruminating upon the task of shadowing forth my conceptions, and giving a visible form and locality to airy nothings. But, alas! I am in a no less melancholy predicament than was once a bankrupt, on making his last will and testament. He experienced a lack of the material.

But seriously, Gents., did you ever come to this business of writing, with "an imagination all compact," and ten thousand of those little volatile things, denoted ideas, floating around your heads—the soul full of inspiration, and the eyes in fine phrenzy rolling? Did you ever at such times, feel the entire inner and outer man so charged with the electricity of genius, as almost to see the Promethean sparks dart off your finger-ends? And then, having seized the "mighty instrument of little men," in order to mould and shape these glorious idealities, did you ever find your strength departing, and yourself, like shorn Samson of old, becoming as other men?

You now *feel* the unwelcome truth that you are still mortal, and of the earth, earthy. You must now doff the cap of yourancies, forget your reveries, and speak the language of mortals; alas! how inadequate to express the *language of the heart*! How few possess the rare power of portraying the thoughts and feelings as they run in their richest, deepest currents! How few can clothe their sentiments in that dress, and color them in all the variety of shades they have so fondly pictured out in their fancies! To do this needs the hand of a workman which cannot be named. It is the prerogative of genius.

Speaking of feeling—justly has it been said, that to make others feel, an author should give a transcript of himself. If he seeks a response to his thoughts in the hearts of others, let them glow warm and glowing from his own. If he would give edge to his thoughts, and make them strike the minds of others, let him fan the flame in himself, till his words drop into the heart as red coals from the crucible of his own imagination. If he would interest his readers, let him know himself, for he who best understands himself, can best move the minds of others. The vibration of his own heart-strings is sweetest music in the souls of others.

How unfortunate is he who supposes that fine writing consists entirely in flowing periods, in mere collocations of sounds, *sans* sense. No good writer will ever make a single line without a

purpose. With him every sentence must contain an idea. He scorns words without sentiment; he is too fastidious; he is not satisfied to grope along through a whole battalion of syllables; he hates bombast as much as he detests the stolid ploddings of dullness; he never employs art at the expense of nature, and the influence of his pen is always chastening to literature.

Apropos of literature. How many vagaries are retailed upon this topic. How often are we presented with a glorification of genius and the muses, to the great disparagement of sense. "There are three things," says Solomon, "too wonderful for me: the way of an eagle in the air; the way of a serpent upon a rock; and the way of a ship in the midst of the sea." If this wisest of men had lived in our times, doubtless, he would have immortalized in his catalogue of wonders, *the way of a smatterer in literature.* Had King Solomon been catering for the taste of a modern amateur, possibly, he would have thus described those prodigies which so posed his wisdom:—There are three remarkable things which are not level to my comprehension: the circuitous progress of the bird of Jupiter, through the dephlogisticated empyrean—the devious path of the huge boa constrictor, basking on adamant—the mysterious manner of the British Queen, as she furiously rushes across the wide and boisterous ocean, occasionally letting off steam, and vomiting forth a halo of mist and smoke—and, lastly, the still more mysterious manner of a man seeking immortality with a gray goose quill.

In sober mood, is there any thing on which more fustian is discoursed than on the hackneyed subject of literature? On what topic is betrayed so much aberration? How often is the man of the muses represented as reclining on flowers, or something else very soft and feathery, or as all sublimely taking flights into the ideal, whence he looks down with pity upon the vulgar. He is considered as some superior wight, unfit to mingle with men, or share in the affairs of earth. The poet, whose very idea is associated with lunacy in some minds, is thought to be at the greatest remove from every thing of a practical nature. He is a privileged being, not made to have any contact with the low world in which he lives, and therefore he is left to *revel* amid all the sweets and cull all the flowers of Parnassus. None but him knows how to drink the waters which flow from the Pierian spring; his path alone is full of roses, his only sustenance nectar and ambrosia.

A good writer is one who knows how to originate and express his ideas in a way to affect the mind and heart. He is one who wishes to profit as well as to please,—to impress his readers as well as to attract them. He does not consider that the most profitable writing which barely skims along the surface of things, which sparkles and dazzles for a moment, flashing and going out like an explosion of gunpowder. He knows that to succeed he

must select a worthy theme, and he goes to nature and drinks deep from her own pure well. He neither discourses learnedly on trifles, nor does he mar the beauty and dignity of his works by an unmanly affectation. True genius will never stoop to perform the menial service of professed amateurs in literary filagree work. It will never appear affected through a conscious inferiority, nor sensitive, as though some dreaded critic stood peering over the shoulders, and it was striving to keep the best side out. It will not overact for no other reason than it dare not be natural.

We have in this country much cant about a national literature. It has been hinted to us by those who ought to know, being from abroad, that the cause of this deplorable state of things, lies in the fact that mind here in America generally deteriorates. This suggestion however is not endorsed in any considerable degree, but by such as proudly ape foreign manners—place implicit faith in all foreign dogmas, and take the style of their coats from foreign travellers; just as they do the style of their thinking from the school of Trollope and Fidler. It is not wonderful that all who receive their opinions in literature from the Halls and the Marryatts, should begin to think that the good old days of originality have departed.

It may not be amiss to examine a little our barrenness in this respect, and to inquire how far we are reprehensible. If so at all, it doubtless arises from one or two causes. Either we have no basis for a literature, or else lack the genius to rear one out of such materials as we can get. Certainly we have as much substratum for works purely imaginative as exists any where. If our wide land with its waters, its prairies, its mountains, and all its scenery, or with its history, its revolution, and its old fathers, is not romantic enough for fiction; there still remain to us all the resources that ever had Tasso or John Bunyan. If the material world is here too poor to inspire genius, the moral and the mental still are left, and when physical nature fails, the man of genius will find human nature a constant quantity. But if mind does really deteriorate in this country, we are as happy as Pope in this particular at least, that there are knaves and fools enough even in America for another Dunciad. Men here, as every where else, will lie, and hate, and fall in love, and our women will be inquisitive.

A thought or two more, dear Editors, and I leave this subject to your own reflections. Well does every thinking man know how to account for the present state of our literature. He sees, that like our country and its institutions, it is new and young, and hence he does not expect a period of sixty years to produce a perfect constellation of Johnsons and Miltons. He remembers that England never reared but one Shakspeare, and that writers like Swift, Sterne, and Byron, have ever been far between. With a

knowledge of all our discouragements, he is not disheartened when he views our future prospects. When he recollects that America has never yet had an Addison, a Milton, or a Shakspeare, he even then takes courage, for he beholds an open arena and a wider scope for his own powers. He will not want for themes worthy of his genius, or his taste. Like Addison, he will find himself inhabiting a beautiful orb, warmed by the same sun, and fanned by the same zephyr; or he will see around himself the same infinite world of space and chaos, matter and mind, as did the sublime Milton; or if he would rival the bard of Avon, in painting the human heart, he will see in his fellows the same motives, passions and actions, the same characteristics, all loudly demanding portraiture. These are exhaustless themes for literary enterprise, materials vast as the universe.

Although no "bright particular star" has ever graced our literary hemisphere, shining with such lustre as to eclipse its compeers, yet we have had a cluster of "lesser lights" sufficiently brilliant to illuminate our path hitherto, and to encourage a hope that soon there will burst upon us a new constellation. But is there any reasonable ground for such expectations? Or must we suppose it impossible for a genius to be reared on this side of the ocean? In the arms of our infant republic may there not now be cradled an infant giant, destined to come forth soon and conquer?

"Perhaps," says Mr. Bacon, "there now lives the poet boy, 'mute and inglorious' as yet, who, like Milton, 'long choosing and beginning late,' shall by and by utter those words of living song which shall at once be echoed from the waters of the Oregon, and who in a green old age shall be crowned with the laurel offered in the acclamations of more than forty millions of his countrymen." Untold must remain what would be the influence of such a mind upon the literature of this country. What a nucleus for other minds, which, though inferior, would be kindled to new ardor by its glowing scintillations.

Talking of literature and of the resources of the American writer, I have already spoken of the old Pilgrims. It has very justly been remarked that the best way in which fiction can be employed is in illustrating historical events. In the full persuasion of this very obvious truth, I have often thought of the early history of our country as affording a field for fictitious narration, not surpassed in the annals of any other nation. It is a period which can never cease to interest every true American heart. No grateful son of the Pilgrims, be his present abode where it may, or at whatever distance from the far-famed rock of Plymouth, around which cluster so many associations sacred to every New Eng-

lander, or from the equally far-famed banks of the noble James, which bring up before the mirror of the memory all the delightful recollections of the landing at Jamestown ; no son of theirs, we repeat, can forget them—their privations, strict integrity, uprightness, and all their numerous virtues. Nor will the student of human nature, the statesman, or the moralist, wish to remain altogether insensible to their failings. Like the best of men, they had the faults of men, and yet they were conscientious even in their faults. The whole history and conduct of these men is full of interest. Their sternness and unamiability was the result of their religious views, while their consciences were not wholly enlightened. The spirit which possessed them was the germ of our civil and religious liberties. The sympathy we are compelled to feel with their situation and characters, renders them fit subjects for fiction. They were also imaginative. Let no one be startled at the idea that the Puritans—the sober, solemn Puritans, were imaginative. It was even so. Not exactly were they fanciful or frivolous, but they exhibited those deeper, more serious and mysterious traits of this faculty which differ widely from the chimerical and barely visionary, taking deep hold of the intellect and entering into the very nature.

Imaginative then, they were—religious, enthusiastic, too, and credulous ; to which if it is added that they were a little superstitious, a little intolerant, ardent, and bold of purpose, there will be named some of the characteristics which these men did possess, and which with other circumstances would furnish abundant materials for fiction. The period at which they lived has been called “the triumphant age of superstition ;” “the persecutions our ancestors had undergone in their own country, and the privations, altogether inconceivable by us, they suffered during the early years of their residence here, acting upon their minds and characters, in cooperation with the influences of the political and ecclesiastical occurrences that marked the commencement of the seventeenth century, had implanted a serious, solemn and romantic turn to their dispositions and associations, which was transmitted without dissimulation to their children, and was strengthened and aggravated by the peculiar circumstances of the period ;” such were the men to be described, men of real character. They had decided qualities, and were bold and positive in all their traits.

We do not recommend to any literary aspirant to draw such caricatures of these noble men, as did Sir Walter Scott of men of the same stamp, the Covenanters and the Puritans of the sixteenth century. Yet the masterly manner in which the great magician has made use of these materials in some of his historical novels, shows strikingly how powerful an instrument is fiction, and how successfully it can combine history with human character. Waving the objections which have sometimes been made

to Old Mortality, Woodstock, and some other of his works, it is still safe to say, that the man who does for this country what Scott has done for his beloved Caledonia, will deserve the lasting gratitude of his countrymen. Whoever first succeeds in moulding into our literature the original characteristics—the mind, heart, and purposes of the men we have been contemplating, will be indeed fortunate. Whoever successfully seizes upon the great events of our history, and faithfully brings down the past to the present, so vividly representing his characters as to make them breathe, and speak, and move before his readers, true to life and nature, will be worthy to have his name embalmed in the memory of posterity.

I have not spoken of the Puritans in connection with this subject because they are the only fruitful topic in this country, but because it may be supposed that a lapse of two hundred years has given to them and to their times, in addition to their worth, strength of character, and the interest they naturally excite in us, all that enchantment which distance is claimed to afford. There are a thousand other themes. The truth is, I suppose, that instead of any thing like degradation on this side the Atlantic, there are here themes enough, there is mind and enterprise enough, for all the purposes of literature. The Puritans were the most intellectual men that ever lived, and their descendants still retain somewhat of their temper and spirit. They have given tone to all our institutions.

ANDEN.

HOME.

O, who can forget the delightful abode,
Where the days of his childhood have joyously flowed;
The shores of fair Greece, nor the ruins of Rome,
Could give me such joy as a view of sweet home.

And cold is the heart, does not leap at the sound,
And wayward the feet, never homeward are bound,
Unwept let me die, and repose in the tomb,
When I cease to remember my home, my sweet home.

There quietude reigns, we'll recline in the bowers,
And place on our bosoms those sweet blooming flowers,
Or we'll range the green earth, over wide nature roam,
And revel amid all the joys of sweet home.

Home, home, sweet, sweet home,
There's no place like home, there's no place like home.

GREEK ANTHOLOGY.

No. III.

Reader,—Time with his silent celerity of flight has borne us on insensibly, till it has unawares again become our task to stir for thine edification the pure waters of the ancient Helicon with our leaden pen. First, however, I would converse with thee in brief terms and few concerning the poetical spirit of the Grecian people.

The poetic temperament of a nation may be learned far more from its numerous ballads and fugitive pieces, than from its large and labored poems. For these, though usually relating to things of national interest, yet rarely display the feelings and sentiments of domestic life, where alone the heart can be discerned. Those, regarding commonly the petty occurrences of life and individual feelings, speak the very language of the heart, and shadow forth the varied colorings of the mind. To know the sincerity of a nation's religion, wouldst thou look upon the public pomp and the stately procession, or sit by the boards and fire-sides of the people, and observe them in the light and shade of their daily joys and sorrows? By the same means must we learn the extent, the depth, and the hue of their poetic temperament. Judging, then, by their small effusions, we believe the Grecians to have been the most poetical nation the sun ever shone upon. To them all occurrences of life, all things in nature, all passions and feelings of their own breasts, were subjects for poetry. Nor is it wonderful that the whole people were thus, beyond any other, ancient or modern, imbued with its spirit, if we consider their situation and early history. Along the shores of the Mediterranean, among hills and valleys, fountains and streams, they inhabited as fair a land, in as sunny a clime, and beneath a sky as blue, as any in the world. But the inspiration from these glories of nature would have been no more to them than it is to the dull Turk, had it not been for the fabled or real events of their early history, the adventures of deities and mighty men in the "olden time," magnified by the "haze of ages," their successful struggles for liberty, and the thousand traditionary feelings, remembrances, and superstitions, with which the whole people became imbued. The early traditions connected with the beautiful mysteries of their mythology, and the legendary exploits of heroes and demigods, were as familiar to the Grecian as household words. The many wonderful occurrences related in their history, stretching far back from certainty to doubt and from doubt to mystery, they neither knew nor cared to determine; for

they were taught to believe that there had been once a glorious age, when divinities walked the earth in visible forms, and deeds were achieved at which the degenerate men of their day might be content to wonder. To them the world was peopled with unseen inhabitants. Every mountain was the abode of some deity; every valley trodden by celestial feet. The green wood was haunted by oak-dwelling Dryads; the bright fountains inhabited by guardian spirits; the rocks, grown mossy in their dew, had been breathed upon by the nymphs of the waters; and Echo, the living impersonation of sound, was ever present in their cool recesses. Thick-thronging associations linked together every object and feature of their country. Remembering all this, who can wonder that the Grecians became a race superior in literature and the arts to any people, ancient or modern! Their greater productions are known to all, but it is, we maintain, the unstudied effusions of the domestic muse that most reveal the real genius and temperament of the people. In the few examples we present thee, we hope to show in some degree what it was.

Reader, the kind spring is advancing with sunshine and showers, with bright skies and green fields, with young leaves and flowers and careless birds singing their cheerful lays, and the earth brightens in the smile of God! Yet not to all hearts is it alike joyous. To one it brings smiles, to another tears; and sad indeed is the heart which the gladness of nature cannot enliven! But I trust that thine is unburthened with sorrow, and would therefore bring to thy notice the sweet strains in which Meleager describes the glories of spring. I had intended to render them myself, but as they were sent in by another, and are appropriate here, we insert them.

Now tempest-driving Winter far from our bright skies is gone,
And the blossom-bearing hour of Spring a purple smile puts on,
The dark brown Earth hath clothed herself in grass-wove vestment green,
While dressing with young leaves their head, the springing plants are seen.

And drinking in the nectar-dews of life-inspiring morn,
The meadows laugh, while opening fair the fresh-blown rose is born;
Hark! on yon hills the shepherd trills his pipe with blithesome lay,
And pleased, the happy goatherd views his snowy kidlings play.

Now out upon the far-spread deep the voyagers launch their sail,
Unfurling wide the hempen sheets, to Zephyr's favoring gale;
A hymn the vintagers upraise to Bacchus, god of wine,
As gay their floating locks wreathed flowers of berried ivy twine.

Now warmed to life, the ox-bred bees thick issuing busy fly,
Or darkly thronging through the hive their skillful labors ply,
From fresh-drawn waxen stores behold the curious fabric swell,
Till white the fair laid comb is wrought in many a honied cell.

And birds of every kind once more their liquid carols sing—
 Around her raftered dwelling flits the swallow twittering ;
 The halcyon warbles o'er the wave, the swan by river shores,
 And out the grove her vesper lay sweet Philomela pours.

When plants grow green, earth blooms anew, and cheerly pipes the swain,
 Frisk fair-fleeced flocks, and seamen sail, and rings the Bacchic strain ;
 When winged minstrels chant, and hum brisk bees with toilings long,
 Oh ! why should not the bard to Spring tune forth melodious song. β.

Here follows the faint semblance of one of the most spirited
 des ever written. It is the song of the chorus in *Antigone* to
 Iacchus, and possesses a strange wildness and fire, which can be
 refused into no translation.

'hou by many a name renowned,
 Pride of Cadmus' royal daughter,
 Child of Jove, whose thunders sound
 Loud as ocean's tumbling water,
 'hou who rulest Italy,
 'amed in story far and nigh,
 and where in Eleusis' dales
 'eres' mystic power prevails,
 Iacchus, that dost make thy dwelling
 Thebes the mother-city known,
 Where Ismenus' streams are swelling,
 And the dragon's teeth were sown,
 'hee Parnassus' clefted mountain,
 Where wild Bacchants roam by night,
 and Castalia's holy fountain,
 Oft have seen by torches' light :
 'hee where Nysæ's hills arise,
 'aring towards the laughing skies,
 ried banks and verdant shore,
 lushing all with dark grapes o'er,
 end thee on thy joyous road,
 While immortal voices loud
 hout " Evœe ! Bacchus ! hail !

Bacchus' power still prevail !"
 As thy purple grape-stained feet
 Tread supreme each Theban street !
 Mightiest city of the earth,
 Thou hast honored by thy mirth,
 With the maid who gave thee birth,
 Mother of the Bacchic race,
 Lightning-struck in Jove's embrace :
 Now while all the city's fired,
 Filled with madness, wrapt, inspired,
 Come thou o'er Parnassus' height
 By the pale moon's beamy light,
 Or along the groaning strait,
 Where the waves thy will await.
 Leader of the bright stars dancing
 High in heaven at midnight glancing,
 O'er nocturnal cries presiding,
 And the Bacchic revels guiding,
 Child of mighty Jove appear,
 With thy Naxian train draw near,
 Who throughout the purple year
 Dance the live-long night, and sing,
 " Lord Iacchus, lord and king !"

Of all the Grecian poets, tragic or lyric, Euripides handles the
 mission of love with the most consummate skill. Yet he rarely,
 ever, made any of his characters surpass the nobleness, the
 veetness, the depth and tenderness of affection, revealed in the
 erson of Sophocles' *Antigone*. The ode to Love, which I have
 ideavored to render below, is, in the original, a thing of exceed-
 g beauty and power, and as true as it is beautiful :

Love for aye invincible,
 Who mak'st the powerful feel thy power,
 Yet dost upon the soft cheek dwell
 Of maiden through night's stilly hour,

Love, that o'er the sea dost roam,
 And through the peasant's lowly home;
 Thou rulest all—thy purple sway
 The seen and unseen worlds obey!
 For no immortal god can fly thee,
 Giv'st thou grief or giv'st thou gladness;
 Nor man's ephemeral race deny thee,
 But must own thy moody madness!
 The upright mind thou draw'st aside,
 Till it to rage and wrong departs;
 As now this strife of love and pride,
 Through thee divides two kindred hearts.
 Love, that in maiden's sweet smile lies,
 And darteth from her beaming eyes,
 Will ever against mighty laws,
 In lofty empires win its cause:
 For Venus doth resistless play
 With men and gods, as things of clay!
 And now this sight transports my soul
 To pain and grief beyond control;
 Nor can I stay my sorrowing
 And tears within my heart's deep spring,
 But still must vainly sigh and weep,
 When I Antigone behold
 Pass to the chamber dark and cold,
 Where all in silence sleep!

This may very naturally be followed by a song of Meleager, to the idol of his affections, a fair girl, whom, by all his fragments, he appears to have loved fondly and devotedly. These lines, it will be seen, were indited when he was happy in his love, before a cloud had crossed the sunshine of his path, and the world was beautiful, because his heart was light. The original name is Heliodora, which for euphony I have changed to Lindora:

I'll weave a bright garland for Lindora's hair,
 The sweet-smelling Crocus and snow-drop so pale,
 The modest Narcissus, with myrtles full fair,
 And wild laughing lilies the gentle and frail.

Then the hyacinth purple inwoven shall grace it,
 And deep-blushing roses that lovers adore;
 So on Lindora's myrrh-breathing tresses I'll place it,
 A chaplet of flowers her bright temples o'er.

But, as a later and a mightier bard hath rightly sung,—

“The course of true love never did run smooth.”

His beloved Heliodora became the bride of Death, and went down into the chambers of the tomb! Hear, now, in how altered and sorrowful a tone he laments her unhappy fate; for to the an-

its there was no certainty of a blessed hereafter. The translation is by another and an abler hand, and taken from the sixth number of the first volume of this Magazine; but I am induced to insert it here on account of the affecting contrast:

To thee, transported by that cruel Power,
 Who waves his scepter over all that live,
 Tears wept in darkness at the midnight hour,
 Oh! Heliodora! bitterly I give.
 Thy home's low roof with ceaseless tears I wet,
 In deep and wild and passionate regret.

Oh! Heliodora! I have known thee long,
 And loved thee deeply, and bewailed thee well;
 But what avails the tear, the sigh, the song,
 To thee thus sleeping in thy narrow cell?
 Alas! my lovely flower is senseless clay!
 My budding rose the grave hath torn away!

To thee, oh earth! then let thy mourning son,
 O'er whose glad heaven this cloud hath early past;
 Whose day is darkened ere its morn be run,
 Lift one appeal—his strongest and his last,—
 Take her, oh! take her to thy gentle breast,
 And lull her softly to her evening rest!

So near upon each other are the joys and sorrows of life! The temperament of the Grecians was deeply tinged with a kind serious sadness, approaching to melancholy. They wore, indeed, the appearance of pleasure and gayety; but it was only the outward reflection of the smiles and loveliness of nature around them. There was beneath a constant and powerful current of thought and feeling, which often burst forth in their songs and other effusions. Nor is this strange, for the purest poetry is always sad; not, perhaps, from its own nature, but because life itself is full of uncertainty and sorrow, and whatever portrays it, must be tinged with its colorings. Besides, the Grecians were given to reflection, and thought much upon the nature and circumstances of their being. Perplexed with the mysteries which hung around it, and dissatisfied with the objects and pursuits of this life, yet knowing neither the nature nor existence of another, their minds were darkened by uncertainty and fear, and a deeper earnestness pervaded their tempers, less often visible, perhaps, than other qualities, because it lay the deepest. With the shadows of doubt resting upon them, they sat down bewildered at the changing scenes of life, drawing alike from the certainty of death and the uncertainty of any future existence, at once incentives to pleasure which could not satisfy, and lessons of wisdom and temperance, which, so far as they knew, for aught more in this world, were utterly idle. The most frequent topics,

therefore, in these small pieces, which come from many hands, are the ills of life,—as pain, sickness, sorrow, decay, and age; the various passions which haunt and torture our being; affecting complaints to animals and senseless things, as deeming such more blest than men; and finally,

“To end this strange, eventful history,”

death, the termination of all, the goal, the haven, the home, the lasting rest.

“When their race was run,
And their toil was done,
They dreamed they should sleep forever.”

Some, indeed, professed the doctrine of continued existence, but it was rather a faint conjecture, a sickly hope, than any settled belief, much less than any real knowledge. In a word, themselves and all things else seemed as strange to them, as does the inverted world to the boy, when, gazing on the standing pool, he beholds it hang beneath his feet. So deeply were their minds imbued with such feelings, that the plays of their best comedians, Menander and Philemon, of which there are fragments extant, are, like tragedies, full of moral sentiments and reflections, sober, even to sadness.

It is time, however, we proceed to examples. Here is one by Theognis of Megarea, who flourished some time before Plato.

Oh! none hath gone or will go down
Unto the dust of death,
Well pleasing all, by all unseared
With censure's withering breath!

By Palladas, the Alexandrian.

Life's but a stage, and men are actors all:
Learn thou to sport and view with comic face
Its scenes a farce, till Death's dark curtain fall;
Or bear the woes that tragedy portrays.

Every one will call to mind the same comparison in Shakspeare,

“All the world's a stage,
And all the men and women merely players:
They have their exits,” &c.

where the genius of the poet, by a few simple touches, has wrought a more finished and exquisite picture on this subject, than has ever been presented by any one before or since.

Here is one by some unknown writer, containing an exceedingly fine compliment to the skill of Praxiteles:

To senseless stone the angry gods
Changed me with life and feeling fired;
The senseless stone Praxiteles
Again with breathing life inspired.

The following epitaph by Plato contains, to a heathen, a very useful idea :

There lies a tiller of the earth,
Here I wrecked on the stormy main :
Thus 'neath the land and sea alike
Extends stern Pluto's reign.

The next is very simple and beautiful, and concludes with a sentiment somewhat similar to that expressed above :

Be not, Philene, thy unkindly doom
Too sad affliction to thy gentle shade,
That thou all darkly in a stranger tomb
Far from thy own beloved hill art laid,
Since equal are the paths to all that go
From the wide earth unto the realms below.

He! yet who would not rather die in his own native land, among his kindred and friends, so that his dearest surviving may say,

"Heu! quanto minus est cum reliquis versari, quam tui meminisse!"

Here is another, too, unclaimed by any name, embodying still beautifully the same sentiment.

Strait is our passage to the tomb,
Whether from Athens' marble home,
Or Meroe's sea-girt isle we go :
Grieve not beneath another sky,
Far from thy own fair land to die ;
On life's wide sea the breath of Time
Bears our frail barks from every clime,
To Death's dark halls below !

The fragments of Simonides are among the most simple and useful that remain. They are always natural, serious, and earnest. With quips and jests he had little to do ; but dwelt upon affecting incidents of real life, and the passions of the human

Sons of the gods, the heroes of old days,
Whose mighty deeds won them immortal praise,
Yet trod from infancy life's lengthened way
Begirt with toil, with danger, and decay.

Here is another, containing a very beautiful comparison :—

A mortal born, thou ne'er canst tell
What doth within the future dwell,
Nor gazing on a fellow man,
How long shall be his mortal span.
For swift as flits the gauze-winged fly
Along the air, how silently !
So swiftly hastes life's little day
Upon its silent flight away.

The fragments of Menander's comedies, as we remarked above, are full of sober moralizing and deep reflection. Some passages sound much like Shakspeare. The sentiment presented in the following is one of much beauty, and I know not but of equal truth. For though each should bear with patience the appointed ills of life, yet surely, to have seen the glories of the earth without experiencing its cares, disappointments, and sorrows, is none other than a blessed lot.

It is most happy, Parmenon,
 When one hath griefless gazed upon
 These glorious things that meet our eye,
 The common sun, the stars, the sky,
 Clouds, water, elemental flame,
 He quickly hasten whence he came,
 Yea! die in early infancy!
 For live he many years or few,
 These glories will have met his view,
 And live he wearily forever,
 He can see brighter glories never!

In the next we have a reflection of less beauty, perhaps, but more practical wisdom. The pride of our race is never more humbled than by the couch of the pale and senseless victim of death, and among the memorials of his power.

When thou wouldst know thy nature and thy being,
 How frail thou art, how subject to decay,
 Look at the tombs while journeying on thy way,
 Where sleep the great of earth unseen, unseeing
 There the light dust and senseless bones repose
 Of who to thrones and monarchies arose,
 Of proud and vain, who placed their highest glory
 In wealth, or wisdom, or ancestral story,
 In honor's splendor, or in beauty's bloom—
 Time brought them all alike unto the tomb.
 To death's dim shores the race of man depart—
 Pondering these, bethink thee what thou art.

The two next are from the Anthology, by whom I know not. It is wonderful how many similar passages can be found among the remains of the lesser poets of Greece. There are many times more than have existed in any other nation. Many such, however, are found among the writings of the English, who have much the same serious turn of mind and reflection, though more gloomy. But we have not had many writers of small pieces, while in Greece they were very numerous.

Life is a voyage, a perilous voyage, and we,
 Are mariners on its tempestuous sea,
 Where driven by storms at fickle fortune's beck,
 We meet with woes more terrible than wreck,

With fortune at the helm, as on the main,
 We sail in pleasure or we sail in pain,
 But all alike into one haven come,
 Beneath the earth, the dark and silent tomb!

Oh, transient joy of mortal life!
 Lament ye time's celerity;
 We sit, we sleep, we wake to strife,
 In trouble or prosperity;
 But time runs on, and rolls our wretched years
 For each unto their end in dust and tears!

A quodam mihi ignoto.

Wine, music, baths, and love's beguiling breath,
 But bring us faster on our way to death.

Another by Palladas, of Alexandria.

Brought forth in tears, in tears I soon must die,
 In many tears my life hath passed away.
 Oh! race in weakness born to weep and sigh,
 Harassed on earth and quick resolved to clay!

The following on the same subject, is by Philemon, a contemporary of Menander, and similar though not equal to him in the spirit and power of his verse. To its truth many, perhaps, will bear witness. Tears may relieve for a moment the burning agony of the brain, but they cannot, would they could! repair the calamities of life!

If tears could medicine our grief,
 And wailing give to pain relief,
 'Twere wisdom through our mortal years
 To barter gold, ay! gold for tears!
 But since events regard them not,
 And issue still by changeless lot,
 Or weep we, or from tears refrain,
 What gain we? Naught but greater pain!
 Grief beareth tears as trees their fruit,
 A bitter growth from bitter root.

The following distich, being written by Callimachus, a heathen, seems to say, that the memories of the good shall never perish from the minds of men.

Here Laon's ashes in sweet slumber lie,
 Oh! say ye not the good can ever die!

The last, reader, we can present thee, is an address to a beloved one passed away from all the scenes of life. It is much like Burns' affecting lines "to Mary in Heaven," and seems like the appeal of one acquainted with the glories of revelation.

Thou art not dead, but passed, my Prote, to a better shore,
 Thou dwellest in the blessed isles to bloom forevermore;
 Along the glad Elysian fields thy spirit doth rejoice,
 Beguiled among the gentle flowers of sorrow's mourning voice.
 Nor winter's storm, nor summer's heat, nor illness can molest,
 Nor maddening thirst can parch thy tongue, nor hunger pinch thy breast.
 No more regretting mortal life with sadness and with tears,
 In holy light Olympus bright thy home through cloudless years!

Gentle Reader, thou hast wandered with me in sunshine and in shade among the more secluded haunts of the Grecian muse, gathering a few of the sweet wild-flowers that grow unnoticed by the fountains of poetry and song. If in the coldness of another clime they appear sickly and of little grace, thou knowest they *were* beautiful, most beautiful, where they grew. I counsel thee often to stray by thyself among them and drink inspiration from their fragrant breath.

Kind Reader, we have met, and now we part, as all things in our world meet but to part again. The sweet spring has come with all her kindly influences. I pray thee greet her, if thou canst, with smiles and a welcome. I feel her gentle breath, I hear the singing of birds, and behold the earth reviving from the sleep and shroud of death to a fresher life and more joyful bloom. Look *thou* upon the glories of nature, and rejoice in the light and gladness thereof! Like the thoughtful Greek, dwell much with thy own mind, and "ere the silver cord be loosed or the golden bowl be broken," learn wisdom from the world as it is. All things are in ceaseless change; yet while to each and all the shadows of eternity darken one by one the fields of time, we will look to the future, not to the past, and

" Though nothing can bring back the hour
 Of splendor in the grass, or glory in the flower,
 We will grieve not, rather find
 Strength in what remains behind,
 In the primal sympathy,
 Which having been, must ever be,
 In the soothing thoughts that spring
 Out of human suffering,
 In the faith that looks through death,
 In years that bring the philosophic mind."

LAST WORDS OF A MISANTHROPE.

THE sunshine of my heart is passed—
 Its lonely winter now must come ;
 In solitude my life is cast,—
 A dreary home !

The tree that proves of quickest growth,
 Must soonest meet with dull decay :
 Anticipation like a moth,
 Eats life away.

Once I could share in others' grief,
 While they could share in mine ;
 But now deprived of all relief,
 Lone I repine.

And there was one whom I could love ;
 Earth never held but her from me ;
 But she has found a home above,—
 Bright dreams must flee !

My friends have found a tiresome friend,
 In him who once was glad and gay ;
 But fires without their fuel end,
 Unfed, decay.

I once could sport and laugh with them,
 Could blithely *feel* what now I *feign* ;
 My feelings withered on their stem,
 No hues retain.

Like a deserted, oreless mine,
 This heart hath lost the wealth it bore ;
 The fire of mirth hath left its shrine,
 To burn no more !

DELICACY OF FEELING.

DELICACY of feeling is a trait of character more than almost other lovely and engaging. It is a quality whose hidden principle exists in a greater or less degree in every mind, though often thrown into the shade by the workings of the fiercer passions, in the rude encounters of life. The minds of men, as manifested in their daily converse with the outward world, seem to be made of 'sterner stuff,' and cast in rougher mould. Delicacy is by no means a mark of weakness, for it is en-

tirely consistent with the stoutest courage and the sublimest energy. It is in every respect a *manly* quality, and when skillfully grouped with the more massive and practical features of his nature, it adds grace to dignity, and throws over the whole intellectual and moral character a kindlier hue.

The term delicacy of feeling implies a nice sense of propriety in thought, word, and action ; which ever strives to please, and carefully avoids inflicting unnecessary pain : a benevolent desire to accommodate itself, so far as is consistent with principle, to the prejudices and opinions of others. Though zealous to conciliate favor, it is unobtrusive, modest and retiring. With winning softness it demands a reciprocation of kindness, and keenly feels an insult or a slight. It exhibits itself in a pleasing mildness of manner, and amenity of disposition—in a scrupulous departure from every unwelcome subject, and every topic that can cause uneasiness or pain. It is averse to all that is coarse and unpolished in the intercourse of life, and seems generosity, benevolence, kindness and affection, all blended together, and formed into one glowing sentiment of the heart.

It may well be supposed that a feeling so noble has often had its counterfeits. Many there are, who, for the purpose of securing ends of selfish ambition, put on the garb of brotherly-kindness, hoping by this paltry artifice to conceal their 'naked ugliness.' But it is impossible. 'Their attempts to cover up their motives serve but to detect their falsity ; and it is evident to all, through the disguise they wear so ill, that although so punctilious as to 'strain at a gnat' in the presence of others, they would not hesitate to 'swallow a camel' in the closet. But in true delicacy there can be no counterfeit. If it exist, it will gush spontaneous from the fountains of the heart ; and never can the cold cant of hypocritical formality be mistaken for the warm welcome of the soul.

The influence of this principle on the *happiness* of man is marked and powerful. The possessor of true delicacy, enjoys a constant glow of pleasure in the thought that no man breathes toward him feelings of vengeful hate on account of injuries inflicted, that he is at peace with the world, that he has been manly and sincere in his dealings with every individual, that he has treated man *as man*—as a being that has reason, to perceive the motives of action, a heart keenly alive to the caresses or wounds of a friend, and a soul which can thrill in unison with the highest tone of joy, or the deepest note of sorrow. He is never tormented with the painful idea that he has helped to fill to the brim the chalice of human misery, but is sustained by the continual consciousness that his intercourse with the world has tended rather to alleviate, than to thicken and deepen, the woes of man.

If its effect upon the possessor be so pleasing, how natural that should be salutary on those who come within the sphere of his influence. When his mind is chastened, the roughness of feeling worn away, the turmoil of passion quelled, and all his faculties soothed into the calmness of quiet repose, how *more* than probable is it, that the gentleness of his disposition will impart to others a tinge of its own loveliness. For 'as in water ice answereth to face, so the heart of man to man.' And there is something very pleasing in the thought, that the pains of life by this simple antidote may be so much diminished. There are *natural* ills enough that 'flesh is *heir* to,' without the addition of men's inventions. And a regard for our own personal ease and comfort would teach us to alleviate by these means the sorrows which are incident to mortality ; to pass gently along the vale of life, grasping the rose without the thorn, enjoying the sweet without the surfeit.

True *intellectual greatness* gathers an additional charm when accompanied by real delicacy of feeling. It is always interesting to view the operations of mind, whether manifested through the rough features of barbarity, or in the smooth and polished forms of enlightened society. But we do not always listen to the voice of this divinity with equal delight. There are always in the world some minds of the *Boanerges* stamp, who are sure to strike where there is any thing solid ; and woe to the unlucky miscreant who is called to smart under their inflictions. The arguments of such, are not the webs of metaphysical subtlety, silently enclosing and strengthening around the unconscious victim, but rather the bold strokes of direct attack, the thrusts of irony, and the bitterness of invective. They attempt not to carry the position by the ambush, the redoubt, or the spring-mine, but rather by the blows of the battering-ram. Vainly glorying in gifts whose possession evinces no merit in themselves, they boldly challenge opposition, and burn with desire for the contest. To such as these the language of the poet may be well applied—

"O, it is excellent
 To have a giant's strength ; but it is tyrannous
 To use it like a giant.
 Could great men thunder
 As Jove himself does, Jove would ne'er be quiet ;
 For every pelting, petty officer,
 Drest in a little brief authority,
 Would use his heaven for thunder ; nothing but thunder ;—
 Merciful heaven !"

Power, mental or physical, never appears so great as in the hands of those who seem unconscious of its possession ; and we look with equal admiration on the ancient who was accounted the wisest of men for knowing that himself was ignorant, and

on the gifted modern who seemed in his own eyes but a child gathering pebbles. When godlike intellect can hold converse with the humble and the lowly, it is then that it shines with the fullest effulgence. When the pride of mental power is abased before a stronger principle which breathes 'good will to men,' we not only admire the genius, but love the character through which it manifests itself. When mind is observed through the medium of the finer feelings of the heart, its proportions are changed, but always symmetrical, its parts are magnified, but not distorted, rendered more brilliant, but never discolored.

✱ The usefulness of this delicacy is still more apparent in our endeavors to influence the conduct of others. The character of the mind of man, upon which we are to act, is as varied as are the circumstances which call out its latent energies. Some minds are naturally locomotive, acting entirely by their own unassisted powers; others are so sluggish, that, were they not impelled, they would never move. Some are so furious that it is impossible to check their mad career; while others again, are so obstinate and mulish that they *will* not be *driven*. It is upon the last-named class that delicacy can exert its fullest powers. It comes, clothed with calm and sunshine, appeals to the better feelings of the heart, subdues the temper by the softness of its deportment, and taking the man by the hand as a friend and a brother, it leads him where the whole world had tried to force him, and tried in vain. There is, in the make of every man, much of this dogged obstinacy which is proof against every sort of violent motive, but will not hold out an instant against the blandishments of a conciliating, and affectionate manner. It is not the man who urges a suit with the greatest clamor and most vociferous zeal, who is usually successful in gaining his cause. Nor is it the man who divides the ranks of society with the sword, and *forces* an entrance, who is most welcome to the hospitality of friendly intercourse. But *kindness* may enter where the sword cannot penetrate, and 'a soft answer' and a winning deportment, springing from delicate feelings and a generous heart, have always proved irresistible. They have made the murderer abhor his cruelty, and the savage his barbarity. They have opened in the soul springs of generous sentiments, which had long since ceased to flow; and have directed into channels of purest influence those streams whose turbid waters had only dashed useless through the sounding solitudes, or overwhelmed with ruin the fairest works of man. Delicacy will wreath in sunbeams the features of the afflicted, and pour 'the oil of joy' into the desponding spirit. Breathing nothing but harmony and love, a 'ministering angel' to mankind, it goes to and fro in the earth, uniting every where more firmly and strongly the bonds of social union.

M. O. D.

EDITORS' FAREWELL.

DEAR READER—As this is the last time we shall ever serve our present capacity, it remains that we bid you farewell in an appointed manner. That you have treated us kindly and indulgently through every sort of report, bearing with our judgments, and with our many delays; that your purse be open and your hand not slack; for all this do we most heartily thank you. If in the thousand fluctuations of College there has often been a lack of matter suitable to your desire, we hope for indulgence that we have always supplied it from our own resources, however humble. Often have we presented before you the children of our brain, crude and awkward from want of schooling, because necessity forced from us the conclusion that a kingdom "of gorgons and chimeras dire," is better than a gloomy chaos. It remains for your wisdom to determine whether we have been skillful and honest in culling this repast; whether we have plucked those herbs which are indeed savory, or whether garlic has been its first ingredient. We do not need to think the relations of individuals to each other, was that of particles of ice, firmly bound, yet frozen in their union. And we rejoice to tell you that your kindness and support have contributed not a little to change so cynical an opinion. Flowers grow in the path of your literary pilgrimage, and the Muses smile upon you. Farewell.

JAMES S. BABCOCK,
HENRY BOOTH,
GIDEON H. HOLLISTER,
JOSEPH G. HOYT,
GEORGE RICHARDS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

"Prometheus Unbound," though possibly *full of poetry*, is so poorly written to be printed. As the author has borrowed both title and ideas, so far as legible, it is recommended that when he learns to write, he write his own thoughts.

"The Snow Bird," is out of all rhyme and reason, sense and season. We would give a specimen had we not, in a fit of impatience, as we came to the fifth stanza, thrown it into our Oldsted. *Sic transit gloria poetæ.*

"Sonnet to a Strawberry," will be very welcome next summer. Our mouth waters *now*.

"Ode to Melancholy," is respectfully declined. Although there is much merit in the piece signed "H.," a few blemishes which could not be remedied without consulting its unknown author compel us reluctantly to decline it.

"Stanzas," "The First Flower," "To Sophia," and "Lines on Spring," are also declined.

We decidedly reject "A Leaf from my Mother's Diary." How very affectionate she must have been!

"Awashonks, or Love in a Wigwam—A Tale," will be handed over to our successors.

Although "A Reply to 'Brougham's Critique on Channing'" displays much talent and taste, yet we think it not an appropriate article for this Magazine.

An Essay upon "Chaucer and the early English Poets," came too late for examination.

"First Love," is probably a *first* production.

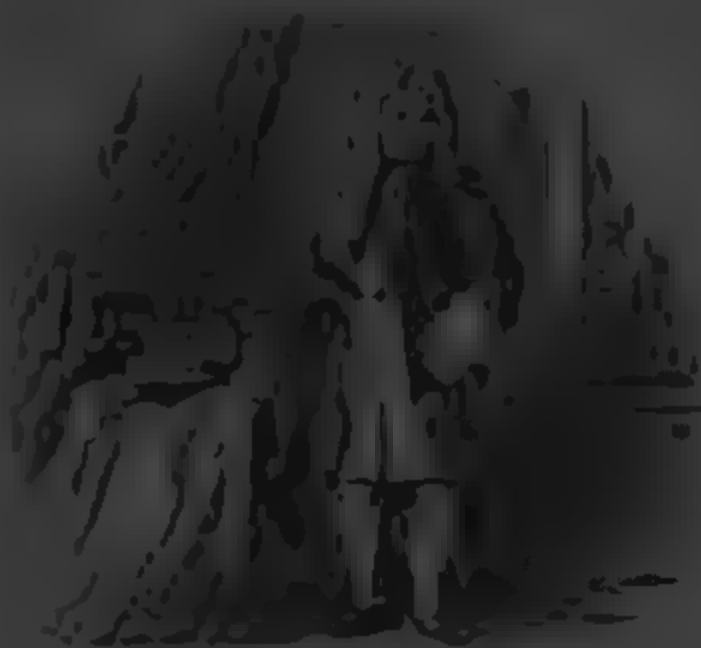
"Rhapsodies," "Lines to a Willow," "The Cascade," and "Wild Rose," are rejected. Should any correspondents consider themselves maltreated, they can appeal to our successors.

THE
YALE LITERARY MAGAZINE.

1887-1888

1888

STUDENTS OF YALE COLLEGE



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1888

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Between, . . .
Mans . . .
The Ancient Greek Muse,
Ode to Friendship
John, Hudson, . . .
The Convent of Vardona
Pious Fiction,
Happes & Legions,
Largely, . . .

THE
YALE LITERARY MAGAZINE.

VOL. V.

JUNE, 1840.

NO. 7.

TO OUR READERS.

—"Fortune knows
We scorn her most, when most she offers blows."

SUCH, Indulgent Readers, have we written down as our motto, and we ask of you a careful consideration of our views. Heirs to an inheritance, of which we are proud, and grateful, we would by no means assume that *hauteur* of manner, which some foolishly deem inseparable from the dignity of our station, but aim at a cordial manifestation of fellow feeling—a social conviviality; at the same time shall associate with our native timidity, a fearlessness of Scandal which we hope may brook oppression, and shall take upon ourselves just so much of impudence, as we trust shall rebuff the attacks of faint-hearted foes, and drive away from our own spirits the damps of solicitude.

Of our capacities, we would be modest in the discussion. Possessing rather more of learning than genius, and more of worldly prudence than either, their proportions may be reckoned up very much after the manner of those of the immortal Caramuel, whose genius was 'as six, his learning as eight, and his gravity as thirteen.' These in their individual relations we now dedicate to your service; and do you expect us in our endeavors to interest, to present you with the sober, useful suggestions of a meditative mind, with the calm reflective wisdom of men of years, with rich, golden truths that fire whole trains of intellect, with thor-

ough practical ideas upon the great business and economy of life, we can but assure you, that you have egregiously mistaken the source of such acquisitions. But on the other hand, if we fail in presenting you with the finished essay, evincive of a close and unrenmitting study of history, and of older and abler minds, of a careful investigation of those great moral and political truths which have ever and anon dawned upon the world—of hoarded knowledge and a retentive memory; if we fail to present you with the ingenious tale, displaying a close perception, a nice insight into the manners and forms of society, power of delineation, study of character, and an ease and pliability of style essential to the scholar; if we fail to present you with those lighter sketches of fancy and imagination—no mean accomplishment for the man of letters; but more than all this, if we fail of attaining that improvement of style, that vigor of expression, that purity of diction—in fine, those high aims with which this publication was instituted, and by the pursuit of which it has reached its present age—then attribute the failure to our inability, but more, to your own lack of enthusiasm and encouragement. Be assured without this on your part, its prime ends are defeated. Though laurelled with years, it is no adamantine structure, but sustained alone by the unanimity of its adherents; a casual neglect and the fabric totters to its base! But will captious cynics derisively smile at the imagined futility of our attempts—a malison upon their impudence!—and yet we would not provoke them to wrath, but freely offer our columns as a medium, through which they may arrest the decline of literary taste; and much will we thank them for a chaste model in letters. And you buried amid tomes of antique lore, will you look with indifference upon our exertions? Sooner or later must you learn, that acquisition of learning is not the sole end of a classical education—that the power of *energetic display* is as essential to the man of eminence as the *possession* of knowledge. Come then from your closets, you

—“qui exemplaria Græca
Nocturnâ versatis manu, versatis diurnâ,”

show to the world if you have justly appreciated the severity of that taste, which gave to the great Athenian his simple ‘ὠςπερ

νεφός,* and his unequalled vigor! Come from your folios, and typify if you can the harmony of those expressions, which flowed like living waters from the lips of the Roman senator! Take heed! for here, may you acquire a nerve; here may you find the embossments of your shield—the putting on of your armor—the whetting of your blade! Here may you refine your wealth, here discover the columns and the sculptured frieze to the great temple of collegiate pursuits—not indeed essential to its permanence, but indispensable to its harmony, its majesty and its perfection!

You too engulfed in the mysteries of science, if you learn not here, to benefit your fellows by a beautiful and lucid exposition of your views, if you learn not to reveal in glowing terms the teachings of your mistress—Nature,

“ Quidquam tibi prodest
Aerias tentasse domos, animoque rotundum
Percurrisse polum, morituro?”

But, *quid multa?* Proud of your birthright, be scrupulously jealous of its reputation and its honor. Sustain it for your own improvement, sustain it for your self-respect. Let not the accursed ‘auri sacra fames’ blast its energies and cripple its vigor! Let a high-souled enthusiasm revive its powers, renew the buoyancy of its youth-time! Make it all you would have it—the repository of your learning—the sampler of your taste—the monument of your abilities!

Commending it then to your unqualified zeal, and with the humble trust that a benignant public will smile favoringly upon our exertions, we remain, Classmates, very respectfully,

✱ YOUR EDITORS.

* Vide Demosthenes upon the crown—passim; also Burke’s speech in the impeachment of Warren Hastings. “Hyder Ali * * * having compounded all the materials of fury, havoc and desolation into *one black cloud*, hung for a while upon the declivities of the mountain.”

BULWER.

"The hopes we have in him touch ground,
And dash themselves to pieces!"

Much as the mercantile man must regret that wild spirit of speculation which has long diseased American commerce, it is a no less poignant source of grief to the scholar, that a kindred rashness of enterprise has blighted the hopes of our infant literature; and although every one must deprecate the spirit, there is nevertheless a partial apology for its existence in our rapid national increase. Habits of mind will assimilate themselves to habits of body, and a growing country pressing vigorously forward to the strength of manhood, will carry with it the customs and the *thought* of the nation. Nor can we hope that all who would attain to eminence in letters, should

"Blot out, correct, insert, refine"

and present themselves in the perfection of their might, until the thronging tide of improvement shall have settled calmly away in every plain and dell of our republic; until hallowed associations shall tenant every acre of our soil—until a Kenilworth shall have mouldered away with its remembrances of the great, and the ivy clustered round the temple of our national strength, hiding the imperfections of its entablature, and garlanding its summit with a coronet of perennial green! We can never rear the biographer of an *Old Mortality*, until the thick moss has cumbered the lettering on our tomb-stones. Do not suppose however, we distrust the mere youthfulness of our country, but, we very much fear, that the distaste for labor and revisal in the literary world, will never be discarded but with the gravity of years.

American writing is lamentably deficient in finish; the lightest as well as the most profound—all bear the errors of a hasty execution. England in her paltriest offerings, yet brings evidence of study and of watchfulness. Her laureates offer no careless ditties to the honor of their sovereign, but however deficient in taste or judgment, bear proofs of continued laborious toil.—With us, the romance is hurried into the world prematurely, with no surer evidence of its completion, than that it forms the substance of two duodecimo volumes! The poetic offerings of our first devotees of the muse, are mercilessly sent among us wrapped in their swaddling clothes! they discover none of that labor, which adorned the beautiful sonnet to the 'memory of the Pied-

ontese ;' they evince none of that exquisite finish which poured
 forth

"The pleasant music floating on the mere."

We trust these remarks will not be deemed irrelevant, introductory to a brief survey of perhaps the *most famous* living English author ; whose writings although not esteemed in Britain as remarkable for the niceness of their finish, yet in their flowing periods, their perfect similes, their neat and pointed epigrams, and their occasional bursts of grandeur, present a strong contrast to the crude and unpolished productions of a similar character among our countrymen. And we should hardly look for an elaborateness of execution in the works of a powerful writer of fiction ; we should be led to expect, that in the main object of presenting character under every shade of light, he should neglect the instructions of rhetoric, abandon reflection, and render every faculty subservient to his prime end of enkindling interest ; still we scruple not to add, that while we see the beautiful comparison, the polished antitheses and well balanced periods, we also see in *Bulwer*, the philosopher, the dramatist and the wit. This assumption may appear arrogant ; but of the individual, who has within the brief period of twenty years, presented himself to the world, as a poet, as a writer of fiction, as a dramatist, as a deep student of classic lore, as an influential speaker in parliament, as a shrewd and caustic surveyor of the literature of England, as the astute portrayer of British customs, social and political, and lastly as the historian, with astonishing success—it is not too Jeffrey-like to assert, that in him, we see one of the master spirits of the age. Without a distinct consideration of Mr. Bulwer's eminence in the several attributes we have assigned him, we propose to consider generally his character as a writer.

In 1820 appeared publicly his 'Oneil the Rebel,' soon followed by 'Falkland,' a romance, and with this work commenced his publicly acknowledged authorship. The numerous volumes of fiction which rapidly succeeded, are too well known to require individual mention. In poetry, he has published the satirical tale of the *Simsie* Twins, and 'Milton ;' in the drama he is known by his 'Duchess of Valliere,' the 'Lady of Lyons,' and others of a lesser note. 'England and the English' is a shrewd comment upon the state of British society. In the *Ambitious Student* he displays extensive acquirements and fine literary taste. In the editing of the *New Monthly* he presented himself under almost every variety of costume—now with a flaming political article, and again with a keen dissection of popular English works. In Parliament he has distinguished himself with Talfourd, by introducing a bill for the protection of dramatic copyright. As an historian he has appeared in marked splendor, as the chronicler of the rise and fall of Athens.

In the character of a poet, Mr. Bulwer has been oftener subjected to ridicule, than considerate and searching regard, and although we think him by no means calculated to rival the bards of greatest distinction, he surely is not without merit. That he possesses a *fancy* of extraordinary richness, none acquainted with the beauties of his fictions, and particularly that fanciful creation whose scene is luxuriantly spread upon the banks of the Rhine, can deny; that his is an imagination of no common power, all who have felt the spell of witchery which hangs about the mysterious character of Eugene Aram, will admit.

His Siamese Twins, modeled somewhat after Butler, possesses some humor; but amid the broken rhymes—the disjointed and ever-changing metres, and the frequent allusions to affairs of the metropolis, it is of little interest to general readers, and contains but few fine passages. There are however, interspersed some very placid pictures of rural scenery, and some strong and striking apostrophes; such for instance, is the wild and unearthly address of the sorceress, in the opening of the story, and the author's ode to the grave,—

“Tell me, O grave
When to thy slave
The black robed laughter, death,” &c.

The Lady of Lyons is his only effort in the dramatic way, which has attained to any degree of popularity, apart from its scenic representation. The story is pretty, and the address of Melnotte to Pauline at the cottage of her new mother, is singularly pathetic. But it is as a novelist we would principally consider the character of our author, and as such has he principally acquired his widely extended reputation.

Upon reading a work of Bulwer's, we are at once struck with the absolute mastery which he obtains over our passions—now we are racked with torturing fear, and now enraged against the object of his antipathy. Does he love the abandoned, his love is so pure—so fervent—so unadulterated, that we are charmed into acquiescence with his choice, and our feelings are borne along, tangled in its meshes, enchanted by its increasing ardor, until the utter vileness of the object would seem but to add sympathy to affection. Does he hate the comparatively virtuous,—his hate is so real, so strong, that we are inevitably led to the same cordial detestation! In short, our every passion is subjected to his caprice, and we finish—ashamed that we have suffered our feelings to be so wrought upon, and yet smiling through our frown in admiration of the power which has so enthralled our emotions. But again, we are impressed by his sober, candid reflection, and are called aside here and there, to construe more narrowly the varied impulses which constitute the bases of his fictitious creations; and

we are astonished that he, who could so wanton with our feelings, should with calm and studied philosophy, reveal the great secrets of that action, of which we had become so animate a part! A thorough student of human nature—the bitterest anger, the most inconsistent anomalies in the character of man—his heights of frenzy—his calm submission—his unrelenting profligacy—all these are melted in the crucible of his discerning mind, and he presents us, dispassionately, with a key to the most secret impulses of the heart! In his portraiture of female tenderness, he tries the stoicism of our nature. The outward form he pictures with a grace and ease which we remember never to have seen excelled. With the delicate touches of the most perfect limner, does he sketch every personal charm; what can be more beautiful than the contrast of the dignified yet magnificent form of the fair patrician Nina, with the timid delicacy of contour, which marks the no less lovely sister of the Roman tribune; the exquisite symmetry of the beautiful Grecian Ione, contrasted with the studied air of the haughty Julia! What more feeling, than the dark downcast eye of the Spanish maiden Isora, or the sweet heavenly simplicity of Lucy Brandon,—the matronly form of Madeline, or the grace of Lady Florence Lascelles. And about their blushes, their smiles, their tears, their loves, does he throw a potent charm—beguiling the most austere. Indeed, his female creations are but little less than incarnate spirits of love, beauty, and tenderness. Ethereal in their natures, we seem but to gaze upon the loves of angels; and mark the contrast stronger from the dark pictures with which our author delights to intersperse his romances. All the malignancy with which man can be imbued, appears conspicuously in these dismal creations of his mind;—not inconsistent in their acts of malice, not wayward in their brutish passions, but by the extraordinary power of the designer, pursuing our untoward course of villainy, until we are fain to cry out with Macduff,

“ Not from the legions
Of horrid hell can come a devil more damned
In evil.”

Thus he hurries us into an ideal creation, peopled with the fanciful productions of his own exuberant genius, and there revelling in view of enrapturing beauty, and shrinking from the loathful touch of vile miscreants, we seem as in a dream: nor are we sensible of the witchery which enchains, until the charm is broken, and we fall back upon the realities around, to discover our mistake and to realize that we have been gazing upon a strange, false picture! His plots are adroitly arranged, though often savoring too strongly of the improbable. Devereux is in point of rational merit, as picturing human society—an *idle tale*: that a single family should nurture within itself such envenomed hate, such

strong passions, and withal such an inconceivable misunderstanding, is beyond the range of possibilities. In Eugene Aram, Falkland, and Rienzi, especially in the two former, he has gone to great lengths under the shield of history, or well authenticated tradition ; but has gone much too far, and does not seem to recollect that 'truth is often *too strange* for fiction ;' falling into the same error with our own admired Brown, who ventured as an apology for that absurdly improbable romance of Wieland, a single similar recorded instance. But the beauty of fiction is in our opinion, such a portraiture of life or society as it is, or has been, as shall interest, not by its wildness and singularity, but by its very truth to nature. We look for the most admirable touches of the artist's pencil, not in the representation of the strange fantastic shapes which nature sometimes takes in very wantonness, but in the placid quiet of the soft landscape—not in the uncouth whirlings of the wintry clouds, but in the 'keeping' of the skies.

Distortion, we find to be one of Mr. Bulwer's prominent faults in his powerful fictions ; whether he is the limner of the beautiful blind flower girl Nydia, or the vengeful Egyptian ; whether he draws the classic beauty and perfection of Nina, or the languishing softness and delicacy of the fair Isora ; the deep settled, hypocritical villainy of the girlish boy Devereux, or the stern inflexible rigor of William Brandon—Eugene, or Walter—Clifford or McGrawler, he colors too highly. We cannot better exhibit this disposition in our author, than by comparing him with the standard gauge, Sir Walter ;—who ever loved Rose Bradwardine less than the beautiful Ione ? yet the latter is in mind a Madame de Stael, in person a Venus de Medici—the former, the simple daughter of the old baron of Tully Veolan ! The fair yet rustic countess of Leicester, the ruddy Saxon Rowena, the royal Isabell, the afflicted Edith, the playful Di Vernon, the pensive Lucy Bertram, the coquetish maid of the mill—all have their little foibles, their little defects, to remind us they are at best frail mortals ; still, who loves them less than the superb galaxy of our author's heroines ? In his manly, and his depraved characters, Scott all the while remembers that he fashions forms of

“ Stuff that dreams are made of ; ”

Bulwer creates his villains at once, teeming with murders, to subserve his vilest purposes. Scott renders his felons the puppets of fortune, malicious from untoward circumstances, and increases their abandonment by the most rational causes ; nor does he in the end, have recourse to such inhuman depths of vice and avarice—such foul pollution, as Bulwer delights to model. Prince John the traitor, was a good, jolly knight ; Bois-Gilbert, a stalwart defender of the cross ; Balfour of Burley, a poor hair-brained enthusiast ; Rashleigh, crazed in the madness of his love, and

the wretch Varney, perhaps the most calculating villain of all Scott's characters, was a devoted servant, and not that selfish, ignoble, hypocritical assassin with Arbaces, or Aubrey Devereux, or Houseman, or the Orsini, or Lord Vargrave. In short, Scott holds up to nature a mirror, clear as crystal, upon whose resplendent surface, reflecting as it does with a startling reality, every thing in the animate and inanimate creation, we gaze with admiration; Bulwer presents a mirror, spotless indeed, but with a magnifying surface, which catching the most prominent objects, presents them to the eye in colossal proportions.

We have said he managed adroitly his plots; he does—and his narrative with stirring effect; but often turns aside from the interest of his story to revel in new charms, or gratify some favorite passion. The lengthened details of some lovely quarrel he prolongs, manifestly but to gratify his own caprice; his dark characters seem wrought up to a pitch of frenzy, merely that he may exhibit his fearful power in painting. Beauty he adorns but to see to what perfection he can attain, and to riot in the contemplation of those self-created charms: he gives us details of poor McGrawler's Journal, but to gratify private pique against the Edinburgh critics; he gives us sketches of Lydon and his fellow gladiators, that he may launch away into the intricacies of his classic lore; he leads us with the noble Colonna from the scourged city of Florence to the villa of the seven cavaliers, but to revel in the charms which he there grotesquely and needlessly portrays. His descriptions of natural scenery, especially in the gorgeous painting of the fearful fires of Vesuvius, equal in sublimity any thing it has fallen to our lot to peruse. And in ability to lay open the workings of the mind, to sketch passion, guilt, jealousy, revenge, pride, beauty, loveliness, strength of mind, nobleness, generosity, we think no author has wielded a more powerful pen. The plague at Florence, the malignancy of the Egyptian astrologer, the noble spirit of the Roman tribune, the touching simplicity of Lucy Brandon, the character of Ernest Maltravers, the trial of Eugene Aram, with the calm grief of poor Rowland Lester, and the heart-broken, fleeting spirit of the accomplished Madeline, are among the loftiest efforts of genius; and the few last chapters of Rienzi—for power, for thrilling interest, for sublimity, and for racking every emotion of the mind, we never saw surpassed in any fictitious writing!

But with the indulgence of our readers, we will not dismiss Mr. Bulwer thus summarily. We have spoken alone of the intellectual execution—we have spoken of his unlimited power to excite our feelings, both in enkindling sympathy, and provoking enmity; of his facility and grace in portraying to the very acme of human conception, the loveliness of female beauty; of his equal power to present in bold relief some giant demon stalking through the whole matter of his fiction. We have spoken of his thrilling nar-

rative, well sustained interest and passages of extraordinary power:—but we should be unjust to ourselves did we say no more. The fictions of Bulwer we consider worthy of banishment from every household in the land! No novels, so much as his, are calculated to produce that pernicious effect which is the legitimate and natural result, in a greater or less degree, of all fictitious writing—namely, the subversion of one's ordinary thought and feeling, by an unnatural excitement. We read earnestly, deeply, fondly, and when finished, relapse into a silent abstraction of wonder, amazement,—now at the author's power, now at the showy pageantry which has hurried by; now execrating the magic which has so cajoled us, and now glorying in the fascination which has lured us to its festivities; a false sensibility, false delicacy, false ideas of honor—of ambition and its rewards—all are the injurious results! But his writings *have a decided* immoral tendency. Vice is with him the *το καλον*, hence he renders it the object of our sympathy, and by its dazzling and bewildering accompaniments elicits admiration.

Paul Clifford, the highwayman of ignoble birth, he scruples not to unite with the sensitive Lucy: the passionate, willful, Morton Devereux, he makes the lover and the husband of the sweet Spanish maiden. The murderer for gold, he makes the man of science, and the object of adoration to both Ellinor and Madeline. Glaucus is but a gambler and a profligate, and Rienzi, though in truth the noblest of his characters, gives utterance to debasing sentiments. We like not ~~all~~ together the scenes to which the lovely flower girl is introduced, and must look with a suspicious glance upon the illicit loves of Adeline and Walter Montreal. Ernest Maltravers—a narrative of powerful and distracting interest, is peculiarly characteristic; and he pictures his hero, his *beau ideal* of a man—the author, and politician, the philosopher of serene and lofty brow, the admired of all admirers—the incestuous lover of a painted idiot! Aye! and hurries us away from the sweet enchanting scenes of his guilt, to feast our imaginations upon the gorgeous splendor of an Italian court, to glut our appetites with new and still renewed triumphs of love, until sated with the banquet, he leaves us a heart-broken, misguided maniac, roaming the continent for peace of mind. The foul fiend embodied in the person of Lumley, he hesitates not to leave in the possession of an infantile form of loveliness and innocence, whose cheeks the winds of heaven should not visit too roughly. He pictures a miniature world of his own imagining;—the angel of purity, of innocence, of generosity, the offspring of a murderous sire. He gives us them the angel of beauty, of sentiment, of love, to wither and die under the flame of its own enkindling; he presents the angelic graces of womanhood, of domestic felicity, and pours into that creation, hankerings after pleasures, as vain as impure! he gives us the

in loathing, nor in hate, but in pity, for hers is the love of Juliet and not of Desdemona! Can we pause upon the character of Rome's great queen? but what see we in her more than a proud spirit—tear from her, her jewels, and her gold and her virtue is gone! Is the character of Rienzi worthy of study? no, the stern spirit of his high ambition mocks us! shall we seek a subject of meditation in the tranquillity of Madeline's pure spirit? but her utter misery, her abandonment by the vilest agency stifles reflection; shall we seek it in the high bearing of Ernest Maltravers? Maltravers' character, though admirably pictured, is an anomaly; and truly may we say, that we never saw a subject wrought out of so splendid inconsistencies; so pure thought and so offensive pride, so much generosity and so dark passions, so unassuming and yet so arrogant, so kind and so harsh! Is the character of the sweet Alice attractive—her long suffering, her subdued melancholy, and her cherished love, are these inspiring of regard? Ah! while we remember the pure generous girl of the murderer's cabin, the tearful gipsy mother, with her vain supplications at her own door; while we remember her passionate wailings in distress, her subdued and unostentatious grief at sight of her faithless lover—while we remember her the wife of a tyrannical lord, we cannot forget that she was ever the sport of the world, stricken by its griefs, with no hopes beyond; no truths beam upon her darkened mind, no moral light reflects her early guilt, and brings consolation with its healing balms to the heart of the afflicted.

But is not fiction fitted to present subjects for reflection? None who have perused the delightful tales of Miss Edgeworth, none who have studied the 'Heart of Mid Lothian,' would provoke the inquiry. The character of Don Juan is not fit for momentary reflection—neither is that of Ernest Maltravers. But who does not love to cherish in remembrance the holy disinterestedness of the noble Morton, the *prodigious*! valor of Dominie Samson, the grief-smitten Tresilian, the high spirit of Halbert Glendinning, the generous enthusiasm of Nicol Jarvie, the disowned knight of the Saracen war, the humble ingenuousness of the prince royal of Scotland, the lofty and frank bearing of Fergus MacIvor? Who cannot find a fit subject for contemplation in the foibles and purity of England's great queen Elizabeth—and Rose—and the peerless daughter of the Jew, and the Lady Eveline and the fair maid of Perth;—and the lovely Jeanie Deans is food for dreams! Scott brings out character in action—Bulwer in description; Scott touches the heart—Bulwer the mind.

But enough of Scott, enough of Bulwer. We have dwelt long upon his writings and are convinced 'no good thing can come out of Nazareth;' and were we asked to point to that novelist of the present day who stands proudly preëminent in *strength*, it would be to Edward Lytton Bulwer. Were we asked to point

that man who combined in his own person most the splendid characteristics which would fit him for the highest place in the literature of the present age, for a noble and an advantageous member in the Parliament of Britain, and for a high benefactor to his race, it would be to Edward Lytton Bulwer. Finally, were we asked to point to that individual, who above all others was calculated to destroy good taste, to corrupt a delicate sensibility around morality, to sow the germs of a feverish, irritable, morbid disease in the minds of the reading world—it would be to Edward Lytton Bulwer! And with the lapse of approaching years, we are disposed to believe that his fictitious writings one day will be swept away—not as the ephemeral trash of an age which have not strength to stand erect, but as giants with whom the billows of time must grapple strongly, closely, earnestly! And if any shall stand, they will stand like some lonely sea-tower, preëminent for strength, for the grandeur of its proportions—but desolate! No embowering shades shall tempt the wanderer to its halls, no little ‘Valclusa fountain’ shall well forth its waters to lure the idle visitant; but the loiterer shall shrink from its shades, lest he meet some frightful spectre in its recesses!

MUSIC.

How exquisite the blending,
 How the hush'd and sleeping sea,
 The voice of woman, lending
 To the lute its melody.

How the night-breeze gently laden
 With the tremulous plaint of love,
 The heart of flushing maiden
 And the voice that wakes the grove.

How upborne the soul, as swelling
 Through the dim, mysterious aisle,
 As the deep-toned organ, telling
 To worship God the while.

How the heart, with warm emotion
 As it swings the hammock free,
 As some pensive son of ocean
 In his love “ayont the sea.”

How upon the echoing mountains,
 'Mid the eternal torrent's dash,
 Like the liquid voice of fountains,
 Chimes the tuneful ‘Ranz des Vaches.’

How amid the battle pealing,
 Through the dun, sulphureous air,
 Rings the thrilling clarion, steeling
 Arm to strike, and soul to dare.

How it wakes its voice at murm'ring morn,
 Breathes at eve, which else were mute,
 Peals it from the hunter's horn,
 Sighs it from the lover's lute,

How it swells it from the temple's shrine,
 Rings it from the warrior's tent,
 Still is music all divine—
 Still its voice omnipotent.

THE ANCIENT GREEK MUSIC.

No. II.

"Musa dedit fidibus divos puerosque deorum,
Et pugilem victorem, et equum certamine primum,
Et juvenum curas, et libera vina referre."—*Ars Poetica*, v. 85.

"And as to the old Greeks, their mindes were wont alwaies to bee crammed with things more curious than profitable—conceits ande whimsies, incongruous endes of improbabilities matched vnto each other, flimsie theories as fine-spun as any webbe of Arachne, brilliant, soareing ande brittall as a fool's bubbles, inne one worde the ghosts of impossibilities, as crowded and confused as those sorrowfulle shades, that do waite for the sooty ferryman on the bankes of the Styx."—*Old Writer*.

Few national institutions have ever afforded richer and more varied opportunities for the exercise of genius and taste, than the Grecian games. Their periodic returns were, in time of war, signals for a general truce, and by the commingling of friends and enemies in the same common enjoyments, they exerted a happy and humanizing influence; and in time of peace, served not only to unite in one common interest the minds of a fickle and pleasure-loving people, but aroused in their breasts a noble and generous emulation for success in every department of art. From them we date the commencement of correct history, and what we know of the Grecian science of music.

The most celebrated of all the games strictly national, were the Olympic, the Pythian, the Nemæan, and the Isthmean; at all these, there were not only horse-races, gymnastic exercises, manly feats and trials of physical strength, but poetical and musical contests; and we have reason to conclude that at these numerous and splendid assemblies, the elegant and intellectual accomplishments of poetry and music, served as the media for applauding and rendering illustrious all who excelled in the other fine arts or in feats of physical strength. Hither crowded all the philosophers and poet-musicians of renown throughout Greece; and here the simple olive-leaf of successful merit, was the highest honor a Greek could covet, and the noblest reward an assembled nation could bestow.

But of all the ancient games, none are so intimately connected with the history of music, as the Pythian. These games, celebrated near the temple of Delphi, were instituted by Apollo in commemoration of his victory over the serpent Python. They were originally held once in nine years, but afterwards every fifth year; consisting at first of poetical and musical contests, and the prize was awarded to him who best sang the praises of Apollo. The

songs, called the Pythian modes, were divided into five parts, containing a representation of the victory over the serpent, in the following order ; the preparation for the combat ; the commencement of the contest ; the heat of the battle ; the song of victory, or the insulting sarcasm of the god over his vanquished enemy ; and lastly, an imitation of the hisses of the serpent, just as he expired under the blows of Apollo. This Pythian nome, as it is sometimes called, was invented by Sacadas, a poet and musician of Argos, who gained several prizes in performing it at Delphi. Chrysomethis of Crete, who purified Apollo after the conquest, was the first who obtained a prize at these games. It is said that Homer consulted the Delphic oracle upon the propriety of his entering as a competitor, but was not considered qualified, on account of his blindness and inability to accompany himself upon the lyre. We are also informed that Hesiod was accounted incompetent because he was not master of the same instrument.

The most celebrated poet-musicians who flourished at the time of the regular celebration of the Pythian games, were Alcæus, a contemporary of Sappho, with whom he was deeply in love, Mimnermus, Stesichorus, and Simonides ; a little after followed Pindar in the company of the distinguished and beautiful ladies, Myrtis and Corinna. Simonides was celebrated for the sweetness and purity of his taste, and his power over the passions. Both Plato and Cicero speak of him in the highest terms, although in his old age he became so avaricious of money, as to warrant the supposition that he was not unwilling to sell his talent at a price ; for when asked by the queen of Hiero, tyrant of Syracuse, whether it was more desirable to be learned or rich ; he replied " that the latter was more preferable, for he frequently found the learned waiting at the doors of the rich ; but the rich were never at the doors of the learned." There is another saying of his, which we would mention for the benefit of those who wish to excuse their increasing love of money, as their physical means of enjoying it become less. Plutarch relates, that some one having reproached him for his sordid avarice, he returned for an answer, that age being deprived of all other sources of enjoyment, the love of money was the only passion left for it to gratify. He is also famous in having invented elegiac poetry, and as being the instructor of Pindar. The illustrious poet Pindar was born 520 years before Christ, and learnt the service and practice of music of his father, who was a very famous flute player.* Pindar was repeatedly crowned at the games, and often gained prizes over the lady Myrtis ; but was

* The flute was a favorite instrument among the Greeks, and *fullness of tone* was accounted of so much excellence, that a young man at the games, wishing to show his skill in this particular, seized his flute and with one blast breathed his *last breath* into the instrument.

excelled at five successive contests by the accomplished and fascinating Corinna. Her conquests it may be presumed, were rather over the audience than over her art ; for Pausanias suggests that the minds of the judges might have been biased in their decision by her exquisite beauty, (a very natural conclusion,) and indeed we should suppose that in such instances of female success, their performances were judged of more by the persuasions of the heart, than the dictates of the understanding.

Previous to the year 591 before Christ, we nowhere read of the separation of the arts, poetry and music. Heretofore music had been "married to immortal verse," but about this time some changes having occurred in the arrangement of the Pythian games, they were divorced, and from the want of that mutual assistance they rendered each other, they in a degree lost their influence, and fell into all the extravagances of a perverted and distorted taste. The ambition of the musician to show his skill, led him into all the difficulties of his art, and that of the poet, to excel in new and complicated measures, like him who carries his virtues to extremes, caused themselves and their arts to decline : and what was before considered a grace, is now deemed a deformity. But we must, at least for the present, omit this interesting part of our subject, to give place to those grand and often unintelligible ideas entertained by the ancient musical theorists.

Many of the Greek philosophers believed that music comprehended arithmetic, geometry, physics, and metaphysics ; that it taught every principle appertaining to the nature of the soul, the construction of the universe, and as being the power that unites and harmonizes every thing in nature. It is very curious to trace the ancient definitions of music. Some have defined it "to be the art of singing and all that relates to it ;" a definition sufficiently comprehensive, but as we think, not very specific : others, "the contemplation and active art of perfect and organic singing ;" others, "the art of the beautiful in sounds and movements ;" and still others, as we stated above, affirm it "to be the universal science." Such definitions would be considered at the present day, somewhat vague and indefinite, and probably they were not very well understood by the ancients who framed them. Their ideas, like some moderns, were full of the spiritual and ethereal essence, and mysticism was a cloak with which to hide a multitude of notions entirely incomprehensible—they wrote much upon the principles of music, and from what has come down to us, we learn that they discovered many important elements of the science, which we shall endeavor briefly to point out. The Greeks, in investigating principles, often guessed at a cause, imagined an effect, distorted the plainest facts, and twisted stubborn truth to coincide with crooked theory. We however would not be thought to ridicule them, nor cast reproach upon the proper

investigation of science, upon correct principles. There is already enough scepticism in respect to the word philosophy; and much unbelief with regard to the advantages of cultivated society. Many even in the nineteenth century, question whether knowledge enlarges the capacity for enjoyment, or only "increases sorrow." As the mind advances, and the powers of perception become more refined, we must expect that the arts will in some degree desert the original, rude simplicity of uncultivated nature, and assume the refined beauty of complex science and cultivated taste. This seems to be peculiarly so with music, although much has been said to the contrary. It is urged "that as the ear becomes cultivated, sensation is enfeebled, and that the price of a complicated and polished melody, is the loss of those irresistible and transporting excitations, of which we read in the accounts of the ancient Melopœia." But who believes that an untutored ear is influenced with the same high and rapturous emotions in hearing a rude unnatural succession of sounds, as his whose musical taste has received such cultivation as to appreciate the music that swells from a refined melody? It is only he who has not felt the increased capacity for enjoyment that knowledge gives; and he who denies that the senses admit of cultivation, that attempts to uphold such an idea.

But to return from this digression; let us consider the labors of those who contributed much in endeavoring to reduce music to a science. Of all the musical theorists, Lasus is the most ancient and claims our first attention. He flourished 548 years before the Christian era. Poetry, mathematics, and music formed the main objects of his meditations, and this fact was a striking proof of the close connection of these studies with one another, a circumstance worthy of notice in other men no less distinguished. With respect to his musical discoveries, both in theory and practice, all that we know of them may be reduced to a few particulars. He is supposed to have added many strings to the lyre, for the convenience in performing, of easily changing from one mode to another—an innovation much complained of in the new music. The Greek mode corresponded to the modern key, and from his making use of a multiplicity of strings, it is conjectured that he had some notion of musical temperament. He also calculated the exact ratio of concords, and by means of glasses of the same size and tone endeavored to establish these three concords in the numbers 1, 2, 3, 4;* he however did not entirely confine himself

* This reported discovery of Lasus, like the anvil story of Pythagoras, has been taken on trust, and is equally as false; for to tune glasses by water, has been lately practiced, and found not to prove the proportions asserted; and indeed so difficult is it to establish one error except by believing another, that men generally find it necessary to swallow Lasus' glass of water, to wash down the anvil and hammers of Pythagoras.

to demonstrative evidence, but wandered far into the region of fancy, and from that imaginative and fertile country, learnt that sound has a *latitude*. He indeed deserves great credit for having entered first into this branch of science, and though he made few discoveries, yet he opened to the world a new field for investigation, and excited a taste for scientific advancement in this art. Pythagoras and Aristoxenus were the most noted philosophers who followed Lasus in the pursuit of musical science, and they were the heads of the most numerous and celebrated musical sects in antiquity. The discoveries of Pythagoras were many and important, and posterity have attested the truth of many of his propositions. The invention of the monochord has been ascribed to him, both by ancient and modern writers, and we are informed that the great philosopher on his death-bed, recommended this instrument as the musical investigator, the criterion of truth. To him have been ascribed musical ratios, and the method of determining the acuteness or gravity of sounds by the greater or less degree of velocity in the vibration of strings. He increased the compass of the lyre, and improved upon Terpander's system of notation. He perhaps did not discover so many principles in music himself, as he learnt from the investigations of Egyptian science, with which he was well acquainted. He esteemed music as next to numbers in importance, and believed it the means by which the mind was raised above the dominion of passion and rendered fit for contemplation. Pythagoras considered music not only as an art, to be judged of by the ear, but as a science, and reducible to mathematical precision. He, like his predecessor Lasus, travelled in the regions of imagination, but far outstripped him in his excursions among the celestial spheres, where he learnt, that in the grand choir of worlds, Saturn sang base, the moon the air, and the other planets each a different part. With him music was the universal panacea for diseases, both of body and mind, and all his disciples composed themselves to rest in the evening with the strains of the lyre, and aroused their minds to action in the morning, by means of the same instrument, a circumstance which proves the wonderful diversity of influence in music to produce opposite effects. We have already stated that Aristoxenus opposed some of the musical doctrines of Pythagoras; the former believed that every thing in music must be referred to the ear, as the supreme judge, and rejected with contempt, the velocities, vibrations, proportions, and mathematical coincidences of Pythagoras. Modern philosophy has however proved them both in a degree correct, for the ear is scarcely satisfied without a mathematical coincidence in the chords, and the great error of Aristoxenus consisted in his not allowing to music what she claims—the merit of being a science and subject to demonstration. They both erred in extending

their principles too far, and also in forgetting that the laws which govern music are rendered certain and fixed by the coincidence of the ear with the deductions of numbers.

The great geometrician, Euclid, flourished about B. C. 277, and was distinguished as a writer in the sciences of music and mathematics. Euclid was the first to demonstrate that an octave is somewhat less than *six whole* tones; that a fourth is less than two tones and a half, and a fifth less than three and a half. These facts clearly prove the necessity of a temperament upon fixed instruments, where one sound answers several: yet the fact of his giving no rule for one, furnishes a proof that such instruments were not generally used by the ancients, although we have before remarked that Lasus may have used such an instrument.

Aristides Quintilianus, who has left us three volumes upon music, has labored to show that music can be applied to the regulation of external behavior, as philosophy is employed to improve the mind. He asserts, that "by its harmony it polishes the manners, and its rhythm renders the personal motions more agreeable." He further says, "to divine worship music imparts an increased solemnity; public festivals derive from it superadded joy, and it is capable of rendering the most difficult and laborious undertaking easy and delightful." His exuberant imagination conceived analogies between the five tetrachords and the five senses; and also fancied their relations to the five primary elements.

These speculations we cannot refrain from stating in his own words. "First, the tetrachord *hypaton* resembles the touch, which is affected in new-born infants, when the cold makes them cry, and also corresponds to the earth, as the most grave; the tetrachord *meson* is like the taste, which is necessary to life, hath a similitude to the touch, and answers to water in the five elements, as nearest the earth; the third, called *synnemenon*, is compared to the smell and also to air; the fourth, termed *diczeugmenon*, is compared to the hearing, because the ears are so remote from the other organs of sense, and are disjoined from each other, (a perfectly conclusive reason;) it also corresponds to fire, whose motion being upwards, is contrary to nature; and lastly, the tetrachord *hyperbollon*, is like the sight, and comparable to the ether, as supreme, and above all the other tetrachords." He also conjectured similar analogies between the tetrachords and the virtues, which seem even more visionary than the "somnia Pythagoræa."

The limits of our design will not permit us to speak of Plutarch, who was not only a philosopher, mathematician, and historian, but a great musical theorist; nor indeed of some others, perhaps no less distinguished, who assisted in reducing the art to a science, and who, like Ptolemy, could pass from accurate reason-

ing and demonstration, to dreams and all the fanciful analogies of the Pythagorean and Platonic schools ; who, like him, could discover music in the human soul, and in the celestial motions ; compare the rational, irascible, and concupiscent parts of the soul, to the eighth, fifth, and fourth ; make the sciences and the virtues, some diatonic, some chromatic, and some enharmonic ; turn the zodiac into a lyre, making the equinoctial the key-note of the Dorian mode, and sending the mixo-Lydian to Greenland, and the hyper-Dorian to the Hottentots.

Fanciful and visionary as were the speculations of the ancient theorists, and incorrect as were many of their deductions, still we cannot refrain from honoring the genius that opened such a beautiful and rich field for the display of science, and the talent that disclosed so many musical discoveries. In the development of any new science we must expect to meet with errors, and strange conjectures. The principles of a science as comprehensive as music, cannot be investigated in an age, or a thousand ages, but must continue forever, exhibiting new combinations and unknown harmonies ; and to this last consideration we attribute the sublime conceptions the ancients entertained of its wonderful effects.

Many poets, however, and those unacquainted with music, have ever been prone to attribute exclusively to poetry what often belongs to both the arts, and the circumstance of their being united, though necessary to explain some facts, is entirely inadequate to establish many others.

There is indeed something in musical sounds themselves which all have experienced, and which can, by a sort of incantation, sooth and charm us into the particular disposition which accords best with its own character or mood. All persons readily distinguish between cheerful and melancholy music, although all are not equally susceptible to musical impressions. A learned writer, Adam Smith, has asserted, "that acute sounds are naturally gay, sprightly, and enlivening ; grave sounds, solemn, awful, melancholy ; and that instrumental music can, by a succession of the acute and grave, induce a corresponding modification of the feelings." The simple sounds, like the nine digits, are capable of endless variation ; and it is merely by a proper combination of the "gay and grave, the lively and severe," that the musician can lead the mind to assume the same disposition as the object it contemplates. We must not, therefore, ascribe every thing to the poetry with which music is connected. If it were true that poetry merited all the honor, what need would there be of a musical accompaniment ? And why did the ancients ascribe so great effects to music, if it was the least efficient cause ? The two arts were early united, and why should they adjudge the honor to music, if they believed all the credit belonged to poetry ?

Music was more in honor in Greece than it ever has been elsewhere, and it deigns to show its power to those only from whom it receives honor. In all music there is a natural language, which a sensitive ear will in a degree understand, whatever may be the sentiment of the poetry, by which it is meant to be interpreted; and herein consists the great skill of the composer, to make the two arts expressive of the same emotion. But whenever we find the poetry not agreeing with the expression of the music, we naturally feel the sentiment of the music as distinct from the poetry. In our modern operas how much of the effect depends upon the poetry? Truly, very little.

Why should we deny the existence of that power we all feel, but cannot express? that thrill of pleasure,

“That only he that feels it knows?”

The power of understanding the natural expression of music, is, like all the senses, possessed by different individuals in unequal degrees; and the extreme acuteness of musical perception constitutes the necessary endowment of all great composers. In this state all our powers are limited, but we may conclude that as the eye now can discern only physical existences, but will hereafter perceive that which is spiritual, we may infer that the mind will, in future time, find means to understand and express the language of music.

The influence of music upon national character, is illustrated by an account of Polybius, who informs us that the Arcadians could be tamed by no other means than music; and that the Cyretes who neglected this art, were the most cruel of all the Grecian tribes. This fact is beautifully proved in the case of the Swiss mercenaries, who were forbidden to sing or play, under penalty of death, the “Ranz des Vaches,” as it always produced a melancholy feeling among them.

Music is the only art truly pious. By this we mean, that it has no expression for impiety, cowardice, cruelty, hatred, or discontent. Homer places a musician to guard the chastity of Clytemnestra, in the absence of Agamemnon; whilst he remained, Ægisthus had no power over her affections.

“At first with worthy shame and decent pride,
The royal dame his lawless suit denied;
For virtue's image yet possessed her mind,
Taught by a master of the tuneful kind.”

It is not necessary to call this fiction; the power of music, (as we have already shown,) is sufficient for the reputed effect. The influence of instrumental music is always good, and the only amusement that may be indulged in to excess, and leave the

mind virtuous and uncorrupted. In its connection with poetry, we are inclined to think that it does not lend the same assistance to all subjects; but while it acts in concert with all sentiments that inspire religion and virtue, it may be said, in a degree, to counteract the unhappy influence of immoral poetry.

Milton, (who by the way was a great musician,) was so sensible to the moral tendency of musical expression, that he ascribes to it the power of soothing the passions of the fallen angels, and raising some praiseworthy emotion even in their breasts. At first this art was used almost exclusively in sacred worship, and the poetry attached to it always conveyed some moral lesson; and hence it is easy to see that ancient philosophers were not very far from truth, when they ascribed to it the power of inciting to virtuous actions. We read, also, of music influencing the mind to the opposite actions, but we hear of no such effect as this, until the decline of the arts, and then its reputed bad influence resulted entirely from the immoral tendency of the poetry to which it was attached. Indeed, we believe, from what has already been said of the constitution of musical sounds, that these must always exert a restraining influence upon those who are governed by the stronger feelings of the heart. The nations of the earth would probably have sunk lower and faster under the domination of the passions, had it not been for music. It may be prostituted to unholy purposes, but its influence can never be perverted; it may be employed in the haunts of dissipation, in the song of revelry and lewdness; but even here its secret and holy influence is felt, as a restraining power, and still pure and chaste as when kindling the fire of devotion at the altar of God.

ODE TO FRIENDSHIP.

ADDRESSED TO E. C. N.

DEAR are the joys that spring
 From Friendship, gathering
 A fresher glow as time rolls swiftly on,
 Until life's goal is won.
 It calms the brow with anxious cares oppress,
 And soothes the wounded breast.
 Its incense pure ascends
 To where each spirit bends,
 And smiling marks what peace the gift divine
 Spreads through the heart, that bows at this untainted shrine.

When fickle fortune smiles,
 And heedless of her wiles,

We pluck the flowers that round our pathway bloom,
 The sweets of their perfume,
 Enjoyed with those who share our good and ill,
 Shall be more fragrant still.
 If with the rose are found,
 Unnoticed thorns that wound,
 The soothing words of friendship's voice shall cheer,
 And all unasked for flow the sympathizing tear.

There is a time when grief
 Will yield to no relief,
 That reason sage to calm the heart applies.
 Though youthful fancy tries
 To pierce the cloud that settles o'er the brow,
 Its flight is all too low.
 Sad thoughts the while intrude,
 And o'er our spirits brood,
 And memory, too, in vain displays her store,
 A lingering gloom is there—e'en she can do no more.

When thus pale sorrow's dart
 Has pierced the shrinking heart,
 And life's fair prospects all seem clouded o'er,
 What art can then restore
 The sweet delights that charmed our happier days,
 Ere fancy's transient rays,
 No more serene and bright,
 Sunk in obscurest night?
 'Tis thine, O Friendship! thine to chase away
 The anxious thoughts that rise, and calm wild passion's sway.

Thou art the gift of heaven,
 To men and angels given;
 But to the world inferior denied,
 The happiness and pride
 Of minds that fain would nobler pleasures prove,
 As on through life they move.
 With gentle power, 'tis thine
 To soften and refine
 The thoughts that glow within the conscious breast,
 Alike 'neath prosperous skies and when by grief oppress'd.

The sun's bright beams must fade,
 Earth be in ruins laid;
 And all that now most beautiful appears,
 Dwell with forgotten years.
 But thou in distant climes unmixed with earth,
 Shall heavenly fruit bring forth.
 To seek thy native skies,
 Again shalt thou arise,
 And still as ceaseless ages roll away,
 The blest of earth and heaven shall be more blest in thee.

L. M.

JOHN BARTRAM.

"As the traveller who wished for some relic of the old Roman greatness was desired to take up a handful of the dust on which he trode, and boldly to affirm that this was a remnant of ancient Rome; so he who gathers up a pebble or a flower, carries in his hand a demonstration of the Divine existence."—*James Douglas*.

It was the custom of the great Swedish naturalist, in lecturing to his class upon his favorite study, or even when casually walking with his pupils through his gardens, to contemplate the works of nature as so many proofs of the wisdom and goodness of God, and thereby both to enjoy and to impart the purest and richest thoughts which such scenes can inspire. Accordingly, we find that the influence of Linnæus was felt in his native land, so that the rising sons of science, who were honored with his friendship, or profited by his instructions, cherished a due regard for the sublime teachings of Christianity. There is a connection so intimate between the deductions of science, when properly pursued, and those truths which beam with such calm and holy brightness from the pages of the Bible, that the wonder is that it should ever be disregarded. Yet there are continually those who seem to have no higher aim in their investigations into the wonders of the natural world, than to enlarge the mere vocabularies of learning—to become only industrious drudges in the day-labor of science. They are indeed bringing together treasures, but themselves are unconscious of their real value, and unprofited by their possession. For the naturalist, however, to become a sceptic or a caviller, to derive arguments for doubt and denial from those very works which every where speak of design and goodness, of infinity and omnipotence, shows a degree of mental blindness surprising indeed, and such as we would hardly look for as even the chance result of his pursuits. Another class are 'collectors' for the simple purpose of passing time. These are a harmless race, save that they tend to convey to the minds of the multitude an idea of frivolity attaching to studies which are really of moment, and may be made the source of the highest intellectual enjoyment.

Different from such as these is the character of him, who, in a humble and earnest spirit enters the temple of nature, and finds incentives to worship in the wondrous works which the Divine hand has scattered over this lower world. He is not content with mere acquisition, but manfully and joyfully acknowledges the great truths which nature teaches. As he gazes upon the delicate texture of a plant, or the wonderful conformation of the insect, he is furnished with materials for thought of no mean order, raising his mind beyond the fleeting and perishing, to Him who chang-

eth not, and tracing in His handiwork that deep spiritual presence, the assurance that all things are made, upheld, and directed for wise purposes by One whom the observer can call his father. It is with such exalted feelings that we think every student of nature should be fully imbued. True, many of his inquiries are and must be very limited. He is as much bewildered to explain phenomena constantly recurring, as the one who would vainly essay to understand all mysteries concerning his faith. Can he explain the growth of the humblest flower; or tell what is the hidden principle of life? Can he fathom the instincts of the animal; or detect the cause of crystalization? These boundaries of knowledge in the material world increase his humility, and strengthen his dependence upon Him,

“Who reacheth from one end to another mightily:
And who sweetly ordereth all things.”

We regard, then, those, as the first and most important teachings of nature, which lead us directly to the contemplation of the attributes of the Deity.

Again: to a reflective mind, nature is ever offering the most practical instruction. The various and complex economy which pervades the world; the relation which every thing made bears to the rest of the universe; tell us that man is placed upon this sphere of action to fulfill a trust-worthy commission of the Most High. The flower which springs up beneath our feet, cheering us with its gladsome coloring and sweet perfume; the insect which sportively sails in the setting sunlight; pass not away in death without accomplishing some useful purpose. This may be small, and to our eye, trifling, unimportant, nay vain, yet traced in its ulterior effects it may accomplish more than we would ever imagine. The “wee modest, crimson-tipped flower” awoke the minstrelsy of the Ayrshire ploughman, and the tear which genius shed upon it reflects its iris-hues the world over. The African traveller, when he had sank amid tropical sands, overcome by fatigue and ill-usage, and was about to resign himself to the fate of perishing in the wilderness, was roused to renewed exertions by the sight of a small moss. “Though the whole plant,” says he, “was not larger than the top of one of my fingers, I could not contemplate the delicate conformation of its roots, leaves and capsula, without admiration. Can that being, thought I, who planted, watered, and brought to perfection, in this obscure part of the world, a ~~thing~~ which appears of so small importance, look with unconcern upon the situation and sufferings of creatures formed after his own image?—surely not! Reflections like these would not allow me to despair. I started up, and disregarding both hunger and fatigue,

travelled forward, assured that relief was at hand ; and I was not disappointed.”*

Similar contemplations were wont to engage the busy mind of the American botanist, when as a farmer's boy he leaned upon his plough ; and they were the germ of that goodly devotion to science which has immortalized the name of JOHN BARTRAM. The character of Bartram aptly illustrates the remarks we have made upon the requisite qualifications for a naturalist. He was born in 1701, in the province of Pennsylvania, a little more than eighteen years after its settlement by Penn. Though the record of his early life is scanty, yet we may gather from it an example of perseverance, of attainment, and of worth, which few at that period could boast. The facilities for education in the infant colony were very limited, yet such as they were he eagerly embraced them. He is said to have attained to some proficiency in medicine and surgery, so much so as to have been a very useful man in his neighborhood, where regular medical skill was rarely to be procured. The Indians are well known to have had an acquaintance with the medicinal properties of many plants, and the very friendly terms which existed between the followers of Penn, and the gentle Lenni Lennapé, doubtless afforded Bartram, ever seeking to enlarge his knowledge, the means of valuable information. The intervals of the hard labor of husbandry he diligently improved by reading and study. It is related that one day during his work in the fields, the thought of his ignorance of the structure of a plant at which he was looking, determined him to pursue the science in which he afterwards became distinguished. He had, however, no knowledge of either Latin or Greek, without which, at that time, but little progress could be made in the study of botany. To these he now diligently devoted his attention, and ere long was sufficiently master of them to understand the writings of Linnæus and other European scientific authors. The project of establishing a botanic garden, for the purpose of collecting rare and valuable American plants, next occurred to him. He purchased a delightful spot on the banks of the Schuylkill, laid out the grounds with taste and judgment, and commenced the building of a dwelling house, which still remains a monument of his industry. The date of its erection, as appears by an inscription on the gable end, is 1731. There are few places in the vicinity of Philadelphia more pleasantly situated than what is yet known as ‘Bartram's garden.’ The fine old trees, and many flowers, the deep shade and retirement, the great beauty of the river whose quiet waters are seen winding below through highly cultivated meadows, for several miles, and above all, the rich associations of the spot, throw a charm around it, which he is wanting in proper feelings who

* Park's Travels.

would attempt to dispel. The family mansion is quite a record of the olden time. Over the window of the room which was used as the study, there is carved on the stone, the following :

IT IS GOD ALONE THE ALMYTY LORD,
THE HOLY ONE BY ME ADOR'D. *John Bartram, 1770.*

To Bartram belongs the honor of establishing the first botanic garden in America. With zeal he entered upon the pleasant task of gathering together the treasures of the vegetable kingdom. Vast tracks of our country were explored by him. The waters of Ontario found him by their side, diligently observing every thing around him, penetrating the vast forests which lined their shores, exposing himself to hardships and dangers. Or, he is examining, with minute accuracy, the country around the beautiful lake George, every where making fresh discoveries, and ever happy in his pursuits amid all the chances of travel. Perilous as these journeys were, they were year after year undertaken, and many of them solely at his own expense. He traced the waters of the Schuylkill, the Delaware, the Hudson, to their sources, and brought back rare flowers to ornament his garden. One year we find him accompanying a party of Indians along the wild banks of the Susquehanna, attaching to him these simple sons of the forest by his mild and gentle manners. Anon, he is wandering over high mountains—the Katterskill, the Alleghany. In the latter years of his life, his son, William Bartram, was at times his companion, who inherited his father's love of nature, and shares his fame.

Mr. Bartram soon became known in Europe, and was honored by being appointed American botanist to King George III, with the substantial addition of a small pension. He corresponded with the principal naturalists of the old world, Collinson, Linnæus, and others, communicating the results of his discoveries. He was an intimate friend of Dr. Franklin, whose correspondence with him is marked by a warm-hearted sincerity and frankness, truly delightful to witness. Franklin addresses him as “my dear good old friend,” and in one of his letters, introducing him to another, with good-natured jocularly holds the following language : “Mr. Bartram I believe you will find to be at least twenty folio pages, large paper, well filled, on the subjects of botany, fossils, husbandry, and the first creation.” In a letter of the distinguished Dr. Garden's, written in 1755, the following occurs, curious for its implied notice of the then state of natural science in America. ‘When we came to Philadelphia I met with John Bartram, a plain Quaker, but a most accurate observer of nature. I met with Benjamin Franklin here too, a very ingenious man, especially in electricity. But Mr. Colden, Mr. Bartram, and Mr. Clayton, are the only botanists whom I know of on the continent.’ Many of Bartram's exertions were made for the improvement of agriculture,

and the more extensive cultivation of useful vegetables. In fact he never forsook his calling as a farmer.

His last journey of any extent, was made through the Carolinas and Florida, when nearly seventy years old. In a little boat he navigated the waters of the St. John's to their source, explored both its shores, and made an accurate chart of the river and its tributaries. The annals of biography perhaps, present not another instance of a journey of thousands of miles, undertaken at so advanced an age, for the sake of scientific discovery, over a tract of country, many parts of which were unknown and uninhabited.

As a quick and accurate observer, few have been the men in our land who have surpassed him. When we consider the difficulties under which he labored, at a time when modern science was but in its early dawn; separated, as he was, by a wide ocean from the mind of Europe; the colonial dependence of the government cramping the intellectual energies of America; and indeed the labor for a livelihood, leaving comparatively but little time for other pursuits; we may well rank John Bartram along with those distinguished self-taught men, Benezet, Godfrey, Franklin, and Rittenhouse—the pride of Pennsylvanian colonial history. He died in 1778.

His character was one of great purity. His good nature, bland manners, cheerful and unassuming conversation, won the love of all around him. He cherished no enmities, and never had a lawsuit. Gentle and compassionate, his humanity extended to the brute creation, rendering him unwilling to destroy the life even of those animals which generally receive but little mercy at the hands of man. A foe to oppression in all its shapes, he was a lover of justice and of charity. Educated in the belief of the society of Friends, he imbibed many of their principles, and was attached to what he deemed the truths of the Bible. It is, however, in his character as a naturalist, that we would view him in these pages, and we regret that too little merit has, as yet, been awarded to one who may almost be regarded as the father of natural science among us. Surely if toilsome travel, untiring zeal and perseverance, and the careful collection of valuable botanical specimens, thereby affording to others the means of similar investigation with himself, have enlarged the field of knowledge, the services of Bartram ought not to be forgotten. The devotional spirit which he ever cherished in connexion with his favorite pursuits, is a very pleasant feature in his character. With far-reaching sight he looked 'through nature up to nature's God,' loving to contemplate the many evidences around him of the Creator's goodness.

In drawing this necessarily imperfect sketch to a conclusion, we cannot but indulge the hope that ere long some one may be found who shall add to American biography a detailed account of the life of this extraordinary man.

THE CONVENT OF VARDOUN.

"Come, comrades, fill your bumpers high,
With good old Rhenish, rich and strong ;
Loud let the laugh and chorus fly,
And vaulted roof the sound prolong.

"What though the storm is raging loud,
The wind blows cold, and rain falls fast ;
Let not the storm our spirits cloud—
Of pleasure's fullest cup we'll taste.

"Come ! a glass to the huntress queen,
Who ruled o'er the chase of to-day ;
'Twas Dian's arrow well I ween,
That brought yon antler'd buck to bay.

"Drink, comrades, drink ! a hunter's draught—
Not as the maiden gently sips ;
Such as our hardy sires have quaffed
Alone should pass a hunter's lips.

"Drink, drink, to the joys of the chase ;
If life be so fleeting and short,
In hunting we'll spend all our days :
Huzza for its glorious sport !"

Thus spake the young Count Ellenvere,
And loud the shout, and hearty cheer,
Rose from the jovial hunting band,
That quail'd not at the Count's command,
But drained their cups to Dian's name,
Queen of the chase, of virgin fame.

Again they fill'd their goblets high
With sparkling wine, like beauty's eye.

"A health to noble Ellenvere !"

Rose 'mid their shouts, both loud and
clear.

"The brave Count's health !" the word
went round,

And rafters echoed back the sound.

The empty beakers witness were,

'Twas nobly pledged, Count Ellenvere.

'Twas in old Vardoun's banquet hall—

Vardoun, whose tow'rs so stern and tall
Looked frowning down upon thy stream,

Fair Rhine, whose waters brightly gleam,

When rising sun dispels the night,

Or silver moon sheds softer light.

But now, the furious storm had lash'd
Thy waves, which foaming, loudly dash'd
Against the castle's stony base ;
As if endeavoring to displace,
The strong built tower, that long had
stood

'Gainst the attacks of wind and flood.

But though the tempest raged without,

Within 'twas heard not for the shout

That sounded thro' old Vardoun's hall,

And echo'd back from roof and wall.

That night did Vardoun's Ellenvere,

With banqueting and merry cheer,

His chosen comrades welcome give,

With open hands and heart receive.

The morning's sun had seen them start,

To chase the wild boar and the hart.

The even saw them safe returned,

With many a prize right nobly earned.

Endress was there, the Count's best friend,

And Adelbert, with Hengistend ;

And twenty others, brave and young,	That morn as they rode prancing by,
With glowing hearts, and sinews strong;	Eager and joyous to receive
A gallant sight for lady's eye,	The parting word the Countess gave:

“Go speed ye! go speed ye! away to the chase—
 From his lair in the thicket arouse the red deer;
 Go seek the wild boar in his dark lurking place,
 But unharmed and with glory bring back Ellenvere.

“Go speed ye! go speed ye! away o'er the plain,
 Let the wild wood re-echo your bugle notes clear;
 At eve with spoils laden return ye again,
 But guard ye, but guard ye, my own Ellenvere.”

But braver sight to sportsman's eye,
 That hunting band rode slowly by,
 And sought at eve the castle gate,
 With trappings soiled, toil-worn and wet.
 The trophies of the chase that day
 Stretched on the foremost charger lay;
 A pair of nobly antler'd deer
 In fullest prime, those trophies were.
 Kind welcome at the Countess's hand
 Received that gallant hunting band.
 The banquet hall was open thrown,
 Upon the hearth the wood cast down,
 And blazing flame outbursting soon,
 The cold dispell'd, and lightly shone
 On oaken wall and festive board.
 The butler, at his master's word,
 Draws the rich wine, that years ago
 Lay mellowing in the vaults below.
 With smoking haunch, and sav'ry loin,
 The table bends—and all combine,
 As while ago in forest glade,
 T' attack the spoil with polish'd blade.
 And thus with cheer they chase away
 The toils and perils of the day.
 The cup goes round, their spirits warm,
 They think of joy, and fear no harm;
 The hearty laugh, the merry song,
 The wondrous tale, no deeds of wrong,

All mingle in one noisy din,
 That tells confusion reigns within.
 At length young Ellenvere his voice
 Upraised, amid the deaf'ning noise:
 Ye huntsmen brave, who boast so loud
 Of daring deeds, of valor proud,
 I bid ye show your might;
 Who'll go from out this banquet hall,
 Seek thro' the storm the old convent wall,
 And there watch out the night?

To him as prize to valor due,
 I pledge my word and honor true,
 To give those convent lands;
 An hundred acres broad and fair,
 With tower and building he shall bear
 By deed from my own hands.

So spake the Count—but silent all
 Sat his bold guests, and through the hall
 No sound was heard—the tempest's voice
 Now rose, unhush'd by revel's noise.
 Why spake they not, those gallant men?
 Was their loud boasting all in vain?
 Fear'd they the storm? But rain and wind
 Seem trifles to a hunter's mind—
 Who asks no pillow for his head,
 A cloak his cov'ring, earth his bed.

They feared not the storm, nor mortal man's power,
 But spirits, 'twas said, at midnight's dread hour,
 Rang'd through the halls of that convent, so old,
 Frighting the fearful, alarming the bold;
 And none might their wrath or vengeance withstand,
 Though valiant his spirit and powerful his hand.
 'Twas this held them silent, fearing to speak,
 And venture the young lord's challenge to take.
 At length rose up Endress, gallant and brave,
 His hand to the Count in token he gave—

"Your offer's accepted, Count Ellenvere,
Adieu! my companions, well rest ye here;
I go to the convent, there watch I to night—
To morrow I'll greet you with morn's early light."
So spake the bold youth, none answer'd a word—
He call'd his brave dog, he grasp'd his good sword—
With firm step and stern eye, he strode from the hall,
And through the thick gloom sought the old convent wall.

Upon the verge of an o'erhanging wood,
A full league distant from the castle wall,
In ancient times, a stone-built convent stood,
Upon whose turret shone the holy rood;
Where maidens pure, for earth's converse too good,
Their forms immured—life in a fun'ral pall!

Full many a beauteous maid, entombed there,
Robbing the world of service due and love,
To Virgin Mary hourly sent her prayer,
And sought, by penance paid, and pious care,
Hushing her laugh, assuming solemn air,
To gain admission to the courts above.

No gallant youth, within that holy place,
With witching 'havior, set his foot profane:
A matron stern, back from whose time-marked face
The smiles affrighted shrunk, with sober grace
The sceptre bore—and used her power to chase
Away all sights that kindled wishes vain.

Yet at fixed times, there came a godly man,
At whose approach the gates were open'd wide;
With careful eye, he seem'd each part to scan,
Questioned the abbess, warned his sacristan,
While oft his glance, with furtive searching ran,
O'er the young maidens gather'd at her side.

Thus years rolled on, and still the convent stood,
And still the priest his stated visits paid,
While oft the peasants, as his steps they view'd,
In whispers told their tales of evil mood—
Of hidden actions, hid because not good—
Of misled confidence—of trust betrayed.

Years still moved on—but now a voice arose,
That bade Rome's cowed and wily priestcraft quake—
A Saxon monk aside his shackles throws,
The foul abuse of freedom dares expose,
Stands up alone before ten thousand foes,
And at his single word whole kingdoms shake.

A purging blast now swept across the land,
 Each mark of ancient tyranny removed—
 Thrones and dominions bowed to its command,
 No convent towers its progress might withstand,
 Their massy structures sank before its wand,
 And priest and abbess weak opponents proved.

Before this blast the Vardoun convent fell—
 Th' affrighted abbess with her maidens fled ;
 Its blackened walls and grass-grown gateway tell
 That time has o'er it thrown his wondrous spell,
 And stamp'd those signs which speak, alas ! too well,
 " They that once ruled are numbered with the dead."

But oft, 'tis said, when midnight's hour comes round,
 The 'lated traveller who wanders near,
 Hears from the tower a thrice repeated sound :
 Nor yet had Ellenvere, upon whose ground
 The ruins stood, a bold advent'rer found,
 To search the cause and drive away the fear.

The peasants say, 'tis some poor guilty soul
 For sin unpardoned doomed those halls to roam—
 The nightly sound they call its penance dole.
 While others think some monk in priestly stole,
 A treasure guards—and the thrice solemn toll
 A warning is, of the intruder's doom.

Such was the night, and such the spot
 Our hero sought, and falter'd not—
 Onward he went, with purpose firm
 He braved the fury of the storm—
 His faithful dog, his trusty sword,
 Next to his heart the sacred Word,
 A spell the fiendish one to scare—
 These his sole arms, companions were.
 With these he dared the fiend to meet,
 Nor once bethought him of retreat ;
 Resolved the mystery to know,
 Ere from the convent's walls he'd go.
 Nor yet his dauntless mind was free
 From superstition's slavery—
 But rose against its galling chain,
 Struggling for freedom not in vain—
 Doughting, yet fearing to deny,
 Fearing, yet daring to defy,
 Relying now on holy word,
 And now confiding in his sword.
 Thus on he strode the rugged path,
 While round him roared the tempest's
 wrath.

And soon he reached the gloomy wood,
 Upon whose edge the convent stood.
 'Twas now ' the witching time of night,'
 When every fiend and evil sprite
 Crawls sneaking from its lurking den,
 To riot in the haunts of men—
 To sleeping maidens' chamber creep,
 And break with hideous dreams their
 sleep ;
 Or send upon the still night air
 Its yells, the stoutest heart that scare ;
 Or else in goblin dance unite
 With many a brother, sister sprite,
 'Mid ruins, where no mortal eye
 Sees their unearthly revelry.
 And Endress, stout of heart and mailed
 With virtue's proof, a moment quailed,
 When thro' the convent gate he pass'd,
 And to its time-marked turrets cast
 His searching glance, as thro' the night
 Flashed the red glare of sulph'rous light,
 And all those tales of ghostly kind
 Unbidden rose before his mind.

nent doubting there he stood,
 er if daring to intrude
 rits' presence, might not be
 ven's sight iniquity,
 eaven's wrath severe be paid
 n who such a deed essayed.
 r a moment's space, howe'er,
 Endress, held by doubt or fear.
 ing a prayer, he grasped his sword,
 to his dog spake cheering word,
 ight him of his promise given,
 rmly pledged before high heaven ;
 cross'd the threshold, onward went,
 'd through the gloom a long ascent,
 e massive stairway upward led
 y room, where once, 'twas said,
 obess and her veiled nuns
 went to say their orisons.
 de along the corridor,
 sounded on the marble floor
 avy step ; no stranger there,
 t he'd follow'd Ellenvere,
 t that chamber rest had found,
 ith him past the wine cup round,
 tired with hunting, noonday's heat
 them to some secure retreat.
 oft by help of smitten steel,
 althered hangings, many a meal
 ter's appetite appeased ;
 ade constructed pallet eased
 ary limbs, while welcome sleep
 l o'er his heavy eyelids creep.
 r did Endress grope his way
 gh darkness, unillumed by ray
 i, or moon, or twinkling star,
 n the lightning's fleeting glare.
 range to say, the storm that rag'd
 sent since, had sunk assuag'd,
 ut the wind, with fearful moan,
 istant suff'rers' dying groan,
 sighing through the gloomy hall,
 g upon the dusty wall
 nder's skill-wrought tapestry,
 gn of ruin's ministry.
 gth the ancient chapel gained,
 rney's distant point attained,
 kly kindled light dispels
 ackness there that brooding dwells,
 on upon the spacious hearth
 rful fire bursts blazing forth.
 ro now, toil-worn and wet,
 v.

Enjoyed its rays of genial heat,
 While at his feet extended lay
 The dog, companion of his way,
 Who oft in sport and danger too,
 Had prov'd himself both brave and true.
 A solemn stillness reigned around,
 Unbroken, save by faintest sound
 Of rustling wind against the wall,
 And through the long deserted hall,
 While Endress stood, and musing gazed
 Upon the fire, that fitful blazed ;
 Tho't of the cause that brought him there,
 Thought of those many tales of fear
 That peasants told, and credence found—
 Of sight unearthly, awful sound—
 Till each, like vision clear defined,
 Rose up before his wakened mind,
 And well nigh urged him to repent
 The thoughtless courage, that had sent
 Him there to brave a spirit's rage,
 Or with the fiend himself engage.
 But yet too bold a heart had he,
 From wagered emprise e'er to flee,
 His word was given there to stay,
 And wait the light of opening day.
 And thus he spake : " Come man or fiend,
 Goblin or ghost, or all combined—
 With thee, my dog, and this good sword,
 And for a shield this holy Word,
 I dare their rage and power defy ;
 This castle with its turrets high—
 Its wooded and its cultured field,
 Shall yet be mine—the Count shall yield,
 And own the pledge so rashly made,
 Has been by nobler deed repaid."

As thus he strove to banish fear,
 Sudden a sound fell on his ear,
 Which sent the chill blood to his heart,
 And made each nerve and sinew start ;
 And shook his heavy stalwart frame,
 As borne upon the stillness, came
 The noise of footsteps drawing near ;
 While at each step, distinct and clear,
 He seemed a clanking chain to hear.
 He stood and gazed through open door
 Upon the winding corridor,
 That, passing by that chapel room,
 Led to the convent's topmost dome.
 Silent he gazed, with fixed stare—
 The footsteps passed—no form was there !
 The dog, who'd started to his feet,

And sprung th' approaching foe to meet,
 Slunk back affrighted to his place,
 Gazing upon his master's face—
 While Endress stood with list'ning ear,
 Each distant falling sound to hear.
 Onward it went with steady tread,
 Along the stairs that upward led,
 That viewless form, with fetters bound,
 Those footsteps' clear but causeless sound;
 Such breathless stillness slept o'er all,
 Clearly he traced each single fall,
 Till now it reached the topmost height,
 Then thrice, as if with gathered might,
 It struck upon the turret stone,
 Then all was hushed—its task seemed
 done.

Long time in silent, wondering mood,
 With eye unchanged young Endress
 stood,

And mused upon the strange event,
 While doubt and superstition blent
 With dauntless courage moved his mind,
 Resolved some other cause to find
 Than spirit's power, that should explain
 The clanking of the unseen chain—

“A noble game, Count Ellenvere!
 If thou alone hast ventured here,
 Or with thy comrades, hop'at by fright
 To drive me from these walls to-night,
 And brand me with a coward's name,
 Forbidding thus that I should claim
 The pledge thou gav'st”—he paused:
 “but then

If human power, why was't unseen?
 And why shrunk back with drooping ear
 My faithful dog unused to fear?
 But now 'tis past—till morning's sun,
 I'll keep the watch, and with the dawn,
 I'll climb to yonder turret's height,
 And mark the spot at which the sprite,
 If sprite it be, or man or fiend,
 Its midnight roaming seem'd to end.”
 As thus he mused, again was heard
 That self-same sound—again appeared
 To move along the stony floor,
 And fast approach the open door.
 He stood—one hand upon his sword,
 The other held the holy Word—
 “Whate'er it be, I'll bid it speak,
 Its mockery or mystery break.”
 It reached the door—with glaring eye

He gazed—no form was there! a sigh
 The spirit heaved distinct and clear,
 Still to his view no form was there!
 Then up the stairway climbed again,
 Those viewless feet with clanking chain,
 Again the thrice repeated stroke
 Upon his sharpened hearing broke,
 Then all was still. “Fool that I was,”
 At length he said, “to let it pass—
 My tongue refused, when I essayed
 To speak, as if some timid maid;
 Why oped I not this holy book,
 Whose page the foul fiend dare not brook?
 Perhaps some spirit in distress
 Sought my relief—the power to bless
 Was in my hands—I used it not,
 My boasted courage all forgot,
 A coward soul, I dared not try
 To solve this cursed mystery.
 But now I vow, if e'er again
 That spirit comes with clanking chain,
 I'll meet it, be it friend or foe,
 Confront its way, resolved to know
 Why thus it nightly wanders here,
 And fills the brave man's heart with fear.”
 Thus Endress spake—he had not learn'd
 That meed of praise for valor earned,
 In strife with men, or in the chase,
 When danger stared him in the face—
 Was naught against that awful power,
 Which in th' obscure, mysterious hour
 Of midnight, comes from spirit's land,
 And with unseen, yet mighty wand,
 Palsies the heart, unnerves the arm,
 And strips the sword of power to harm,
 Locks up the lips, and glares the sight,
 With the fixed gaze of silent fright.
 So Endress feared—but, danger gone,
 He curs'd his fears.—Thus watch'd he on,
 Hoping, yet half afraid to hear
 The sound mysterious drawing near.
 But long he watch'd, an hour passed by,
 And morn was surely drawing nigh—
 Weary, at length, and pressed by sleep,
 His eyes no longer vigil keep;
 His tired frame demands repose—
 On the rude couch his form he throws,
 And in a moment, all forgot
 The sound, his purpose, and the spot.
 Not long he slept—for once again
 Was heard that heavy, clanking chain—

head upraised he looked, and lo !
 Marching with firm step and slow,
 His chamber, near him quite,
 The figure robed in white,
 As the fetters' sound was heard,
 Her limbs no chain appeared.
 With wonder and with fear,
 As drew the form more near—
 He bent his head, then o'er him bent,
 As blood to his heart was sent,
 And back on the couch he threw,
 He dared not hide the view,
 He gazed, nor dared he speak,
 As the fearful spell to break—
 He known points him to the tower,
 As if with gathered power,
 A less chain—she draws aside
 As that still her features hide,
 His view, oh ! sight of gloom !
 The features of the tomb !

As the morning sun appears,
 On each flower and dewy leaf,
 As light-drops seem like beauty's tears,
 As beauty smiling through her grief

On the ruined convent wall,
 As play-beams sport with fearless glee,
 As e'en to that lonely hall,
 As scene of midnight mystery.

As by their light from short repose,
 As hero leaves his post of care,
 As idly from the convent goes,
 As meet his friends and Ellenvere.

As clanging hoof the pavement rings,
 As merry shout the hills repeat,
 As the Count thus early brings,
 As seek their friend and know his fate.

As on their lips the welcome fled,
 As hushed was all their merry cheer,
 As with the paleness of the dead,
 As e'en with anxious step drew near.

As eager look, they bid him tell
 As strange adventure of the night—
 As he met, what woe befell,
 As hench his cheek with pallid fright.

As he tells, and firm declares
 As seek the turret's topmost stone,
 As the search till there appears
 As what to make the myst'ry known.

Few were his words, and Ellenvere
 With his companions standing near,
 With wonder filled, and all amazed,
 Approved his plan, his courage praised.
 "The convent's thine—I freely yield
 Its tow'r and wood, and well till'd field,"
 Said the young Count, "and pledge my
 word,

Thy right shall be by deed secured.
 Full nobly hast thou won the prize—
 In valor's path true fortune lies."

His words applauding voices meet,
 And echoing hills the shout repeat.
 All now resolved the tower to seek,
 Straightway their upward path they take,
 Guided by Endress to the spot,
 Which that strange sound, not yet forgot,
 Marked as distinctly to his ear,
 As if beheld with vision clear ;

There on the northern wall they see,
 As if some later masonry,
 Than that which rear'd the ancient pile,
 Had closed a chasm, made long while
 Since the foundation had been laid,
 And yet for many years been made.

First Endress saw, and quickly spoke :
 "Here fell that thrice repeated stroke ;"
 A fallen beam for engine served ;
 Grasped by a hand with vigor nerved,
 'Twas dashed against the opposing wall ;
 Inward the shattered ruins fall,
 While clouds of dust long sleeping there,
 Rise whirling in the new found air.

By his companions raised on high,
 He strove the recess to espy ;
 But naught beholding, thrust his arm
 Within, nor dreamed at all of harm.
 With sudden start he backward drew,
 While o'er his face an ashy hue

Like terror spread, and plainly told
 That no rich cask of heavy gold
 Was hidden there. One glance he cast
 On his companions, then with haste
 And spirit nerved, took from the hole
 An eyeless, toothless, ghastly skull !
 Surprise and awe in silence hold
 The Count's companions, while more
 bold,

From the rent grave our hero draws,
 Slowly and singly, fearful cause,
 To tell of that night-wandering one,
 The bones that form a skeleton !

And still he searched, nor was this all
 Locked up within that ancient wall—
 Another skull, and slender bone
 That showed an *infant* skeleton,
 He now draws forth—and side by side,
 Bereft of life and beauty's pride,
 He lays them down in horror wild—
 A mother and her infant child!

Another day on Vardoun shone,
 Another gloomy night had gone;
 When from the convent's ancient gate,
 Slowly there moved in funeral state,
 With solemn step, a num'rous throng—
 A shrouded coffin, borne along
 With sombre face and measured tread,
 Proclaimed the passage of the dead.
 Beneath that shrouded coffin lid,
 A mother and her babe lay hid.

Our tale is told—our task is done,
 For brighter days on Vardoun shone,
 When Endress, and his lady fair,
 With festive mirth and welcome, there
 Receiv'd their guests, and from the height,
 Where sounded on that fearful night
 The spirit stroke, looked down on plain,
 Forest, and field of waving grain—

Or marked the river brilliant gleam
 With silver light from Cynthia's beam;
 Or sported with their infant boy,
 As swelled their parent hearts with joy,
 And smiled, as loose his silken hair
 Lay floating on the balmy air.
 No more was heard with quaking dread,
 That midnight wand'rer's fearful tread,
 That clanking chain, unseen, no more
 Sounded along the corridor;
 But oft with face of solemn cast,
 With muttered whispers and in haste,
 Men told a tale of evil done,
 Within those walls in years long gone;
 Of holy abbess, sin beguiled,
 Unmarried mother, with her child,
 Immured in stony sepulchre
 Alive, unpitied, buried there.
 By priest's foul passion once betrayed,
 By vilest craft a victim made,
 The abbess thus her guilt atoned,
 Her mem'ry and her name disowned.
 For years her spirit came to crave
 A burial in a Christian grave,
 Where with her infant boy in peace
 Her troubled soul might find release.
 That grave by Endress had been given,
 Her pardoned soul had flown to heaven.

PROSE FICTION.

AMONG the literary men of the present day, there is a numerous class whose attachment to antiquity is so deep-rooted and so exclusive as to induce them to look with despondency and distrust upon each departure from the usages of the olden time. In their perverted vision, the opinions and even the prejudices of our ancestors appeared the perfection of human discovery, while the mode used to inculcate those opinions is regarded as superior to all that modern ingenuity has devised for the improvement of a race of men whose every taste is wholly dissimilar to those of the ancient world. A prominent object of the animadversion they originated, is found in the introduction of prose fiction into modern literature, and in the importance which has latterly been attached to its cultivation as a component part of that literature.

We are told that truth is no longer regarded as the great end of research and reflection, that amusement has usurped the place of

instruction, and that all considerations of morality and expediency are sacrificed at its shrine. This charge, in itself so weighty, and apparently so plausible, derives an additional claim to our attention from the number and respectability of its supporters, and cannot therefore be justly regarded as an unfit theme for candid inquiry and earnest discussion. If, however, it can be shown, that while the primary era of literary exertion remains unchanged, prose fiction has but assumed the place of a mode of instruction which the majority of readers are unfitted to receive in the original form, and that the practical advantage resulting from its employment is sufficient to counterbalance its incidental evils, we are surely justified in assenting to its introduction, and in casting aside the mortifying inference which has been drawn in favor of semi-barbaric wisdom and refinement. In order to a fair examination of the subject, it is necessary to advert to the causes of that great change in public taste and feeling, which has been brought about within the last few centuries, and which, in our opinion, affords the most reasonable excuse for the admission of fictitious composition into the world of letters.

It has been remarked by a late writer, that the discovery of the art of printing, though invaluable as a means of diffusing knowledge, has exercised an influence adverse to profound thought and philosophical disquisition. The chain of argument by which this assertion is supported is not perhaps sufficiently strong to induce a conviction of its truth, but is nevertheless admirably fitted to illustrate the peculiar character of that striking alteration in the disposition of the public mind, of whose occurrence every reflecting observer is conscious. A repetition and enforcement of these arguments will therefore best enable us to understand the causes which have compelled the author of modern times to seek a new mode of expressing those all-important truths whose real nature is not susceptible of change.

Previous to the discovery of printing, while publication was a work requiring much time and labor, the value of literary composition was appreciated only by that portion of the wealthy class of society, in whom refined taste and extensive knowledge had produced a deep interest in subjects of thought and reflection. Men of less cultivated intellect were for the most part willing to content themselves with less expensive sources of enjoyment. Hence it happened, that *the public* to whom each author addressed himself, whose judgment decided upon his merit, and whose character gave tone and system to his mode of expression, were the best educated, the most reflecting, and the most unbiassed portion of the community. While the mass of mankind were buried in ignorance, or oppressed by the petty cares of life, the literary world, like a verdant island amid tempestuous seas, was calm, enlightened, and luxurious. Those who composed this little

community were removed by their wealth from the necessity of labor, and by their refinement from the corruption of taste. Education had fitted their minds for study, and had taught them the value of learning. The pursuits of literature were not then regarded as affording a relaxation from labor, or as means of advancement in some particular art or profession, but as the chief employments of life, the great ends of existence, recompensing by their own intrinsic value the labor bestowed in their prosecution. The effect produced by this spirit upon the literature of the time, may easily be surmised. That literature was pervaded by a tone of seriousness and profundity for which we seek in vain in the lore of later days. It addressed itself solely to the thoughtful and enquiring mind, disregarding every extraneous advantage, and rejecting every specious disguise. The author spoke with sincerity, and was heard with attention. The great object of his labor was unmixed with any baser motive, and was pursued with earnestness and vigor.

But upon the introduction of printing, this state of affairs was radically though gradually changed. The great reduction in the price of books, effected by this innovation, afforded to all classes of society adequate means of education; and thus the boundaries of the literary circle were greatly enlarged. Men of all ranks and of all dispositions, were enrolled among the patrons of literature, and asserted a right to modify its nature and determine its tendencies. But amidst this mixed multitude of readers there were few who possessed sufficient refinement or leisure, duly to appreciate and steadfastly to pursue those studies which constituted the employment of literary men previous to the discovery of printing. Their aspirations were not directed to the attainment of universal knowledge, or to the cultivation of philosophical truth, but were bounded by their more apparent and constantly recurring wants. Knowledge must now be adapted to the every-day purposes of life, it must be applied to the occupation of each individual, in order to secure a favorable reception for itself, and an adequate remuneration for its distributors. But this change in the tone of literary composition was not the sole alteration produced by the all-powerful agency of the press. The low price of books had brought them within those bounds of expense which popular custom has assigned as the limits of expenditure for purposes of amusement. They were now seized upon as vehicles not of thought but of fancy, and were adapted to purposes of entertainment as well as instruction. In these two great changes then are comprehended the principal innovations brought about by the discovery of printing. Knowledge assumed a more practical form, and amusement bade fair to become associated with instruction, as one of the ends of literary exertion. But this association was destined never to take place, for it was prevented by the interposition of an authority far more

potent than that of the popular will. The guidance of literature has in every age been in the hands of the most thoughtful and the most talented of its devotees. The exigencies or the taste of a people may prescribe the mode of administering truth, but can have no power over truth itself. It is the author, the man of reflection and of genius, who alone is able to regulate the direction of the public mind. So long as *his* intellect remains unperverted by false philosophy, and untainted by luxury, so long does the object remain unchangeably the same. That all-important object, the improvement of the popular mind and heart, has been occasionally lost sight of, through the perversion of genius or the destruction of knowledge, but can never permanently disappear.

We have seen that there was nothing in the revolution brought about by printing which could in the least affect the higher order of intellect. The sole change produced was among that class of men who constitute the material upon which the author is to exercise his talent ; and whose state of refinement and disposition is affected by the working of his mind. Looking at the subject in this point of view, we shall readily be able to comprehend the nature of the public deficiencies shortly after the discovery of printing. There was in the general mind a misdirected and misinformed taste which the philosophic writer was necessitated to convert to his own purposes. He was no longer to address himself to men imbued with a generous ardor for information, and qualified to appreciate the object of his exertions, as well as the means used in its attainment. It was not sufficient simply to point out the path to true knowledge, but it had become necessary to allure the reader within its limits and to lead him forward towards its goal. The results which this necessity has produced in the literary world are various and important. Learning has been simplified and rendered practical ; every liberal art or profession has been illustrated by the literary labor of its practitioners, and unceasing efforts are still in progress for the adaptation of known truths to the most limited capacity, and for their practical employment in every situation of life. But the most characteristic and one of the most important innovations consequent upon this great literary revolution, was the introduction of *prose fiction*. An acquaintance with the human heart, is perhaps the most valuable species of knowledge which man can ever acquire, for it administers to the attainment of the most exalted happiness which he is capable of reaching—the happiness of social intercourse, from which spring the communion of friendship, and the far-famed joys of pure and ennobling affection. The diffusion of such knowledge then, must ever be one of the great objects of a correct literature ; an object to be pursued with the most unremitting diligence, and the firmest and most undeviating singleness of purpose. In a highly-refined state of society, this

end may be attained by means of philosophical discussion, and simple unvarnished narration. But where a great proportion of those to be instructed are unable to appreciate the value of such inquiries, there is an obvious necessity for clothing information in such a garb as may render it attractive without destroying its utility. It has already been remarked that the extension of knowledge consequent upon the discovery of printing, incorporated with the literary public of the day, a mighty multitude of readers who were indifferent to every species of information which was not immediately applicable to their every-day pursuits, for beyond these they were unable to discover any practical advantage. In order to persuade them to higher aspirations it was necessary to hold out some lure sufficiently attractive to engross their attention. The author must now contrive to amuse while he instructs—to gratify the imagination while he reforms and ameliorates the passions.

Such is the part which prose fiction is intended to perform, and for which it is peculiarly and admirably fitted. The well-composed novel is a correct delineation of human life and human passion, a thorough portrayal of the heart and its various impulses and affections. It exercises a refining and elevating influence over the mind of the reader, tranquilizing its turbulence, correcting its aspirations, and filling it with ennobling sentiment. It serves as a guide through the ever-varying scenes of life, as a wholesome corrective of the unquiet visions with which we are tormented at every period of existence. In short, the novelist is the philosophic moralist in disguise. It is his province to exhibit a faithful portrayal of the events of life, so composed as to excite the lively interest of the reader, and so arranged as to depict with clearness and force, the operation of passion upon happiness and virtue. His work, when skillfully executed, is nothing less than a condensed abridgment of mortal existence, in which its more important occurrences are placed in such immediate juxtaposition as to enable the beholder to determine their causes with accuracy, and to apply the result of his observations in such a manner as may best suit his own particular situation. The cultivation of mind has been prosecuted by many different classes of writers; the refinement of feeling is the distinctive object of the poet, but it is the novelist alone, who professes to teach the practical and familiar knowledge of the sentiments and passions of the heart. Herein lies the appropriate field of his exertions, a field which but for him could never have been tilled by a great proportion of those to whom he addresses himself.

If the view we have taken of the literary wants of the age, be in any measure correct, it is evident that fiction is an indispensable concomitant of general refinement, an invaluable epitome of philosophical truth, so simplified as to be adapted to every capaci-

ty, and so composed as to excite the interested attention of the least thoughtful and least active mind. Its introduction is an inevitable consequence of the diffusion of elemental knowledge, while its practical utility is as well secured as that of any other species of composition. Like all others, it may be made the instrument of vice or absurdity, but like all others it is administered by men of lofty intellect and deep reflection, and is subjected to the critical supervision of the most judicious and influential minds of the age. We are moreover, to remember that the question presented to us, is not whether fiction in its present state is productive of more evil than good, but whether it is susceptible, in any case, of being made a vehicle of instruction. That it is so susceptible, is a truth self-evident from the very nature of fictitious composition, and confirmed by the experience of myriads around us. To those who would maintain a contrary opinion, we have little to say. Such reasoners, if such there are, must either be wholly ignorant of the subject, or culpably indifferent to those refining and informing influences which are brought into action through the agency of the novelist. As the apologists of fiction, we ask from such opponents as these, nothing more than an unprejudiced and candid investigation of the subject, and an attentive perusal of some of the more rational specimens of that branch of literature, which they so indiscriminately condemn. But there is a large class of matter-of-fact men to whom we would offer a more labor-ed argument and extend a more deliberate attention. It is composed of those who, while they admit the benefit occasionally derived from the labors of the novelist, assert with confident pertinacity, the opinion that these instances are few and unimportant, and that the good derived from them will not bear comparison with the evil inflicted upon the reading public, by the overwhelming mass of romantic absurdity which is constantly issuing from the press.

We would call upon these seriously to examine the important point, whether this latter class of romances can have any effect on minds capable of appreciating the more refined and higher order of fiction. Is it not reasonable to suppose that the patrons of these productions are those who are unable to perceive any advantage in literature save its power to amuse, and who could not therefore be induced to peruse any work which does not possess that power? Destroy the light and superficial romance, and you destroy the literary taste of its readers, and withdraw their attention permanently from the world of letters. A novel which has no real merit can never corrupt real taste, for those upon whom its influence is exerted must necessarily be without a true perception of the admirable, or a correct appreciation of the useful. "But what," it may be asked, "is to become of this uninformed and tasteless portion of the community? Are they still to be

permitted to waste the time allotted them for mental cultivation in the perusal of works which minister only to low though harmless amusement? Even supposing it impossible to fix their minds upon some higher object, it is surely expedient to detach them from an employment, which if not corrupting, is certainly injudicious and enervating." It must be acknowledged, that the evil here alluded to, is one inseparable from the cultivation of fiction, and solely attributable to its influence. But it is an evil which is probably subordinate to the benefit secured to us by fiction, and which, moreover, it is impossible thoroughly to eradicate without the previous occurrence of a fundamental improvement in the tendencies of the popular mind. But the same spirit of comprehensive utility to which we are indebted for the introduction of fiction, has in process of time supplied us with a corrective for its incidental disadvantages. The last century has witnessed the establishment of a system of professional criticism, which, despite the ungenerous attacks of those who have experienced its impartiality, still continues to be regarded by the literary world as the surest safeguard of the invaluable treasures of thought. But a short period has elapsed, since the foundation at Edinburgh of the first "critical review of new books," published in the English language. The work thus commenced has been followed up in every land where that language is spoken, and its beneficial tendencies have been abundantly evinced in the purification of style, and the direction of thought, throughout the entire sphere of its influence. All honor to the reviewer! His task is painful and difficult, but its duties have hitherto been discharged, for the most part, with an ability and integrity alike creditable to himself and profitable to his readers.

BÜRGER'S LEONORA.

TRANSLATED IN THE METRE OF THE ORIGINAL.*

LEONORA, as the day dawned red,
Up starts from dream dismaying—
"Art untrue, William, or art dead?
How long wilt be delaying?"

He with King Frederick's pow'r had gone
To fight the fields of Prague upon—
No letters came declaring
If he still well were faring.

* Bürger's Leonora has often been rendered into English, but never, I believe, very faithfully. The well known versions of Scott and Taylor, though beautiful poems in themselves, are rather *imitations* than *translations*. My object has been to preserve the metre of the original, (never before attempted,) and to translate as literally as the rhyme would permit.

The monarch and the empress proud,
 With lengthened war fatigued,
 Their haughty hearts at last had bow'd,
 And had forever leaguéd ;
 And all the troops with shout and song,
 And clang of drum both loud and long,
 And verdant garlands weaving,
 Were to their homes repairing.

And here and there, and every where,
 O'er roads and bridges, yearning
 With joy, did throng both old and young,
 To meet their friends returning.

"Thank God!" the wives and children
 cried,
 And "welcome!" many a lovely bride,
 For Leonor, alone then,
 Was kiss or greeting none then.

She searched the ranks all through and
 through,
 She asked whoe'er came nigh her,
 But no one aught she wished for knew,
 Of all that passéd by her ;
 And when the army all had passed,
 Herself to earth she wildly cast,
 Her raven ringlets tearing,
 With countenance despairing.

Her mother hastened to the place,
 "May God in mercy view thee!"
 And clasped her in her fond embrace,
 "Child, what hath happened to thee!"
 "Oh, mother! mother! gone is gone!
 Farewell the world and all thereon—
 With God is no compassion,
 Ah, me! my hopeless passion!"

"Help, help, oh God! look kindly down!
 My child, to prayer apply thee;
 What God does, for the best is done,
 He will in pity eye thee!"
 "Oh, mother! idle phantasy,
 God has *not* done the best for me—
 What, what can prayer avail me?
 It must from henceforth fail me."

"Help, God! who knows the father,
 knows
 He helps his children grieving;
 The sacrament shall heal thy woes,
 With holy power relieving."

"Oh, mother, for what tortures me,
 No sacrament relief can be—
 No sacrament recover
 Alive my lifeless lover."

"Hear, child, what if he faithlessly,
 While foreign realms exploring,
 Forgets his plighted faith to thee,
 Some other maid adoring?
 Cease, child, his treach'ry to deplore,
 His days shall never prosper more;
 When life is nigh to leave him,
 His perjury shall grieve him."

"Oh, mother! mother! gone is gone!
 The lost is lost forever!
 Death, death is now my only boon,
 Would I had lived never!
 Go out, forever out, my light!
 Begone, begone, in horrid night!
 With God is no compassion—
 Ah, me! my hopeless passion!"

"Help, God! nor on this child so young
 Lay hard thine hand of terror;
 She knows not what escapes her tongue,
 Oh, count it not her error!
 Ah child, thine earthly cares resign,
 And think on God and bliss divine,
 So will thy soul victorious
 Obtain a bridal glorious."

"Oh mother, what is bliss divine?
 Oh mother, what can hell be?
 With him, with him is bliss divine,
 Without him all must hell be.
 Go out, forever out, my light!
 Begone, begone in horrid night!
 I have no joy terrestrial
 Without him, nor celestial"—

Thus raged despair incessantly
 Her burning brain confusing;
 Thus went she on most impiously
 God's providence accusing,
 Her hands she wrang and beat upon
 Her breast, till down the sun had gone,
 Till o'er heaven's blue arch glancing
 The golden stars shot dancing—

And hark! without comes tramp, tramp,
 tramp,

Like hoofs of courser bounding ;
 Down springs the rider with a stamp,
 Upon the staircase sounding.
 And hark again ! the door bell's ring !
 All low and trembling, cling, cling, cling.
 Then through the door came clearly
 These words of one loved dearly.

"Hollo ! hollo ! arise my dear !
 Art waking, love, or sleeping ?
 Say in thy visions was I near ?
 Art laughing now, or weeping ?"—
 "Ah ! William, thou ? so late by night ?
 I've watched and wept since morning's
 light,—
 For thee my heart is bleeding.
 Whence com'st thou hither speeding ?"

"At midnight hour we saddled steed,
 Came from Bohemia hither ;
 I mounted charger late indeed,
 Now we must go together."
 "Nay, William, stay till night be past,
 The hawthorn shivers in the blast.
 Here love, where naught can harm
 thee,
 In my embraces warm thee."

"Then let the hawthorn shiv'ring shrink,
 My dearest let it shiver ;
 The courser stamps, the spur doth clink,
 I may not wait forever.
 Come, robe thee, spring and mount with
 speed,
 Behind me on my goodly steed.
 An hundred miles, indeed now
 We to our couch must speed now."

"An hundred miles to-night wouldst thou
 To bridal couch me carry !
 And hark ! the clock is striking now
 The eleventh hour ! oh tarry !"
 "See here, see there,—the moon shines
 bright,
 We and the dead ride well to-night.
 This very night, I swear thee,
 To bridal couch I'll bear thee."

"But where the bed that we must fill ?
 And where the chamber ? say, love."
 "Six planks, two shingles, cool and still,
 And small, and far away, love."

"Hast room for me ?" "For me and thee ;
 Come, robe thee, spring and mount with
 me,
 The gate is open standing,
 The guests wait our commanding."

His fair one robed her straight and sprung
 Upon the steed behind him ;
 To the dear rider close she clung,
 Her snow-white arms entwin'd him ;
 And hurry, hurry—skirr, skirr, skirr !
 Away at whirlwind speed they spur.
 Rider and horse pant, dashing
 'Mid sparks and pebbles flashing.

On right and left, with wondrous speed,
 The dazzled sight from under,
 How scudded forest, field, and mead !
 How did the bridges thunder !
 "Dost fear my love ? The moon shines
 bright,
 Hurrah ! the dead ride well to-night—
 Dost fear the dead, my dearest ?"
 "Ah, no ! why name them, dearest ?"

O'er what doth fly the night bird high,
 What dirge and knell come boom-
 ing ?
 The death-knell long, the funeral song,
 "We are the dead entombing."
 And nearer came a funeral train
 With bier and coffin o'er the plain,
 Their chant was like the groaning
 Of frogs in marshes moaning.

"When midnight's past, your dead en-
 tomb,
 With dirge and knell forth speeding ;
 But now I bear my young wife home,
 Come with me to the wedding !
 Come, sexton, with thy quire away,
 And chant for me the marriage lay.
 Come, priest, and give thy blessing
 Ere we our couch are pressing."

Cease knell and dirge, the bier is gone !
 The train with shadowy laughter
 Comes hurry, hurry, hast'ning on
 His horse's hoofs hard after !
 And faster, faster, skirr, skirr, skirr !
 Away at whirlwind speed they spur.

horse pant, dashing
sparks and pebbles flashing.

right, how fast on left,
and woodland speeded !
left and right and left,
ever and tree succeeded !
my love ? The moon shines

the dead ride well to-night—
the dead, my dearest ?"
not name them, dearest."

upon a gibbet's height,
all of death surrounding,
seen by pale moonlight,
travelling bounding !

rabble ! hither flee !
come and follow me !
the dance be leading,
to bed are speeding."

to the rabble, swoof, swoof,

use behind him bustling ;
rings round the hazel bush,
rough the dry leaves rustling.
ster, skirr ! skirr ! skirr !
rent speed they spur.
horse pant, dashing
sparks and pebbles flashing.

what'er the moon o'ershine !
'tis backward driven !
love has backward flown,
and the blue heaven !
my love ? The moon shines

the dead ride well to-night,
the dead, my dearest ?"
silt thou name them, dearest ?"

but, methinks the cock doth

The sand is nigh expended.
Barb, barb, I feel the morn-air blow,
Barb, here thy course is ended.
Right well, right well our race has sped !
All ready stands the bridal bed,
The dead are good at riding !
Here, here's our home abiding."

Up to an iron-grated door,
At headlong speed he rushes ;
One stroke with pliant rod, no more,
Padlock and bolt back pushes.
The clatt'ring gates fly open wide,
And over graves they onward ride.
All round in moonlight beaming,
The gravestones white were gleaming.

Ha ! see ! with startling suddenness,
Ah, me ! a grousome wonder !
The rider's garments, piece by piece,
Fall mouldering asunder.
His head becomes a skull, all bare
Of hair or flesh, his body fair
A skeleton unfolding,
The scythe and hour-glass holding.

High rears the steed, snorts fearfully,
Fire-sparks around him darting,
And sinks beneath her suddenly
Swift through the earth departing !
And howls on howls in high air sound,
And moanings from beneath the ground.
Leonora's heart is rending,
'Twixt life and death contending.

Now swiftly sport by moonlight glance
A band of phantoms scowling,
All round about in circling dance,
These words in concert howling :
" Be patient ! If thy heart must break,
Blame not what God in heaven spake,
Thy term of life is ended ;
Be thou by God befriended !"

CERE.

EPILEGOMENA.

READER! We have now laden our little vessel, and sent her forth, trusting that she will bound lightly over the billows, and that the spray of criticism will fall harmlessly on her deck. Perhaps, however, thou wilt not like this comparison of thy remarks to the briny drops of ocean; for very properly, thou mayst consider thyself endowed with faculties which demand a more fitting simile than thus likening them to the mass of waters, in spite of whose apparent barrier to our progress, we are evidently making *headway*. If so, we would forego the figure, and suppose thee standing on the quay from which we have dropped our moorings, and anxiously watching our bark. We may have some of thine own treasures under our care, and we would e'en detect the slight tear which bedims thine eye, lest, perchance, we should be too heavily laden for these adverse times. Or thine anxiety may be dictated by pure friendship towards those who have been entrusted with command, that they may safely make the offings of this *New Haven*. From whatever cause it may be, right glad are we to behold the interest thus manifested. Were we near enough, we would fain whisper a word or two about *insurance*, and we doubt not that thy sympathy would make a *liberal* response. As it is, we are fast verging seaward, and therefore our winning words can hardly reach thee. Yet thou art aware, that ere the moon has waned, it is our purpose to welcome once more thy spirit-cheering countenance, and to talk to thee in good earnest about thy varied duties. We shall not come back, however, with our 'deck piled high with ingots.' We therefore indulge the hope that, upon our return, our eyes will be gladdened by the sight of goodly merchandise for our second voyage, and what will be still more pleasant, to learn that thou art ready to *pay off our hands*. A mutiny on shipboard is, above all things, to be deprecated. As then thou art, or art presumed to be, a friend to social order and harmony among our company, we pray thee to bear in mind continually, upon what our well-being depends. Heartily do we reciprocate the kind feelings we have supposed thee to cherish! Nay, we even enter into thy anxieties. But we are parting from the shore.

As twilight lingers around us, how beautiful does every thing appear. The vesper songs of birds float tranquilly over the waters; and in the still even-tide, the very forest trees do seem engaged in silent prayer. We would bid thee escape the while from thy books, and amid nature's scenery, let thy unchecked thoughts wander forth in contemplation. Listen to the voice of the poet.

"The clouds that gather round the setting sun
 Do take a sober coloring from an eye
 That hath kept watch o'er man's mortality;
 Another race hath been, and other palms are won.
 Thanks to the human heart by which we live,
 Thanks to its tenderness, its joys, and fears,
 To me the meanest flower that blows can give
 Thoughts that do often lie too deep for tears."

Hast thou never on a Sabbath eve, watched the clouds, as clad in gorgeous coloring, they slowly sank behind the western hills? How delicate the tints of light as they fade away in the zenith! What endless variety of color, which no painter's art can copy! Canst thou draw no inspiration from the scene? Believe us, there is then something wrong within thy breast, and the sooner that this still hour breathes in upon thee, the better will it be both for thine intellectual and moral life. Or does the scene soothe and quiet all thy passions? does its holy stillness accord with thine inner feelings? Then in truth, we hail thee as belonging to the veritable brotherhood of thoughtful men. Dusty folios are well enough in their place; but they cannot teach like nature. The speculations and vague theories of philosophers befit the individual whose pride rests satisfied with what man has done; but if the beautiful creations of the Infinite awake no harmonizing chord within such an one's bosom, 'tis because he has ceased to be the thoughtful man—a light within has been quenched, which would have calmly irradiated his pathway even to the tomb.

But a truce to these reflections! We have met, good reader, and thou and we have, we trust, held intelligible converse. If in the pages of our Magazine, (for now we would drop our nautical figure, if indeed it hath not been done before,) thou hast found aught to minister to thy pleasure or thy profit, verily we have attained a wished-for end. Or have we roughly treated any offspring of thy brain? Say not that Vulcan was unskillful, but rather attribute the mishap to the fact that thy Minerva came forth unclad in mail-proof panoply. Or if, with the fondness of paternity, thou art vowing vengeance, bethink thee how many have been the abortive efforts of genius. In literature, as well as in life, new graves are oftenest made for those whose days have numbered fewest upon the earth; and the silent *coffin* not unfrequently contains the still-born. But let not thine anger get the better of thy usual wisdom! What we have done we did in all kindness. We felt confident that better things were to be brought from the treasure-house of thy mind, and a regard for thine own reputation forbade us to cloud its early morning. The miner searching for gold, spends not his time in collecting ores of lesser value; neither

does the pearl-fisher gather for preservation from the ocean's depths, every pebble which chances in his way. Even so we, in our humble capacity, would follow the lesson taught us by the searchers after material things, and *reject* the less worthy. Mayst thou not then, consider the path of literary effort as yet before thee untrodden. Very pleasant is its cool shade in these June days, kindly inviting thee to woo the breezes which many a noble tree stirs among its branches. The woods too, are full of flowers, springing up beautifully before thee. Wilt thou not gather them and present us with the fruit of thy researches? This, our Magazine, is their proper *herbarium*, where their colors will remain bright as when first thou plucked them, where their delicate structures will keep uninjured, where thou canst often turn to them and think of the pleasant rambles wherein they were collected, of the friends who were with thee when they were culled, or admired them after thou hadst brought them home. Are not these sufficient inducements to incite thee to effort, or must we rack our brains for further argument? We trust that our opening address has not been so soon forgotten. Thine interest and honor are both concerned in our support, and we part in the assured belief, that in the appeal to the latter of these alone, we have neither mistaken thy character nor misjudged thy heart.

ERRATA.

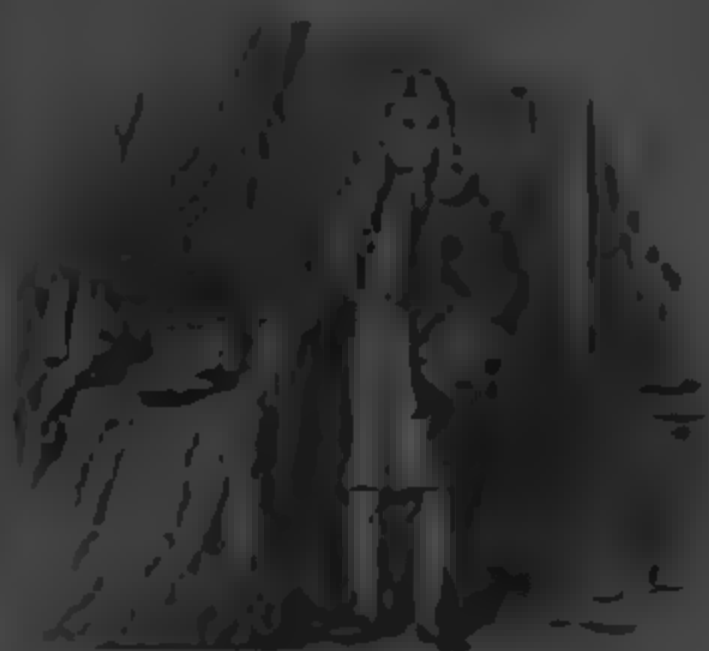
In the Greek ode published in our last number, on p. 314, line 9, for *Εξυπρέισθε*, read *Εξυπρέιστε*. Line 16, for *ἀχρείοι τῆς*, read *ἀχρεῖας*. In line 36, omit the comma.

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THE
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NO. 8.

JOHN MILTON.

To one who speaks the English language, the name of John Milton needs no eulogy. His fame is coextensive with the empire of letters, and the ablest pens have been employed in the defense of his character and the praise of his genius. But the contemplation of greatness is at all times ennobling; and it is well to turn our minds for a moment from the exciting topics of the day to the sober study of past excellence, and by striving to comprehend the full stature of some noble character, to grow into the perfect measure of what we ourselves are capable. The present age has too long manifested a neglect of the great lights of former times, as ruinous to the cause of literature, as it is in its influence on individual minds. Let such be our apology for introducing the oft-quoted and oft-criticised name and character of Milton.

If it were asked, who of all men engaged in whatsoever pursuit has displayed the most varied and commanding genius, it might unhesitatingly be answered William Shakspeare. But if it were asked, who of all *literary* men has exerted and is calculated in future to exert at once the most powerful and the noblest influence upon the minds and principles of men, it might with equal readiness and truth be answered John Milton. Not only is his genius enstamped upon our language and literature with greater magnitude and more permanent distinctness, than that of any other, save Shakspeare, who has wielded an English pen; but he stands forth in the literary horizon of the world with a more colossal stature of intellectual and moral greatness, than any author of ancient or modern times. It is our design to take as brief as can consist with the magnitude of the subject, of those great qualities, which have bestowed on him this twofold preëminence.

That part of Milton's character, which has called forth the greatest admiration and the fullest comment, though, it may be undeservedly, is what relates to his intellect ; and it may, therefore, with propriety claim our first attention.

The great characteristic of Milton's mind—one indeed, more easily to be admired than imitated, was the vastness of all his conceptions, the depth and comprehensiveness of his views, and his supreme aversion, almost incapacity, to occupy his thoughts about trifles. It is the province and pleasure of a small mind to be busied with small things ; it is equally the pleasure and the province of a noble intellect to disdain all littleness, to dwell upon whatever is noble, and to feed and grow upon high thoughts and aspirations. The one is delighted to behold the variegated colors and tremulous motion of a bubble floating in the air ; the other to contemplate the changing phases and mighty movements of a world revolving through space. This was most fully and happily exemplified in Milton. Was a system of education to be constructed, the constitution of a commonwealth, or an epic poem, which “posterity should not willingly let die ?” His structures were reared with vast and noble outlines, filled in and clothed with the loftiest conceptions, beautiful in their proportions and eloquent with grandeur. But in things of a trifling nature, as odes, sonnets and psalms, he was singularly infelicitous ; they being for the most part as rough and unmusical, as the rest of his poetry is melodious and smooth. For his mind moved in too vast an orbit, and dwelt too much among sublimities to be gracefully occupied about trifles. It could not move except with majesty and power. Thomas Moore would indite a better song than John Milton ; Milton, we think, might build a nobler epic than Thomas Moore ! Yet some small pieces of a somewhat nobler order are happily enough conceived and executed. *L'Allegro* and *Il Penseroso*, a kind of descriptive poetry, possess such exact beauty of conception and felicity of expression, such sweetness of rhythm and melody of measure,

“With wanton heed and giddy cunning,
The melting *words* through mazes running,”

that they are put by common consent at the head of all such productions in the English language. As it is, however, in great things we must look to see the greatness of his mind displayed, let us contemplate his achievements in those highest walks of poetry, tragedy and the epic.

These two departments of the muse, though very nearly related to each other and demanding most of the essential characteristics of the poet in common, are yet to be conducted so differently in variety, movement and extent, as to make it extremely problematical, whether he who succeeds well in the one may not

greatly fail in the other. An epic is, indeed, little else than a mighty drama with all its diversity of scenes, incident, and character, described in the glowing language of the poet, rather than by the illusory actions and words of the actors. But, then, in the epic, or narrative, every thing is on a grander scale. It is not the crowded scenes and events of a single day, momentarily changing, and ending at last in a sudden catastrophe, which for the time surprises and overwhelms the mind. It is rather a series of events, succeeding each other at different periods of time, extending always through many days, often, by means of episodes retrospective and prophetic, through years and ages; the entire action is calmly progressive, however rapid in parts; the mind may be astonished but is never bewildered; and the reader lays down the poem at the end, with the feeling, that he has read some eloquent history. It is evident, therefore, that for the highest excellence the tragic and the epic poet require somewhat different attributes of mind and different qualifications of education and knowledge. The one must be eminently the child of nature, yet intimately acquainted with men and things. Amid the chilling influences of society he must have sounded the depths of the human heart, yet have kept his own heart pure and warm as a fountain beneath the snow. Whether he be a man of much reading or not, he must be one of great observation, making every thing new in sentiment and feeling a part of himself. Above all he must possess that living sensibility and glowing imagination, which united can separate and combine at will from the stores of the mind, and, fusing together the materials of incident and passion, can create from disjointed, confused occurrences a bright chain of thought and action. Thus will he be fitted from the scenes and events of a single day to summon up an illusion, a dream, so like reality as to gain the momentary belief and the sympathies both of readers and spectators. *Such* a man was William Shakspeare.

The other, on the contrary, to conceive and execute the noblest epic, must possess, not only a share of sensibility, which is necessary for all true poetry, but an habitual loftiness of imagination, and a soul capable of rising to the heights of sublimity. The intellect in him must predominate over passion, and shed wisdom on his narration, as over the pages of history. He must be naturally inclined to wide, philosophic views, and, as the ages of the world and the cycles of eternity are his, must send forth his thoughts as messengers, to gather materials of argument and illustration from the past, the present, and the future. For the furtherance of all this, moreover, he must have studied deeply **both** men and books, and become richly furnished with the varied knowledge of all times. Thus shall he be able to grapple with the noblest subjects, to relate a series of great occurrences lead-

ing to some greater event, and to prophesy as a seer of old ! Such a man was John Milton ; as well fitted of all poets to write the noblest epic, as Shakspeare the noblest tragedy.

From these remarks, it is evident why the mind of Milton, being fitted for the slower but more sublime movements of a narrative poem, could not at the same time adapt itself to the rapidity and fire of the tragic muse. There is, however, a separate reason why he did not fully succeed in this department of poetry, and it lies in his strict observance of the rules of the ancient drama. The "*Samson Agonistes*," therefore, though a polished and beautiful play, and, when judged by those rules, worthy of high praise, is too coldly classical to please the taste of modern times. It has a kind of sculptured beauty, a still life, such as the Grecians *loved* and displayed in all their plays ; but little of that restless action and rapidity of change which characterize the modern drama. In the drama of the ancients the characters hardly move, but possess a silent majesty, which, however, fixes attention and excites deep interest. But on the modern, at least on the English stage, the persons are engaged more as in real life ; they meet, they speak, they part ; the scenes must never linger, the actions never lose in interest. At first, like the whirlpool of the Maelstrom, it takes a wide, slow range, gathering all the materials of incident, passion, and violence ; then, in quicker gyrations, draws them **nearer** and nearer to final, universal collision, till at the close, it dashes them together in the struggle and gurgling agonies of death !

This difference between the ancient and modern drama is fully exemplified by "*Samson Agonistes*," and Shakspeare's "*King Lear*." The one is stately and full of the moral sublime, but moves with slowness, and often pauses entirely. The other, as Coleridge has finely expressed it, "moves like the whirlwind and the tornado, absorbing while it advances." Milton's tragedy, however, will always remain a pure and noble monument of genius ; and it may perhaps be said, that if Milton *could* not write like Shakspeare, neither could Shakspeare write like Milton. He might have written the *Iliad*, which is quite dramatic, both in plot and incident ; but he could no more have produced the majestic "*Paradise Lost*," than Milton could have conceived in his philosophic mind the wild and hurried tragedy of "*Lear*."

The only other play attempted by Milton, was the "*Mask of Comus*," of which, also, we would say a word. We have heard with incredulous surprise Shelley's "*Queen Mab*" favorably compared to this singularly beautiful poem. To our comprehension, there is between them but little resemblance, and much less equality. In the one are the tortuous fancies and perverse sentiments of a poetical but diseased mind. In the other, we behold the play of an unpolluted imagination—the moving of an intellect

conscious of its own nobleness, and in love with virtue. The former displays the gloom and sickly scenes of a hypochondriac's morning dream; the other resembles a moonlight landscape, where all parts sleep together in light which seems almost spiritual, and no discordant sounds are heard, but distant melodies steal upon the ear, and the soul is attuned to a kind of sympathy with the magic hour.

The "Mask of Comus," however deficient as a regular drama it may rightly be judged, yet considered as a grand lyric, is in our opinion, richer, more adorned for its length with fancies, brilliant yet chaste, more fraught with "colors dipped in heaven," than any other poem in the world, except the "Tempest," and "Midsummer Night's Dream," of Shakspeare. In it, says Johnson, may be discovered the dawn and twilight of "Paradise Lost." If *such* be the dawn and the twilight, what may we believe must be the perfect day?

We do not intend to enter into any extended or critical remarks upon this great poem, which an Addison and a Johnson have so skillfully analyzed. We would speak only and in few words, of that quality in it which strikes the reader most strongly in the perusal—a quality imparted to it by what we have mentioned as the essential attribute of his mind—its love for the vast and noble—a quality which has not only set the whole apart from all other works a structure of different mould, but placed it above them, like a feudal tower, that frowns in gothic majesty on graceful villas and simple cottages around. For it is without question, that "Paradise Lost" is the sublimest of all uninspired writings. It is equally without question, that sublimity is the highest attribute of poetry. Before its lofty and dilating power, which now overwhelms and astonishes the mind, now hurries it on the wings of rapture into the "immensum infinitumque" of thought and imagination, all the rest become in their influence only as the visible ripples on the ocean, compared with the fathomless waters which the mind conceives of below and beyond; or as the light clouds of a summer's day compared with the boundless depths of heaven. Of the sublime there are two distinct kinds, the moral sublime and sublimity of the imagination. In both these Milton is undeniably as far superior to any uninspired bard, as the prophet Isaiah is superior to all, both inspired and profane.

This sublimity is manifested in every thing that relates to the poem, in the subject, in the characters, and in the poetical scenes and imagery with which the whole is clothed. The subject, it must be allowed, is the grandest and most fertile in great events of all which ever have been, or which can be, successfully made the themes of song. For the event it commemorates is not one to affect only a few countries, or live a few ages in the memories of men, as the founding or overthrow of a city or an empire; but



an event of universal and lasting interest to the human race. Nor can it be urged, as some are disposed, that to have selected the sublimest of all subjects is no merit, because it might have occurred to any man's mind by accident. For a man of genius will always measure his subject with the compass of his intellect; and to have dared so lofty and uncertain a flight, required a god-like consciousness of power to sustain it. It might as well be called no token of genius in Hannibal to have first thought of crossing the Alps, which he afterwards effected; or in the gallant Wolfe, to have conceived of scaling the heights of Quebec, though he perished before the triumph. An inferior mind would never conceive such a thing, much less think of putting it into execution.

But if the subject itself is noble beyond comparison, the characters introduced are also invested with no less nobility and grandeur. The representation, indeed, of the persons of the Trinity is a signal failure. The attempt was worthy of his great mind, but it ought to have failed. Inspiration alone is equal to their description. The characters of the first parents, however, are singularly majestic and beautiful; while that of Satan is unquestionably the grandest ever successfully brought into any epic or tragic poem. It was perhaps in some measure borrowed from the Prometheus of Æschylus, but greatly elevated and enlarged. An "archangel in ruins," his mighty intellect, and at times his nobler feelings, flash forth amid his black ingratitude and hate, like lightning through the clouds of a thunder storm.

And if from these we turn to contemplate the great events and scenes he has made to pass before our vision, and the magnificent imagery with which they are adorned, we shall be compelled to allow the justice of the general agreement, which has made "Miltonic" synonymous with "sublime." The first book of "Paradise Lost" is more replete with grand images and lofty sentiments than any other contiguous eight hundred lines in the world, if we except not the prophecy of Isaiah.

But if sublimity be, as all, we think, must esteem it, the highest attribute of poetry, and if "Paradise Lost" be the sublimest of all poems, what remains but that Milton must be acknowledged the greatest of epic poets; unless he be deficient in so many essential excellencies besides as to turn the balance in favor of another. That he is not, however, wanting in any important qualities must be evident to all who have read his divine work. He is reproached, indeed, with being inferior to Homer in rapidity and fire, in accurate and vivid description, and nice delineation of character. But these acute critics seem not to have considered, not only, that these are inferior excellencies, but that Milton possessed them to as great a degree as that very sublimity which raised him so high would admit. These are opposite, al-

most antagonist principles, and cannot exist together in perfection in any mind. For sublimity never admits of rapid motion or of precise delineation. A rocket or a falling star shoots swiftly, and therefore imparts no sublime emotions; but from the very nature of our perceptive faculties, the transit of a mighty world, however rapid in reality, must appear slow to our eyes, nor can we conceive of it otherwise in our minds. So a flight through the realms of "chaos and old night," could not be winged in a moment; nor could a spear like the mast of an admiral be conceived of as passing with the quickness of a three-yard shaft. Satan "like Teneriffe or Atlas unremoved," with a broad circumference "like the moon behind him cast," could not be so closely described as Achilles and his shield; nor Pandemonium, with its infernal council, fill so definite a place in the mind as the tent of Agamemnon.

We have dwelt too long on the poetry of Milton, but it were great injustice to consider all his merit as consisting in this, and to pass by his prose writings, which are hardly of inferior excellence. The style itself, on account of the long complex sentences, is for the present day difficult and harsh; but it was more polished and powerful than any in his own age, and often displays the same melody, majesty, and power, which charms us in his poetry.

There are many sentences of such compass and magnificence, that excepting the subject, they seem little else than additions to his great epic. It is not, however, the style that is so worthy of praise, but the beauty and power of thought, the strength of argument, the deep and earnest feeling they manifest. These give them a place among the highest productions in English prose, and demand for them the perusal and admiration of every lover of English literature. The pieces entitled "Reformation in England," "Reasons of church government urged against prelacy," and the "Plea for unlicensed printing," are three of the most powerful arguments in our language; the last, especially, which has never been equalled by any essay on that subject, or perhaps on any other. On account of the spirit of liberty they breathe, his prose works have never been favorites with the English; but for this very reason they should command the greater regard and veneration from every American. It is natural enough that tyrants and their supporters should bear little love towards the men and the principles effective in undermining the fabric of their power. It were equally natural, one would think, for the lovers of liberty to forget not the early struggles for its existence, and to assert their rights anew by studying the works and honoring the memories of its defenders.

Nor should the extensive and varied attainments of this great man pass without a notice; if it were only to mark the difference between the trained intellects of that period and those which

shed upon the astonished minds of men this "latter-day glory." After Sir Philip Sidney, Milton was the most learned man in England, in an age when all who would be eminent in public or private life, deemed it necessary to be learned. The course he pursued and the means he employed are worthy of our imitation and adoption, with even the faint hope of a distant approximation to his acquirements. He shrunk from no toil, he left no task unattempted which might strengthen and expand his mind; and whatever was attempted was mastered and made his own.

It was thus that the literary men of the seventeenth century were enabled to gain such intellectual power, and to achieve such labors for the benefit of the world and for their own lasting renown. And yet the feeble aspirants to fame at the present day, and the would-be reformers of the earth, pretend to scorn the means by which they rose to such power and high preëminence; as if to their minds truth were intuitive, and experience and knowledge were unnecessary. But who, we would ask, of all the pigmy *athletæ* that crowd the arena of modern literature, is able to fill their capacious armor, to bend to the arrow's head the bow of Ulysses, or grasp with compressed and sinewy hand the spear of Achilles? Do we not, when we think of rivalling them in the walks they trod, instinctively cry out, "the Anakims are there?" The names of nearly all the illustrious men of England are a rebuke to such arrogance.

It is not, however, the intellectual greatness of Milton which commands our highest veneration. It is rather his moral nobility, and his stern defense, in a corrupt age, of the great principles of civil liberty.

No man, however gifted in mind, can be called truly great, whose moral character is clouded with meanness or vice. From both these the character of Milton is almost wholly free. If with the utmost scrutiny of envy and hate until this day a very few have been found, they are as spots upon the sun. Its assailers, indeed, like the vapors which rise around that luminary, have not obscured its brightness, but, retaining their native impurity, have caught from *it* a coloring and beauty not their own, and adorned at last with magnificent drapery his majestic repose. Though the remark is not universally true, that a man's character may be learned from his writings, yet surely the purity and dignity of Milton's mind are as discernible as light in all the effusions of his pen; for however a corrupt author may choose to present but a virtuous exterior, the bad qualities of his heart will never fail, we may rest assured, in some unguarded passage to reveal themselves. Such a passage is not to be found in Milton's works.

In this respect, with a far greater mind, as this very fact might show, he is the exact reverse of Lord Byron. The one displays in his writings throughout a pure spirit of morality, an inbred

love of virtue, and a high regard for the feelings and opinions of men. The other betrays an early depravity, growing darker with advancing years, a half disbelief in the existence of virtue, and a contempt, heartfelt or hypocritical it matters not, for the sympathies and the decencies of social life. The one, viewing the relations of men to each other and to their Maker in their true light, believed that virtue was her own reward, that reputation and honor were not utterly a worthless prize, and shrunk from pollution and meanness as from the touch of the leper. The other, beholding all things under the shadow of a cloud, pursued with "vain longing" the retreating form of happiness through the haunts of vice, gained honor and reputation but to fling them wantonly away; and turned willingly aside to the embraces of corruption and infamy. Milton felt a consciousness of his own nobility and moral worth, and was therefore willing to acknowledge it in others; Byron, knowing himself to be destitute of them, tried to believe that they existed in none. Milton's lofty genius, by his love of truth and virtue, was elevated still higher to empyrean light; the genius of Byron, by itself capable of almost any flight, burdened by the deadening influence of depravity and guilt, often, in his own words,

"Drooped like a wild-born falcon with clipped wing,"

dragging in the dust and mire. The world has never yet learned to see the difference between true and false nobility of character. They have not yet learned that intellectual greatness without purity of heart is but a dark preëminence in guilt. It matters not where virtue and nobleness of soul are found, to have them command our admiration, and the want of them in the ignorant and low may with reason be pardoned; but when depravity and meanness display themselves in high places, in cultivated minds, we can find no terms strong enough to express our indignation and contempt.

Were there no other features to add to the character of Milton, the portrait as that of a literary man might satisfy our highest admiration. But, as the citizen of a state, we should justly demand of him something more. If in the terrible times which threatened to overturn the constitution and to make shipwreck of the best interests of his country, he had forborne to raise his voice amid the tempest, and to advocate the only course of safety, of honor, and of right, he would have deserved not only less praise but something of censure from every noble mind. Solon, the great legislator, made it one of the laws of Athens, that whoever, when parties ran high in the state, remained on neutral ground, should pay the penalty of death. Nor was it without reason; for he who can look tamely on, while he sees his country sacrificed to despotic power or headlong anarchy, must surely be deemed

no patriot if not a traitor. So thought John Milton, and on such thoughts he acted. Yet the whole course of his political conduct has been assailed in unmeasured terms by ignorance and prejudice, by the upholders of tyranny and the monopolists of religion, of whom Dr. Johnson, the scholar, the Christian, the sage, has been not the least malevolent or unjust.

“*Tantæne animis celestibus iræ?*”

It is not wonderful that calumny and abuse should be rife against a man from the mouths of his contemporaries; but to disturb the ashes of the mighty dead by an unholy curse, argues more than sacrilege—little feeling in the hearts or veneration in the minds of their assailers. We do not believe in the maxim “*nil de mortuis nisi bonum;*” but surely the illustrious departed might at least be allowed the rights that are granted to the living. For as in society it is thought dishonorable to speak evil of the absent; so silence, it should seem, might be accorded to those who are themselves silent in death, and can hear no longer reproach or praise, be grateful for the one or repel the other.

For ourselves, we honor him with our hearts. We honor him for the lofty intellect the Creator gave him, and for his life-long diligence in storing it with the riches of all time. We honor him for the impulse which urged him to pour forth those treasures to ennoble the minds of men, and thereby secure a worthy renown. We honor him for the great works he achieved, which stand at once the monument of his genius, and a bulwark of our language. We honor him for the majesty and the purity of his moral character, wherein among literary men he is unsurpassed if not unrivalled. Above all, as American citizens, we honor him for the principles he embraced in youth and always defended—the principles which are to be cherished by us as the natural growth of the mind, and as the foundation of our freedom and happiness. Gifted with such genius, and adorned with such accomplishments as he possessed, who could have better graced a court? We honor him that he preferred retirement (*obscurity* he could not have) and poverty with the people to gilded servitude and the sunshine of princely favor. Happily for the honor of himself and of our race, he possessed such elevation of character as to rise above the shadows of St. James, and the sunlight of heaven rested upon him! If among the coming changes, there is to be an overthrow in England of government, literature, and religion, and his name shall be forgotten in the island of his birth, shall his works not live on these shores, which he helped make free, and his memory be revered from the rocks of New England to the waters of the Pacific?

G. H. C.

LINES.

THROUGH heaven's blue portal gleams the morning ray,
 Tinging the orient with its ruddy light ;
 The dawning star is fading fast away,
 The last sad lingerer of the hosts of night :
 'Tis gone—and decked with fiery splendor bright,
 Forth rides the monarch of the day in pride,
 To waken smiling nature to delight,
 That slept erewhile all tranquil like a bride,
 By each night-zephyr lulled, that soft and sadly sighed.

The mists, thin curling from the mountain's height,
 Before the dewy breath of morn, leave bare
 Its time-worn summit crowned with living light,
 Towering to heaven as though its thoughts were there.
 Apart from all things earthly, wrapt in prayer,
 Thou seem'st the relic of some olden sphere,—
 Some brighter, happier world unknown to care,
 Doomed for a while a lone sojourner here,
 To point us to the skies, our drooping souls to cheer.

There, proudly, ages back thou stood'st as now,
 And Time, that fell destroyer, deals in vain
 His bolts of ruin o'er thy hoary brow ;
 In lonely grandeur thou wilt firm remain
 Ages to come, and every shock sustain.
 There thou hast seen around thee swept away
 Past generations—there shalt see again
 Others arise and fall as soon as they—
 Thyself unchanged, 'mid war, and ruin, and decay.

The dusky shades that darkened o'er the earth,
 Have melted 'neath the sun's refulgent beams,
 And nature wakes as to another birth,
 Fair rising from the tomb-like trance of dreams ;
 And now how brightly all the landscape gleams—
 Wood, lake, and lawn, drink in with laughing glee,
 The flood of glory from the sun that streams,
 Whose flaming chariot through the clouds doth flee,
 That float like fairy isles upon a sapphire sea.

The lovely flower that drooped its little head,
 In plaintive sadness weeping all night long,
 Smiles through its tears, and all its charms display'd—
 Wooes the soft air, and lists the larks gay song,
 Whose joyous notes the echoing glades prolong.
 And now the whispering zephyrs wanton stray,
 And seek the stream that gently glides along,
 Making faint music with its merry play,
 They dimple it with frowns, then kiss them all away.

How passing fair in this still, lovely hour,
 Is nature ever charming! to the heart
 That loves to feel and yield unto its power,
 What kindred holy calm it doth impart!
 Now hushed in silence is the din of art—
 Earth's cities slumber noiseless as the dead;
 Still'd is the hurrying bustle of the mart—
 Man lies extended on his sluggard bed,
 Wrapt in forgetfulness—alike his joys and cares have fled.

And therefore is this stillness; with him sleep
 Ambition, passion, folly—all are still,
 Which waking rage and ceaseless warfare keep;
 All slumber with the thousand things that fill
 This world with strife, commotion, tumult, ill.
 Hence this repose—no sound floats on the air
 Save nature's voice, that sends a joyous thrill
 Into the answering breast, and every where
 Speaks forth a language eloquent beyond compare.

Now gushing forth in the soft melody
 Of nature's orchestra,—each little bird
 Sending its tuneful notes of praise on high;
 Now in the sadly moaning breeze 'tis heard,
 Low sighing through the copse-wood gently stirr'd,—
 It fills with joy the heart, it moves the soul,
 That far more eloquent than any word,
 Pours forth its silent prayers without control,
 To Him whose finger wrote nature's mysterious scroll.

DROPS FROM APOLLO'S FOUNTAIN,

OR

SPRAY FROM HELICON.

"Soft you a word before you go."—*Shakspeare*.

HAST a hothouse reader! Not that material, architectural fabric, wherein plants are placed to vegetate and be looked at—not that compact built, *unenlightened* domicil, with close fastened shutters and well listed doors in praise whereof, rheumatic elderly ladies, and chillblained old men, wax eloquent. Understand us, we mean a literary hothouse, an intellectual conservatory, a hot-bed for thy young ideas, a "*receptaculum omnium rerum*"—a closet wherein thou throwest odd things, chitbits, the scrapings of all things, piled up, ill assorted—in fine hast thou a scrap-book? How like unto one of these "*indices rerum*," without an index, are

minds of some men. Ask them a question, and you are overwhelmed with the torrent you have brought down. To gain information of such is much like to one attempting to drink from a rap, you are drowned without being satisfied, yet there is a pleasure in listening to such. I like to see the stream roll by, if I cannot drink of it. There have been great men of this class; Herdridge was one; his conversation was rich, varied, sparkling, rushing furiously and foaming along, there was no checking the torrent. So in his writings he throws down baskets of flow-unsorted, gathered from every quarter, many magnificent ones, not made into bouquets; he attempted once, but threw it by before completed—Christabel was never finished. Reader, dost like such minds? I do, and therefore have not labored to avoid their errors. My knowledge whatever it is, has flowed in from a thousand channels—books miscellaneous, whatsoever my hand falls on first, I read. This arranging beforehand what is to be read in a month, is detestable. It's like travelling through a long lane, and may find something in the corner of the fences new, all that you saw before starting. I delight to wander without knowing what pleasant views awaits me, or what surprise the next turn may bring. Hence my knowledge is all tangled, touch one object, pull one thread, you may bring all. As in a hopper, one grain followeth another regularly, yet in no appointed order, so whatever drops from my pen, that I give you, grain unbolted.

Wilt converse awhile?—on poetry, philosophy, politics,—on any thing intellectual. This is the season for poetry, the time when the book-weary, study-worn, thought-pale devotee of the sciences, butterfly like, comes out beautiful from the web of thought books and study have drawn around him. Speak of the sterner pleasures, severer splendors, and all the dread magnificence of a snow-abundant, frost-clad winter—what are these beautiful but meaningless epithets—sun-painted clouds over barren regions. The delights of winter, what are they?—the anticipations of an early spring, the promise of future enjoyment, the counting *back* September, *on* to March, as the toiling up a mountain that you may obtain a rest; the travelling over a Sahara to learn the value of water. Out upon such ideas of pleasure! away with such feigning! Summer is the only season of the year—all other periods are *out of season*. It is then imagination, like the bird that never rests, is always on the wing; thoughts spring up and grow, feelings vegetate, flowers and beauties bloom in the poet's mind rich and fragrant as in the real world.

The poet's strains have been said to be but the reflection of the outer world—its scenery and events on his own mind. Thus Burns has mirrored in his verse the wild characteristics of Scotch scenery and habits, not uniform, because lightened and shadowed by his own feelings as elated or depressed; yet on that account

the more truly national, as his own romantic and beautiful Nith reflected with more exactness the scenery of its banks, alternately flowing in shade, or sparkling in the sun. The literature of Spain is likewise peculiar for its nationality. Here poetry is but the breathing forth of her national peculiarities, embodied in verse softened and mellowed beneath the mild splendors of a summer sky. Switzerland breathes in her songs the spirit and fire of her own free hills. If such be the admitted effects of climate and soil on the literature of a country, are we wrong in attributing to the seasons a like influence, though less in degree? Will that composed in the bloom and matured luxuriance of summer, differ in nothing from that produced amid the stern severities of winter? Art thou a philosopher, and reflect deeply on causes and events, the whys and wherefores of this life? Open not thy library—leave Plato and Locke on the shelf, go out into the deep green woods, clamber over hill and valley, gaze on the quiet waters, or listen to the music of the waterfall—there is poetry in all these, and yet there is philosophy; beneath the gilded surface there is food for reflection. You will find

“ Sermons in stones,
Books in running brooks,
And good in every thing.”

The flowers that deck your path, the birds that carol as you walk, the leaves waving above, and the grass nestling beneath your tread, all afford subject for thought and reflection.

“ The blue isles of the golden sea,
The night-arch floating high,
The flowers that gaze upon the heavens,
The bright streams leaping by,
Are living with religion.”

Dost recognize these lines, reader? Hast heard of Prentice's 'Prenticiana?' Then hast thou at thy tongue's end nice morsels, choice bits, gathered by friends as crumbs of gold, dreaded by adversaries as coals, burning, caustic. Yet not thus would we have you look at him; forget the politician in viewing the poet of high gifted mind; of a soul, not like Byron's, kindled into flame like as a burning coal, by the fierce tempest and tornado of passion, but glowing, lit up with a steady blaze, whence rise like incense, bright images and deep thought, clothed in verse light and graceful as a zephyr-driven cloud. He is a poet in despite of himself; no rules of art and labored ingenuity—no striving after effect; his sentences are not merely bouquets of words industriously sought after, and assiduously carved so as to dovetail into one another with mechanical exactness. Thought he never sacrifices to measure, hence ~~his~~ verse is sometimes broken. But this very

imperfection of verse heightens rather than detracts from the effect his poetry has on the mind. The stream murmurs only when obstructed in its progress, and the breeze is musical when contending with the leaves of the forest. In him no sickish philanthropy or mawkish sensibility disgusts you ; there is no affected dislike of mankind, no falling out with all human nature ; he is no ascetic, the very name is despised by him ; yet in his verse there is often a solemnity of feeling and a pathos that comes from the heart and goes to the heart. Didst ever read "Lines written over a Mother's Grave," when twelve years old ? If thou art situated as he was, this tribute to a lost mother will be unto thy young affections as a copious shower—renovating, strengthening. We experience a mingled sensation of pride and sorrow in contemplating the character of such a man as Prentice. Sorrow that he suffers those high poetic feelings of his mind to run to waste ; a mine of rich ore crumbling away ; genius tethered down to humble things ; imagination made for bold and distant flights, pinioned in the dust. Politics is not the field for him ; the dull realities of life, the dreary routine of editorial duties, are not congenial with one adapted to high intellectual enjoyment ; other sustenance, different aliment is meet for the poet's mind—retirement, meditation, some retreat, whence like Æneas viewing the works of Carthage, surrounded by a divine cloud, he may view the labors and listen to the busy hum of life, nor be soiled by the flying dust. May we not hope that it is not too late—nature may yet prevail ; the quiet groves around Parnassus may yet allure, or her sylvan scenes win back the wanderer to her bowers. If so, what strains may we not expect from him, that even in the intervals of battle, has wrung from the lyre music with power to charm and delight.

Reader, if ever thou in thy newspaper or magazine readings meet with short scraps of verse or prose, with G. D. P. attached, pass them not by ; how often have I thought them eddies, little newspaper maelstroms that have drawn in the wealth of whole columns. Dip into them, pearls of value are concealed and imbedded there. With this advice we part. Thou seest I write "currente calamo," and give thee a bath of all things. A pen is as a drain to my brain, and through it there passes always a mixed stream ; if it prove not palatable to thy taste, call it not *salty* in its nature, say rather medicinal.

PUBLIUS.

REFLECTIONS.

I SAT me down beside a rill,
 That murmur'd near my father's door ;
 Where once I watch'd the water-mill,
 And bath'd my tiny fingers o'er.
 As gay and blithesomely it ran
 As in my days of childish glee,
 And as my buoyant spirits then,
 But now they flow'd more heavily ;
 For time told many a sadd'ning tale
 Of friends to whom my young heart clung,
 And many a long and last farewell
 With poignant grief my bosom wrung.
 One fond companion of those days,
 The dearest to my heart of all,
 Had wander'd far in devious ways,
 Misfortune's child, and passion's thrall.
 Clear rose the sun upon his morn,
 Mirth brightly sparkled in his eye,
 Of generous soul, to affluence born,
 And happy seem'd his destiny.
 But pleasure's wily song and smile,
 Alas ! their unsuspected power,
 How oft the heedless youth beguile,
 And charm him to her fatal bower.
 And while he softly there reposes,
 And while the giddy cup he drains,
 The siren as he quaffs, infuses
 A tide of thirst along his veins.
 To him the cheering sun is set,—
 The star of hope but faintly gleams,
 But drops a tear of sad regret,
 Then flickers and withdraws its beams.
 And one there was of daring soul,
 To whom was music in the storm—
 Who lov'd to see the billow roll
 In every wild and frightful form ;
 And when at length with deaf'ning roar
 It dash'd in fury at his feet—
 Spent its fierce rage upon the shore,
 And backward fell in wild retreat ;
 Right eloquent his look of pride
 Bespoke the thrilling joy it gave,
 And he would wish for aye to ride
 Upon the high and crested wave.
 And, Ocean, thou hast claim'd him now,
 Low in some bright and pearly bed,
 No more he'll hear the tempest blow,
 Or feel it beat upon his head.

And there were girls with raven tresses,
 That down in waving ringlets flow'd,
 And cherry lips, inviting kisses,
 That love so laughingly bestow'd—
 But loveliest was the beaming eye,
 Like pearly drops on bells of flow'rs,
 That shed a light and beauty by,
 Reflecting sunbeams after show'rs.
 Now time and change have o'er them pass'd—
 Those sunny beams are bright no more;
 The rosy cheek is fading fast,
 And beauty's pleasing reign is o'er.
 Alas! how like a foolish flow'r
 Those tints how bright soe'er they be,
 But win the wonder of an hour,
 Then die and mock us with decay.

DANA'S CHARACTERISTICS CONTRASTED WITH THE GERMAN SCHOOL.

WE have broken the bonds which bound us to the mother country. We are *politically* free, and by the blessing of God, so shall we ever remain; but yet, with the boast of freedom upon our lips, we worship with adulation the literature of England, and bow with reverence to the arrogant dicta of the wise men of the east. When an insolent writer asks, "who reads an American book?" we throw aside with disgust the work with which we were pleased before, and submissively echo—who? This must not be. The standard of our literary excellence must be elevated, and American productions must be enhanced in the estimation of American readers. We should no longer consider the drippings of a worn-out pen orthodox, because they find their way across the waters, but keep in mind the apostrophe of old Flaccus to his book,

"Contrectatus ubi manibus sordescere vulgi,
 Cœperis; aut tineas pasces taciturnus inertes,
 Aut fugies Uticam aut vinctus mitteris Ilerdam."

With the slight substitution of America for Utica, this echoes the sentiments of the English author and publisher. We do not intend in these remarks to include "the fathers of literature." No! Honor be to the illustrious dead! Glory and praise to those who have so eminently deserved it; but contempt and neglect for those who have squandered the princely patrimony left them by more provident ancestry.

Far be it from us to detract from that halo of glory that clings around the age in which Addison, Johnson, Pope, and a host of others lived and flourished; the age, *par excellence*, of men and mind. No! As our imagination flies back to that "golden age of merrie England," we wander almost intoxicated with delight amid the memorials of departed greatness, and as we drink at those perennial streams, those living fountains, from which they drew their life, and which they enlarged and adorned; when we open their works—living cenotaphs, whereon are inscribed in glowing characters, themselves and the records of their lives—there is a voice within that says, "put thy shoes from off thy feet. for the ground on which thou standest is holy."

The English writers of the present day are resting upon the reputation obtained by their more industrious, and more talented predecessors. The golden age of English literature, of "Shakspeare and his friends," is long since past and gone. As the moon shines with borrowed lustre, so did some of the lingering beams of the golden age rest upon the succeeding generation, until, with the times of Addison, its *silvery* light began to wane. The iron age of sound and solid sense, introductory to this utilitarian era, departed with the rigid philosophers of the last century. Now have succeeded

—"pejoræque sæcula ferri
Temporibus, quorum sceleri non invenit ipsa
Nomen, et a nullo posuit natura metallo."

Thus quaintly translated by Sir Robert Stapleton :

"'Tis the ninth age, worse than the iron times,
Nature no metal hath to name our crimes."

Since these things are so, it is proper and even necessary, that we should free our minds from this literary thralldom, and declare ourselves "independent now," and resolve that we will be "independent forever." With this object in view, and for the purpose of calling attention to this subject, we have thrown together these few remarks concerning the man, of whom it may be said in the words of the bard, whom he has delighted to honor,

"That elder ears played truant at his tale,
And younger hearings were quite ravished,
So sweet and voluble was his discourse."

The name of Richard H. Dana is familiar to all. In our very childhood we wondered at his wild imaginings, ere we could comprehend them, and this feeling has grown with our growth and strengthened with our strength, and only changed its name from wonder to reverence. It was therefore with no ordinary feelings that we heard the announcement of his lectures upon the Shakspearian drama. We mean not, however, at present to

pass our critique upon his conceptions of dramatic character, or his poetry ; for Christopher North has gone before us, and we may not presume to wield his pen or tread his varied and brilliant path. There are two distinct parties in the republic of letters, with feelings as widely dissimilar and discordant as ever animated the breasts or excited the passions of the Capulets and Montagues. We mean the English school properly so called, and the German mysticism. To neither of these does Dana belong, and with neither can his writings be classed. With a fearless independence that has ever characterized him, he has launched boldly forth, and using nature only for his guide, has solved the long agitated paradox—an American poet original in thought and expression. He has been termed by the *savans* of the old world, “the first American poet.” This we do not intend to dispute ; but in the same breath they declare, that he has assimilated himself in mind, manner, and matter, to Coleridge, Wordsworth, and Shelley. This allegation, in connexion with one often urged at home, that he is imbued with the spirit of German writers, we shall proceed to examine. There was a time when our Teutonic friends were content to bear the palm of laborious and plodding scholarship, without even wishing to enter the arena as belles-let-ter writers. But after Goëthe burst forth like a meteor and dazzled the eyes of all Europe by the novelty of his conceptions and the brilliancy of his thoughts, swarms of humbler imitators left prosody for poetry, and wandered from lexicography to wild legends. Napoleon was at the summit of his glory, and had collected from the north, the south, the east, and the west, the most brilliant specimens of art, and centered them at Paris. Thither in crowds flocked the literary and scientific from every nation. The frigid Swede pursued his botanic studies in the Jardin des Plantes, while his nearest neighbor was perhaps a Spanish minstrel, endeavoring to catch inspiration from the sighing trees. The Italian sculptor and the English anatomist studied the same model, and the German author was tempted to bless God in his morning matins, that Napoleon was emperor, and that he had conquered Europe. The light fancy of the French grafted upon the phlegm of the German, could not fail to interest the literary mind already glutted to satiety by the monotony of English literature, from the same principle that impels man ever to admire a deformed *lusus naturæ* rather than a perfect and natural object of the same species. The early and minor writings of Goëthe were tinged with this style, which can be traced throughout all his philosophical productions. Goëthe wrote the Faust, and every tyro in his country can repeat it “*ab ovo* ;” but from the same pen he gave to the world his Elective Affinities, which no man ever did, or does, or can understand. His style is as rich as it is varied, at one time replete with gorgeous imagery, and again

"naked and gaunt as the bare-ribbed skeleton." With all his genius and all his learning, he is a German in manner and expression, and may be placed at the head of the mystic writers. We shall have occasion to speak hereafter of his criticism upon Shakspeare, and can only say that his deference to our great dramatist should entitle him to our respect. Schiller, unless when wrapped in the contemplation of some fanciful ideal, is more intelligible to the great mass of the reading public, and of course more popular than Goëthe; but he must be read in the original or the simple version, for Schiller mysticized by Coleridge, is worse than Bohmen or Griess, obscure from the muddiness of their own thoughts. The writings of Schiller are clothed with what Dana would term a poetical ideal, in which "he lives and moves and has his being;" and our mind must be cultured and trained to a keen perception of the beautiful to enable us to understand and appreciate this noble disciple of the noble Kotzebue. These, then, are the "bright particular stars" of the modern German school. The lesser lights have been classed by an able writer under the general head of *mystic* fantastics. They are those who wing their way to some Utopian palm-land, and revel amid gnomes, sylphs, undines, and satyrs. Fashion, supreme and omnipotent, has invested themselves and their writings with a fictitious interest, but the succeeding age will award them "a local habitation and a name." That habitation will be "hard by the waters of Lethe," and the name, (in the words of the play,) "now the Lord lighten thee, thou art a great fool."

None of the writings of Dana, either prose or poetical, can be identified with those of any individual German author. Dana has dealt but little with the supernatural; but when he does sing of the spectre-king, he is portrayed so vividly that he seems almost a being of the earth and not a "coinage of the brain;" and the spirit that tormented poor cursed Abel is widely different from the demon of the Hartz mountains. The distinguishing characteristic of the German is that he "sees men as trees walking." Our English writers paint man as they are, with, however, an obvious inclination to the ludicrous. It is the taste of the age, and go where you will, you will find it developed. "Heads of the people," caricatures embracing every degree in society from the lofty peer to the dirty sweep, are continually published to satisfy the demands of a laughter-loving community. Dana personifies man as he exists in the nobler walks of life. There is a melancholy splendor in his conception of the human character, and he mourns that so few attain his proposed ideal. The charge that his writings breathe that wild dreaming spirit peculiar to the modern German, is therefore untrue.

The only remaining allegation which we shall examine, is his imitation of Coleridge. We do not intend to institute a compar-

between Dana and Coleridge, inasmuch as we believe the superior poet. The minds of the two writers are singly the same, and yet singularly different. Both look upon frail human nature through a fictitious medium, and both haucer's "melancholic poetizers." Dana, however, in his is one and the same; in them all are the same wild imaginative musings, and in all the same bold flights. His descriptions beautiful and true to nature, while his episodes are so pleasing unaffected, that we insensibly follow his guidance without aware of the change. The "continuous stream of thought" parent in all his protracted pieces, and no exegetical remarks needed to make evident the application. On the contrary, believe there is not an author extant whose writings evince unequal talents than Coleridge. His Sibylline Leaves are of them pleasing, and some peculiarly touching. There is in them a native simplicity different widely from the forced philosophy apparent in his more elaborate efforts; and it is this which renders them acceptable, even to those who condemn his specious and false deductions. Both have dealt out with a sparing hand their literary treasures, and a few short pieces thrown off in an hour of relaxation, are all that Coleridge has left us. The Ancient Mariner and Christabel he has dignified with the name of poems in contradistinction from poetry, and this nice position he has endeavored to maintain at length. They *are* poems breathe the soul of poetry; poems of admirable conception and wonderful finish; poems which will always stand conspicuous, cast a kindly shade over his faults and failings. But the comment of Christabel is extremely unhappy. In the preface to this poem, this sentence occurs: "Till very lately, poetic powers have been in a state of suspended animation." This admission appeared to us peculiarly appropriate, for thus is this far-famed tale:

" 'Tis the middle of night by the castle clock,
And the owls have awakened the crowing cock,
Tu whit!—Tu whoo!
And hark again! the crowing cock
How drowsily it crew."

Without note or comment contrast with this the first lines of *Buccaneer*.

" The island lies nine leagues away.
Along its solitary shore,
Of craggy rock and sandy bay—
No sound but ocean's roar;
Save when the bold wild sea-bird marks her home,
Her shrill cry coming through the sparkling foam.

“ But when the light winds lie at rest,
 And on the glassy heaving sea
 The black duck with her glossy breast
 Sits swinging silently ;
 How beautiful ! no ripples break the reach,
 But silvery waves go noiseless up the beach.”

The Rime of the Ancient Mariner belongs to a different class of poems. Mrs. Barbauld once in passing her critique upon it decided it to be deficient in two cardinal points ; first, that it was improbable, and secondly, that it lacked a moral. The first of these deficiencies, it holds in common with the *Buccaneer*, and the latter certainly adds nothing to the beauty of diction or the vigor of thought. It will doubtless be expected that we in this connection should critically examine and compare the two great poems of these two great men. The charge of imitation which has been repeatedly urged upon Mr. Dana, can only be met by the difference in the internal construction of the two poems. The necessity of demonstrating the falsity of this imputation by a long and elaborate analysis, has been happily superseded by this unqualified declaration of Coleridge, “ The Ancient Mariner cannot be imitated, nor the poem *Love*. They may be excelled ; *they are not imitable.*” We cannot, however, refrain from noticing what we consider one of the boldest thoughts that ever man conceived or poet painted. “ *Death and Life in Death*, have dined for the ship’s crew, and *Life in Death* winneth the Ancient Mariner.”

But we have protracted this article beyond all reasonable limits, and will now conclude with a contrast of the two writers in the pathetic ; listen to the sweet and lowly epitaph of Coleridge.

“ Stop Christian passer-by, stop child of God,
 And read with gentle heart. Beneath this sod
 A poet lies, or that which once seemed he,
 O lift in thought a prayer for S. T. C.
 That he who many a year with toil of breath,
 Found death in life, may now find life in death ;
 Mercy for praise, to be forgiven for fame
 He asked, and hoped through Christ—Do thou the same.”

If there is any thing in the philosophy of poetry which deserves to be termed sublime simplicity, it is this. Here is the end of that transcendent genius whose only failing was vanity. Well might he be vain who for a time was almost worshipped by his contemporaries. But the pleasing verse which enchained them is gone. The golden lyre is hung upon the willows, never more to sound. Listen to the “ still sad music of humanity,” of the other poet.

“ And when I grieve, O! rather let it be
 That I,—whom nature taught to sit with her
 On her proud mountains, by her rolling sea—
 Who when the winds are up with mighty stir,
 Of woods and waters, feel the quick’ning spur
 To my strong spirit; who as my own child
 Do love the flower, and in the ragged burr
 A beauty see;—that I this mother mild,
 Should leave and go with care and passions fierce and wild.”

This is poetry, not the mere dance of words, or frolic of invention, but the melancholy musings of an imaginative mind. We had intended to extract from the *Buccaneer* some choice passages, but Christopher North told us that even “the Elgin marbles, separately considered, give a very inadequate idea of the glories of the Parthenon,” and we forebore in justice to the poem and its author. We had intended to criticise the *Ancient Mariner*, but we looked again and read, “Criticism as far as regards the *very* highest works of art, must always be a failure,” and we forebore in justice to ourselves. We had intended to analyze the German conception of dramatic character, to classify the critiques of Lessing, Schlegel, and Horn, upon our own Shakspeare, to contrast with them comments of Dana and Coleridge, but old Chaucer told us

“Sufficeth this ensample now as here,”

and we forebore in justice to your patience.

ELBA.

KING NINUS'S BRIDE.

“Of her the homicide and husband killer.”—*Byron's Sa danap.*

PART I.

Oh, what a thrilling sight, to see
 That sumptuous eastern warrior-band,
 As on they prance in jubilee,
 With gleaming spear and brand!
 How sheens the light from plume and steel,
 And vests that many a gem reveal!

Hark! to the cymbal's deaf'ning clash—
 The trumpet-tones the soul that thrill—
 The coursers' tramp, as on they dash
 With neighings loud and shrill!
 How wildly is the spirit stirr'd,
 When those proud martial notes are heard!

A regal pomp—the archways ring
With their proud steeds that shake the ground ;
He comes—Assyria's victor-king,
His chieftains thronging round ;
It is the brave imperial son
Of him who founded Babylon.

His stalwart men are warriors bold,
Whose swords have oft and well been tried—
Yet dintless are their helms of gold,
Their blades with blood undyed ;
Though from a distant land they come,
Exulting and triumphant home.

They are not wont thus forth to fare,
Unless to seek the mortal fray ;
Why are their pennons to the air
So gayly flung to-day ?
Why do their housings sweep the plain,
Untorn and free from crimson stain ?

And see—from Nineveh the proud,
A people thronging forth to meet
Their king ; and hark, those welcomes loud
That now his coming greet !
What means this concourse swelling near ?
What mean these shouts that pierce the ear ?

Behold yon glittering gold-wreathed car,
With gorgeous gems and pearl inlaid !
There Ninus sits, the prince of war,
And by his side a maid :
At Beauty's feet the king doth bow—
The conqueror is conquered now.

O what a bright creation this—
How grand, majestic, is her mien !
Augustly fair Semiramis,
How doth she look the queen !
She comes, in conscious beauty's pride,
To be th' Assyrian monarch's bride.

And hence this gayly glad array,
And hence his subjects onward throng,
To greet their sovereign on his way,
With welcomes loud and long ;
And every heart, and every voice,
Bid him and her he brings rejoice.

'Twas not for this—it was not thus,
His fiery legions forth he led ;
He sought the realms of Caucasus
His victories to spread :

He went a nation to enchain—
Himself a captive comes again.

Beauty and Love, twin mystic powers,
How ye do lord it o'er the soul!
And bend these passions fierce of ours
Beneath your soft control;
Making the coldest hearts to glow,
And those most stern to bow most low.

Closely your sceptres intertwine,
And each upholds the other's sway;
Love makes its object seem divine,
And beautiful as day;
While beauty all the heart doth move,
And warms and melts it into love.

And oh, when both at once possess,
Beauty enchants the longing eyes,
And love with rapture fills the breast—
Earth seems a paradise,
Where all is one perennial spring,
And time fleets by on lightsome wing.

And such are now the dear delights
That Ninus proves; such transports his—
And all his days, and all his nights,
Glide by in tireless bliss;
His life is one long dream of joy,
Where pleasure smiles without alloy.

Aside is thrown his garb of steel,
For softer and more gay attire;
Forgot or tamed the once hot zeal
Of youth's fierce martial fire;
And his bright dreams of glory flown—
Love sways his soul, love reigns alone.

He mounts his gallant steed no more,
No longer cares his sword to wield,
Nor leads his cohorts as before,
To the red battle-field;
For what to him is power or fame,
So his fair queen loves on the same?

He hears no more the clarion's sound,
Calling brave men to horse and lance;
His halls with dulcet flutes resound,
And rebecks for the dance,
For revelry his time employs,
And all is mirth and festive noise.

Thus month on month roll by serene ;
 Each brings the king some new delight ;
 His passion for his soul's fond queen,
 Burns on as purely bright,
 As when enraptured first he prest,
 That glowing vision to his breast.

And she with each endearing art,
 A lovely woman wields so well,
 Binds still more close his fettered heart,
 By beauty's magic spell ;
 She seems with equal flame to burn,
 And all his ardent love return.

He gazes in her deep blue eye,
 And lives beneath its sunny smile,—
 Drinks in the thrilling melody,
 Her voice gives forth the while,
 And kisses her soft blushing cheek,
 Whose dimples love's own language speak.

They wander through fair woven bowers,
 Whose fragrant blossoms scent the air—
 He culls the choicest, brightest flowers,
 To deck her raven hair ;
 And twines them in each flowing tress,
 Then sinks into her fond caress.

Thus mingled are their souls—and they,
 Each in the other, find their bliss ;
 And can there ever dawn a day
 To change Semiramis ?
 And shall there come a time that parts
 Two such young, warm, and trusting hearts ?

PART II.

It is the witching sunset hour,
 The holiest time for prayer and love ;
 Semiramis is in her bower—
 And on the sky above
 She seems the flitting clouds to trace,
 While darker clouds fleet o'er her face.

It is the witching sunset hour
 That sheds a calmness o'er the soul—
 But to her heart it brings no power
 Its passions to control ;
 Ambition, love, and hope, and fear,
 Are mingled in wild conflict here.

These rage tumultuous in her breast ;
 The crimson mantles o'er her cheek ;
 The lip and brow, where peace should rest,
 Of mental anguish speak ;

A wildness gleams forth from her eye,
That tells of deep-felt agony.

And can profane ambition find,
With its concomitants of hell,
A resting place in woman's mind,
Where purity should dwell?
Can aught of sin or guilt be there,
Within a form so heavenly fair?

The queen supports her throbbing brow,
And damp cold drops that brow imbrue;
The red has fled her cheek, which now
Assumes an ashy hue;
Chill flows the blood back to her heart,
And shudd'rings through her whole frame dart.

Like the tossed billow heaves her breast,
With this fierce struggle and the last,
Between her nature's worst and best!
A step draws nigh—'tis past:
A dark smile curves her lip to tell,
The fiend has triumphed there too well!

And quickly o'er her changing face
There comes a dreadful, stern repose;
Of the dark conflict not a trace,
Those features calm disclose;
They're softened to a placid smile,
Where man would never dream of guile.

A well-known step approaches near;
She rises firm the king to greet,
With fondness that seems all sincere;
And he is at her feet—
They form a beauteous picture there—
Mistrustless one, and both most fair.

Above them spreads the rosy sky,
The placid smiling green below—
And gurgling fountains sparkle by
The flowers that round them glow;
He seems her worshipper to be,
And she that bright scene's deity.

Nor royal robes of purple pride,
Nor dazzling gems the queen adorn;
She wears the garb she wore beside
Her childhood's home that morn,
When Ninus first had gazed upon
Her beauty, and her young heart won.

This from his memory's flower-strewn track,
 Recalls that blissful time once more—
 Those happy moments wing them back,
 As fresh as then of yore ;
 His looks of joy impassioned tell,
 What words could never say so well.

And joy and pride he well may find,
 In fixing his delighted eyes
 On that sweet vision, half reclined
 On a green bank she lies—
 Her cheek upon her hand inclining,
 Her fingers with her tresses twining.

The loose sleeve's falling folds disclose
 That arm so exquisitely fair,
 And darkly clustering round it flows
 Her long and jet-black hair ;
 And there like snow on ebony,
 One lily pale hangs droopingly.

A white robe floating o'er her form
 Its matchless symmetry reveals,
 And lovelier makes each glowing charm
 It only half conceals.
 The queen is banished from her brow—
 The woman only beams there now.

That haughty, lofty look, so oft
 Her wonted awe-inspiring mien,
 Is changed for one more mildly soft,
 Where love alone is seen.
 Her eyes sad tender glances dart,
 That deeply stir the monarch's heart.

And can those winning looks that bless,
 Be all deceitful and designed ?
 O mastery of artfulness,
 To cheat a lover's mind !
 Alas ! the serpent is most near
 To what is likest Eden here.

She asks with meek imploring eye,
 From him, suspicionless of guile,
 A boon—can he that boon deny ?
 Can he resist her smile ?
 “ O yield me love your kingly sway,
 For only one short, fleeting day.”

She gently takes his signet-ring,
 Then to the council-chamber ran :
 “ I bear a message from the king—
 Haste, summon his divan.”

The vizier to that seal must bend,
And soon the summoned chiefs attend.

King Ninus mounts his throne of gold,
And bids his councillors give ear,
And soon his purpose briefly told—
The chiefs attentive hear;
“The queen to-morrow shall command
The sceptre of Assyria's land.”

That morrow dawns—with queenly state
She fills the throne her prayer had won;
And when the duties that await
The council-hour are done,
The old chiefs shout with one acclaim,
“How nobly reigns our royal dame!”

She opens wide the prison door,
And bids the loosened captive go;
She seeks the sick, the mean, the poor,
And mitigates their wo;
She showers her treasures round like rain,
Through all Assyria's vast domain.

The high and low alike are friends,
The powerful magnates are her own,
And those she dreads the bowstring ends,
In secrecy unknown.
All wondering turn and gaze with pride
Upon the king's imperial bride.

Her name is wafted to the skies,
With shouts alike from old and young,
“Hail to our queen the fair and wise,”
Sounds forth from every tongue.
Her praises float on every gale,
“Our loved and lovely queen, all hail!”

'Tis night; a night of revelry
Within the palace banquet hall;
Semiramis gives entrance free
To her high festival:
All Nineveh assemble there,
The great, the wise, the young, the fair.

The splendid pomp of Eastern lands,
And pampered Eastern luxury—
All that a monarch's sway commands,
Or boundless wealth can buy,—
All that can dazzle or delight,
Those guests bewildered meet to-night.

The tinkling timbrel's silvery sound,
 Provokes the dancers' twinkling feet ;
 Mirth's merry laugh the walls resound,
 And music soft and sweet ;
 While wreathed with flowers the circling bowl,
 Awakes to gladness all the soul.

In purple robed, with jewels gemmed,
 Amid the gay admiring throng,
 The queen, her proud brow diadem'd,
 Majestic glides along ;
 Her dark eye flashing with command,
 The golden sceptre in her hand.

All mark her lofty awing mien ;
 Where'er she turns they homage pay ;
 " And shall our lovely, august queen,
 So soon resign her sway ?"
 Low murmurings for her loss complain ;
 " O that she might forever reign !"

She mounts the throne, her guards throng near,
 Like marble, motionless and pale,
 And firm she stands ; she speaks,—they hear
 A low convulsive wail,
 And on the gory pavement sunk,
 A quivering head rolls from its trunk !

This bloody dust remains alone,
 Of Ninus, yesterday a king !
 The awe-struck crowd seems turned to stone,
 But soon to life they spring ;
 Ten thousand voices rend the air,
 " Long reign our queen, the bold and fair."

DEKANISSORA.

A TALE OF THE FRONTIER.

It was in the autumn of 183— that I resolved to accept the oft-repeated invitation of an early friend to spend a few weeks with him at the mansion of his father on the banks of one of those silvery lakes, which by giving a constant variety add such a magic charm to the scenery of western New York.

I had known Francis Cameron at the academy—a generous frank and jovial companion ; and from him had heard the most graphic descriptions of the ever-varying scenery about the banks of the Seneca and the Cayuga ; had heard him tell of the old family mansion—of a dark-eyed sister, and of *one* even dearer to him than a sister—until I earnestly desired to visit them.

It was the fourth day I had been harassed with the unceasing confusion of steamboats, porters, and locomotives, that a stage coach set me down at the foot of a long avenue leading to a stately mansion so much concealed from view by branching oaks and dark evergreens as to render it the more imposing. In a few moments I grasped the hand of my old friend, and beheld the beautiful Miss Cameron—the beau ideal of my youthful visions.

Several weeks as on the “wings of the wind” had flown rapidly away. Frank C. had wedded the amiable Miss Lancton, and in company with Miss Cameron I had sailed upon the lake and wandered upon its banks; had rode over the hills and rambled in the wild glens of the country for miles around.

It was during one of these rambles, at the close of a long September day, after having visited together a dark cavern in a neighboring ravine, that we seated ourselves on the summit of a precipice overhanging the lake.

The grounds around us had been entirely reft of the forest, except a small tuft of evergreens where we were sitting. A few miles to the south of us the hills or almost mountains towered aloft, till their tops were lost in smoky vapor. Along their sides still waved the virgin forests, unbroken by the woodman’s axe. There the mountain oak, the branching elm, the beech and the broad-leaved linden, mingled their branches with the sugar maple, the towering fir, and the dark foliage of the larch. On the north and west lay extended for miles the most fertile and highly cultivated fields, their autumnal harvests appearing with rich luxuriance. In front of us lay the beautiful Seneca, stretching away among the southern hills, or terminated on the north by the noble village of G——, whose waters ruffled by a gentle breeze during the day, now lay in solemn stillness before us.

The sun was fast sinking in the west. The robin, the jay, and the mocking-bird had ceased to mingle their warblings with a world “teeming with life and motion.”

I had gazed in silent rapture for a few moments upon the beautiful scene before me, when in a quiet and secluded dell at a short distance below, I caught a glimpse of something appearing like a tombstone. Miss Cameron expressing some surprise that I had not before seen it, said it was the quiet resting-place of one of the original proprietors of this continent, and whose history, connected as it was with that of her family, was interwoven with the earliest associations of the nursery. It was the grave of Dekanissora, or the friendless—a name given him on account of his having been deprived of every relative in a bloody war with the Iroquois. “A little distance from his tomb,” said Miss C. “is that of one of my ancestors”—an incident in whose history, connected as it is with Dekanissora and the border wars, I will give to the reader in the language of my fair narrator.

“Edward Cameron was the only son of Col. James Cameron, of England; a gentleman of fortune and distinction, who retired to the new world near the middle of the eighteenth century, and lived in affluence and splendor in the city of Penn.

“Edward, receiving his education in the colonies, became deeply imbued with all the feelings and prejudices of the earlier inhabitants, and the bursting forth of the revolution found him a warm advocate of independence. His father, whose stern ideas of loyalty bound him in strict allegiance to his sovereign, remonstrated and threatened in vain. Edward reasoned with his father, and endeavored to show him the justice of the colonial cause, but to no purpose; and at length kindly but firmly told him that the dictates of reason and justice, seconded by the demands of his adopted country, were more imperative than the calls of luxury and ease, or the unreasonable commands of a parent, and he had that day accepted the command of a company of continental troops. On learning this last, his father's anger overcame all the feelings of a parent, and he bade him never to enter his house again, nor to expect a farthing of his fortune, unless he returned immediately in allegiance to his king. A proud consciousness of acting on the side of justice and duty, sustained Edward as he bade an affectionate adieu to his father and sister, and hastened to the standard of his adopted country.

“It was known in the spring of 1778, that agents of the British government had long been endeavoring, by presents of guns and ammunition, to excite the tribes of the west, known as the Iroquois or Six Nations, to engage in hostilities, and make an attack on the frontier settlements, which were in a very defenseless state. General Schuyler had early called the attention of the Continental Congress to this point of attack. But they, overwhelmed with difficulties in other quarters, neglected this point of danger, until the celebrated Thyandanege, issuing with his savage bands from concealed fastnesses in the western wilderness, came suddenly upon the frontier, and for a long time carried on a more fierce and destructive war than the more settled parts of our country ever witnessed.

“Springfield, Wyoming, and Cherry Valley, fell in quick succession beneath the daring bravery and cunning of the ‘sons of the forest;’ their inhabitants suffering all the barbarities of an exterminating war. These bold atrocities aroused the attention of Congress, and Gen. Sullivan was speedily dispatched into the Indian territories with a powerful force. Under him was Edward Cameron. They had passed several weeks in the wilderness, and advanced into the very heart of the Indian country without meeting scarce a single savage.

“At length, however, on the 29th of August, 1789, they reached a place now called Newton, where the Indians were encamped

in force upon the banks of the Tioga. Here a fierce and bloody encounter ensued, in which the whites suffered severely, but the Indians, leaving nearly two hundred slain, were completely routed, and the remainder fled further up the river, or by different routes towards Niagara, the nearest British fortress. On the following day, Col. Cameron was despatched with a small detachment to attack and burn an encampment of the Indians several miles further up the river, where it was supposed a few of the savages might remain. He took Dekanissora as a guide, who had been rescued on the previous day from captivity among the Iroquois, and whom Col. Cameron had himself preserved from death by running through one of the retreating savages who had raised his tomahawk over the head of his victim as he lay pinioned in the camp.

“On arriving at the encampment and finding it as they had expected, entirely deserted, the soldiers had carelessly dispersed themselves, and were scattering fire-brands among the huts, when a sudden and heavy discharge of musketry from the surrounding thicket, gave them the first indication of impending danger. Seizing this instant of confusion, the savages rushed upon them, and

“Hand to hand, the contest is for life,
With bayonet, sword, and scalping-knife,
Rage and revenge their spirits quickening.”

“Col. Cameron, with the most perfect self-possession, collected his soldiers as quickly as possible, and boldly engaging in the conflict, was fast repelling his foes, when an Indian tomahawk glancing, struck him upon the head and laid him senseless upon the ground. The soldiers, however, having broken the ranks of the savages, were enabled to make a hasty retreat across the Tioga, and at length to gain the encampment of Sullivan. Cameron, with Dekanissora, his Indian guide, who had been taken in attempting to defend him after his fall, were immediately seized after the fray, and would have been instantly slaughtered had not one of the chiefs interfered and prevailed on them to reserve at least these two victims for a future sacrifice at the war dance. In an hour the encampment was destroyed—the huts burned, and the whole band, with all they possessed, on the march for Niagara. Their retreat was disorderly and precipitate, that they might escape any detachment Sullivan should send out. Cameron, weak from the loss of blood, was driven on, with the scalping knife constantly gleaming over his head whenever he lingered for a moment, or dared to look back in hopes of succor. Dekanissora, more accustomed to the pursuits and flights of the forest, passed on with an apparent stoical indifference and sullen silence. It was near sunset, when emerging from the deep shades of the

southern wilderness, they beheld a beautiful sheet of water stretching away to the north, among lofty ranges of hills, farther than the eye could reach. In a short time the whole party were on board some light canoes which lay concealed among the bushes, and rapidly passing down the sheet of water towards Ontario.

“They had travelled in this manner between twenty and thirty miles, when, weary from their long and rapid march, and free from all danger of pursuit, they run their canoes into a small cove and landed. Here a consultation being held, it was determined to remain during that night and the following day, for sleeping and feasting, and on the succeeding night to have the war dance and sacrifice their prisoners to the shades of their fallen comrades. This decision Dekanissora, who had formerly lived upon the very bank where they were now encamped, and partially understood the Iroquois language, heard and briefly communicated to Cameron. ‘And is there no possibility of an escape from so terrible a death,’ eagerly inquired Cameron. ‘None,’ replied Dekanissora; ‘we are so closely watched; but if once I was out of the reach of the rifles of these accursed Mingoes, and on yonder cliff, I know there a deep cavern, which I doubt if even Iroquois cunning ever found. But hist! they observe us; watch and wait till all are asleep.’ Having ended their council, they took the prisoners and placed them bound, each between two strong Indians, in the middle of the encampment. The fires had burned low, and in a short time, all being asleep and quiet, Dekanissora ventured to examine more minutely his situation. Finding his arms but slightly bound, he was quickly enabled to free them from the withes with which they were confined. But now a more difficult task awaited him. A small sapling had been split, and the two parts passing over his body, were fastened so much under the bodies of his sleeping guards as to render it impossible to remove them without awakening the Indians. For a moment he lay in silent despair; but on seeing the glittering blade of a scalping knife in the girdle of one of the Indians by his side, his native love of revenge and his bold daring prompted the idea of freeing himself from confinement by freeing himself from his guards.

“After some difficulty, he at length succeeded in removing the knife from the loosened girdle without awakening the savage, and then in return for the use of it, gently drew it across its owner’s throat, whose last expiring exertion enabled him to roll so far that Dekanissora, by the use of the knife, was in a moment free from his fetters, and ready for a plunge into the wilderness. His next step was to free Cameron. This he had nearly completed, and was proceeding to unbind his body in the same manner that he had his own, when the awakening victim gave a last death whoop, which, ringing through the wilderness, aroused the slumbering savages. Dekanissora had plunged in an instant into the

wilderness, and Cameron, free, had arisen to follow him, but had scarce advanced a step before he was grasped firmly by the other savage who had slept by his side, and thrown again upon the ground.

“Dekanissora’s pursuers returned from a fruitless search, venting their rage in mad threats at Cameron, and making the woods echo with their mournful howl for the dead. The following day was spent by the savages in sleeping, or lounging about the encampment, till about noon; and the remainder of the day, in gorging themselves upon the flesh of a fat buck, killed during the retreat of the preceding day, and drinking deeply till all their fiendish passions becoming aroused their wild threatening gestures and demoniac shouts, amid the darkness of a starless night, might well have made the most daring spirit tremble, and struck terror to the firmest heart.

“But amid this scene, Cameron remained apparently but a spectator. Reflection during the day had prepared him for the threatened tragedy, and with the firmness of the soldier and the calmness of the Christian, conscious of a rectitude of purpose in all his past conduct, with folded arms, he awaited his destined doom, and looked unconcernedly upon the preparations making for it.

“A large fire had been kindled, which, while it dispelled the darkness for a few yards around, made the thick forest but appear more dark and gloomy. A large quantity of faggots, pine knots, and splinters with which to pierce the burning body, had been collected around a large tree at a short distance from the encampment. The main band of the savages, with their painted bodies nearly naked, with a tomahawk or scalping knife in one hand and the scalps of the foes they had slain in the other, were performing the wild war dance with threatening gestures, and hideous yells, around the large fire they had kindled, while a few, leading Cameron to the fated tree, pinioned his arms and legs fast around it, and then arranged the knots and faggots so that death should come by slow torturing degrees.

“When all was prepared, the savages collected in perfect silence around, while one of their number taking a firebrand, proceeded to the tree, and lit the pile, which as it flamed up, the shout of an hundred savages rent the air, as if they would glut themselves with their victim’s torture.

“But not satisfied with seeing him perish thus, three savages stood forth a few paces in front of the rest, brandishing their tomahawks. Just as the fire began to burn, so as to render the mark distinctly visible, and a tomahawk was raised to be hurled, a voice like the moaning of the wind, just reached the ear of Cameron from the depth of the forest behind, saying, ‘No fear, be ready and follow me.’ Surprised, as if a spirit had come from

the dead, Cameron turned his head to see if it was but a vision of his fancy, or if Dekanissora had possibly gained the camp of Sullivan in time for aid to reach him. He had but turned his head, when the tomahawk struck in the tree, so that it must unavoidably have put a period to his sufferings had he not moved. In despair, he beheld no signs of assistance, and had almost begun to regret that the tomahawk had not done its work, when suddenly he felt his feet unbound, and at the same instant his arms fell to his side, and the same voice said again, 'No fear, follow me.'

"There was no need of a second call; with almost supernatural strength and swiftness he sprang from the tree, leaped into the forest, and followed amid the darkness, the steps of his supernatural deliverer towards a deep dark ravine, and was quickly lost to view. So rapidly and so unexpectedly had this been accomplished, that the savages had scarce moved from their places before Cameron was hidden in the forest; then making the forest ring with their yells they swiftly pursued, seizing torches from the burning pile of faggots.

"Cameron and his companion, entering the ravine, followed in the current of a small stream for a few rods, and then crept through a fissure in the rocks, just large enough to admit the body of a single individual, into a somewhat spacious cavern, the entrance to which was so much concealed by overhanging grass and bushes, and had of itself so much the appearance of being no more than a slight crevice in the rocks, as to elude the sight of any but the most close and critical observer. They had scarce got into the cave, when the torches of the savages gleamed through the ravine, and they came trampling around and over them. Once they thought themselves discovered, as a savage tore away the bushes and held his torch so that the light was clearly reflected within, but in a moment he passed on; and it was impossible to trail them, as the stream had washed out all traces. The enemy soon gave up the pursuit, thinking the fugitives had bent their way to Sullivan's camp, and vented their rage and disappointment in another furious yell, and threats of vengeance.

"On the following morning the search was renewed, but with no better success, and near night the Indians were again on the retreat, lest a detachment from Sullivan should overtake them. The succeeding night, Cameron and his companion, Dekanissora, (for such the reader must have ere this discovered him to have been,) came forth from their hiding place and reached the army of Sullivan on the sixth day after they had left it.

"And would you know the rest," said my fair narrator. "Yonder elm, branching so gracefully upon the lawn, is the same to which Col. Cameron, my grandfather, was bound. Where arises

onder mansion, were the savages then encamped. The ravine and cavern below us, which we have this afternoon visited, was the hiding place, and yonder at their own request, is the tomb and last resting place of the faithful Dekanissora and Col. Cameron."

Thus did my fair narrator close the tale of the frontier, as the last rays of the sun had disappeared in the western horizon, on the last evening of my visit at the residence of my friend. But, gentle reader, perchance that evening may not long be the last, as I have some slight expectation of visiting at least once more the banks of the most beautiful Seneca. L.

‘Ο ΕΓΚΑΤΑΛΕΛΕΙΜΕΝΟΣ.

‘Απ’ τῶν δυσμῶν τὴν σκιερὰν γῆν
‘Ο Ζέφυρος γλυκὰ φυσᾷ,
Καὶ ἡ ὑψίκομος ἡ δρυς
Τὸ φύλλον της σιγὰ κινᾷ.
‘Σ τὰς κοιλάδας τὰ ἀρνάκια
‘Αθῶα, παίζουν καὶ πηδοῦν.
Εἰς τὰ πράσινα κλαδάκια
Τὰ πουλάκια κελαδοῦν.
Οἱ ἄγροι πῶς κυματίζουν !
‘Ολ’ ἡ φύσις μειδιᾷ.
Τὸ πᾶν τραγῳδεῖ καὶ χαίρει,
Μόν’ ἡ μαύρη μου καρδιά.
Εἰς τὸ τέλαγος τοῦ κόσμου
Εἰς μονόξυλον πλοιάρι
‘Αγνωστος περιπλανῶμαι
‘Ως κοπιὸν ξηρὸν κλωνάρι.
‘Ολ’ οἱ φίλοι μου με φεύγουν,
Οἱ συγγενεῖς ἐρυθριοῦν
Διὰ τὴν μετ’ ἐμοῦ των σχέσιν
Κι αἰετίζουσι ν’ ἀποσπασθοῦν.
Κάνεις μετ’ ἐμοῦ δὲν χαίρει
‘Οταν ἐγὼ εὐτυχῶ,
Κάνεις δι’ ἐμὲ δὲν δακρύει
‘Οταν ἐγὼ δυστυχῶ.

Μόνος ζῶ καὶ θ’ ἀποθάνω
‘Ως φυτὸν τῆς ἐρημίας,
‘Αγνωστος ἀπὸ τοῦς ἄλλους,
Τέκνον’ γὰρ τῆς δυστυχίης.
Βαρὺς ὁ τροχὸς τοῦ Κρόνου
Κατ’ ἐπ’ ἄνω μου κυλίσθη,
Καὶ ἡ δυστυχίης ψυχὴ μου
Εἰς ἀπελπισιὰν βυθίσθη.
Θάνατε πικρὲ ποῦ εἶσαι ;
‘Εχορτιάσθης ‘πὸ θυσίας ;
Τι ἀργεῖς διὰ νὰ μὲ σώσης
‘Απ’ τὰ νύχια τῆς δουλείας ;
‘Σ τῶν πνευμάτων τὰ παράλια,
Στεῖλέ με, παρακαλῶ,
‘Οπου λάμπει τὸ μέγα ‘Ον,
Διὰ νὰ ζῶ κ’ ἐγὼ μ’ αὐτό.
Χαῖρ’ ὦ χαῖρε πικρὲ κόσμε,
Χαῖρε μ’ ὅλα σου τάγαθά.
Εἰς ἐμὲ σκληρὸς ἐφάνης,
‘Ως κακὴ τις μητρὶς.
‘Σ τὸ μέγα χάος τοῦ παντός
Εἶθες νὰ καταχαθῇς !
Διότ’ ὡς τύραννος σκληρὸς
Τοῦς δυστυχεῖς σὺ τυραννεῖς.

A translation of the above, by a friend of the author, will be found on the next page.

THE FORLORN.

From the sunset shade-land springing,
Sweetly blows young Zephyr free ;
While its soft leaves gently swinging,
Rocks the tall-topp'd oaken tree.

Hark ! the small birds blithe are sounding
'Mid green boughs their sylvan lay,
And the lambkins harmless bounding,
'Long the blossom'd valleys play.

Lo ! in waves the fields run swelling,
Smiles on nature's visage shine,
Sings each thing its transports telling—
Not a heart is sad but mine !

O'er the waste of life's wide ocean,
As a dry lopp'd branchlet thrown,
In my small bark's shiftless motion,
I must wander on unknown.

Friends grown coy all shun, forsaking
Those who own a kindred tie,
Ties of due affection breaking,
Me with bashful coldness fly.

No kind friend to share my gladness,
When Fate's happier moments flow !
Not a heart to grieve my sadness
Through affliction's hour of woe !

Lone I live—so must I perish
Like some plant in desert wild ;
All unknown, ah, none will cherish
Evil fortune's hapless child !

Long and heavy o'er me driving,
The hard wheel of time hath pass'd,
Till grief-crush'd, my spirit striving,
Down in deep despair is cast.

Bitter death why dost thou flee me,
Crav'st thou one more victim's fall ?
Haste, why longer wait to free me
From misfortune's iron thrall ?

Onward bear my soul repining
To the shore of spirits blest ;
There the High One's face is shining,
With him, wearied would I rest.

Farewell ! world of woes we've parted,
Farewell all thy wealth behind ;
Like strange mother, cruel-hearted,
Thou to me hast prov'd unkind.

Ruthless tyrant, ever humbling
Sons of wretchedness to dust !
But in one vast ruin crumbling,
All must perish—and thou must.

THOUGHTS UPON NOVEL READING.

In two former papers we have discussed the character of the most prominent novelists both in the old world and the new ; but lest it should be imagined that we attach an undue importance to their writings, and deem fiction instructive as well as entertaining, and in an equal degree, we now propose to estimate, what seems to us, its true worth. Heretofore we have spoken *absolutely* of fiction, and viewed it as an object in itself worthy of contemplation, apart from the pursuits of general literature ; we would now discuss its comparative merit, nor is such a consideration without its advantages at a time when novels have a circulation, and are subject to a perusal almost unlimited. And it is a fact worthy of note, that thousands of our educated population, employ their superficial attainments for the mere end of gratifying the corrupting

appetites of the mind, and unfitting it for the acquirement of useful knowledge, or for stern, deliberate effort.

The works of Bulwer, with a circulation almost unprecedented in England, France, Germany, Holland and America, are devoured with a greedy rapacity, while the Library of Useful Knowledge, has but a comparatively stinted support. Prescott and Bancroft and Sparks, are obliged to yield by thousands of readers to their more successful compeers of the 'gay tournament and lordly hall.' It becomes us then to scan attentively the true character of publications so favored by the world, and consequently so powerful, for good or ill—to note with jealous scrutiny, their comparative merits—their disadvantageous results, and their genuine value when contrasted with literature at large. It was with the first of these objects in view, that we investigated the characteristics of two novelists eminent in the list of favor if not of real worth: and if we have in the task, unconsciously thrown upon ourselves the reproach of estimating with an unwise partiality, the character and writings of Bulwer and Cooper, we hope to remove the impression by our present views.

Romance writing, springing up with a luxuriant growth in an age when darkness dimmed the mental vision, and superstition veiled it with a mysterious charm, at once adapted itself to the rude and untilled state of intellect. Fancy was the predominating characteristic of mind, previous to that era, when reason brought into requisition by discoveries in the material, and close inquiries in the moral world, was abroad in the land. The novel *then* excited an agreeable feeling of pleased taste, and suited the barbarous, yet chivalric tone of an unlettered age. But it is impossible as well as unnecessary to the prosecution of our inquiries, to compare closely, either in influence or in tone, the romance of the twelfth or thirteenth centuries with those of our own date; nor would we embrace in our remarks the writings of that epoch which is identified with the names of Richardson, Fielding and Smollett.

Why this age has become diseased with a novel mania, we are at a loss to conjecture, unless it may be the result of that system of universal education, which, while it has brought to light many a gem, has also warmed into existence, numbers who before slumbered ignorant of the perversity of their own judgment. Such, without discretion, employ their slight acquirements to gratify every passing appetite, in neglect of higher acquisitions and ultimate worth. But we cannot believe that education viewed in this light, has constituted the entire portion of novel readers. There are those who read as a pleasant relaxation from the sterner pursuits of educated mind; who hail the novel as a precious gift, to throw a glow of feeling about the individual character,—who admire the brief strut of the hero upon the little stage of life, and

mark with pleasure the accuracy of its detail. Such can peruse it safely, if not too frequently—can wisely spend a while of this brief being of ours, in looking in its mirror, viewing its personages struggling over the shoals, overwhelmed by the billows, and now again proudly triumphant amid all the ills of life. Thus considered, fiction is instructive ;—

“ To wake the soul by tender strokes of art,
To raise the genius and to mend the heart ;
To make mankind in conscious virtue bold,
Live o’er each scene, and be what they behold ;”

may and should be the appropriate task of the novel, as well as of the tragic muse. In truth the fiction of our day differs but little in its higher characteristics from the drama of older date ; and Shakspeare, were he to waken from his sleep on Avon’s side, would be surprised to find that the tale of his ‘ merry hours with early friends,’ could be told with such a degree of interest. He conceived of power attaching itself alone to personages themselves in the *acting out* of their passions, and nobly did he typify his conceptions. Cold narration would have chilled the love of Juliet, or deadened the sweetness of Desdemona’s affection ; a tale could not have drawn Macbeth the man he was. Meg Merlies is a powerful picture, and in many points the coloring is as true as the *genuine* form of Lady Macbeth ; but well may the former be looked upon as a work of art, when contrasted with the Thane of Cawdor’s lady.

But we would not institute a comparison between individual authors. Suffice it to say, that fiction is susceptible of all those high influences which Pope has so justly ascribed to the buskin and the stage. Both draw passions ; both paint the real and the ideal life ; both study the world—both picture their studyings, for the world to study in turn. Yet strange as it may seem, the one, is held to be the weak impoverished echo of the glow and feeling of the other ; the one, is condemned as the idle and vain show of exaggerated hopes and successes, and the other, though subjected to equal abuses in the execution, is hailed as the ordeal of the passions, the school of feeling, the text-book of worldly philosophy. Nothing can be more unfounded than this imaginary distinction ; and he who studies well the human heart—he who knows the secret springs of action, who discerns thoroughly and at a glance the mysterious workings of our nature, is none the less the philosopher, whether he wrap his acquirements in the icy stoicism of formal maxims, and severe inductions—in the life and vigor and ever-changing mode of dramatic scenes, or in the placid, calm rehearsal of a *storied life*. Minds of eminence may from accident, or from natural *taste* have struck out for themselves one or the other of these forms, or possibly like Cowper, and Pol-

ok, and Pope, have thrown their studyings into the form of poetry ; thus, though a lustre may have been imparted to one rather than the other, it is no proof of fundamental distinction or excellence in the departments themselves.

We would not be supposed here to identify works of imagination and reason ; but there is a knowledge of humanity, which, whether it be aided in the exhibition by the fire of imagination or the cold delineation of reason, is the same to its fortunate possessor. But to recur again to our parallel between fiction and the drama, for the purpose of illustrating and establishing the efficacy of the former, we cannot but notice the decided preëminence of fiction in a historic point of view. While the drama becomes virtually the historiographer of mind and passion in its age, fiction, equally adapted to the same purpose, also presents in detail those material symbols which mark a nation's progress, and with the freedom of the painter, draws upon its pages every object in the great work-house of Nature ; thus uniting by its extended range the passions and endowments of mind, with customs social and political—it also paints the scenery of the theatre, in which the great drama is being enacted. The historical interest which can be and often is imparted to novels, cannot be too highly estimated. With those charms which ever lend it a winning smile, it supersedes the dry circuitous narrative of the professed historian, and ensures by its attractiveness a more general acquaintance with mind at large, and a more certain perpetuity. For historic truth like moral truth, must not only be arrayed in its outer lineaments, but endowed with charms to *impress* it upon the mind. Such is the fitting duty of the writings we are contemplating ; they lend grace to the truths of antiquity. Witness the labors of Homer in recounting Priam's deeds ; of James in associating the decay of the western empire, with the bloody footsteps of the ' Scourge of God,' and the savage customs of the northern bandits ; of Bulwer in telling us the story of the Last Tribune ; of Scott in the glowing narrative of Woodstock. Who could not wish that the remembrances which thereby cluster about the names of Attila, of Rienzi, of Cromwell—enlivened with an equal fascination the times of an Alfred, a William of Normandy, or a Charlemagne ? Who could not wish that the fire of contemporaneous romance lighted up the history of Copernicus, Pope Leo, or Tamerlane ?

The mind of man is so constituted, as to dwell longest and with most zeal upon its delights—either prospective or retrospective : is it not then both natural and correct to infer, that it would cherish longest and most perfectly the memory of those events with which were associated agreeable sensations ? “ And ye, whose clay-cold heads and lukewarm hearts, can argue down or mask your passions—tell me, what trespass is it that man should

have them?" If such is the attractiveness and attendant benefits with which can be enrolled the truths of history—if the sound understanding grasps that which excites pleasurable emotions, and dwells upon it as a delightful resort—what more worthy of encouragement than these historic chronicles, decked in so lively a garb?

But we have assumed that, which the earnest inquirer will be little disposed to grant, namely, the novelist's general regard for history, and the perusal of ~~their~~ works by the intelligent for the purposes of improvement, united with pleasurable relaxation from more arduous pursuits. The deplorable falsity of both these suppositions renders this *novel* age insecure in its literary height, and vitiates the whole current of that reading which is sweeping over the educated world. There was a time, and a blessed time it was! when the old "Stories of My Grandfather" would light up a new smile, and diffuse a new glow over the pleasant quietude of a family circle; but now that the 'happy new year' with its delightful associations of ruddy cheeks, and a smiling group of artless children has passed away, and given place to the cold stoicism of modern refinement, the story-book is no longer a little treasure bequeathed as a rich inheritance, but the trashy novel is read for fashion's sake—is read, for it is the storehouse of polite knowledge—is read, to allay the burning fever it creates! And the writers too have passed away, who threw a charm over the domestic circle by picturing the story of some 'puir Davie Deans'—"to illustrate the great truth, that guilt, though it may attain temporal splendor, can never confer real happiness; and that the paths of virtue, though seldom those of worldly greatness, are always those of pleasantness and peace." They do not interweave those endearing domestic associations which crowd with a playful vivacity about the heart, but, the creatures of a created sentiment, write, if for any thing more than passing bewilderment, only to incite a brooding over the heartlessness and noisy joys of the world. The novelists of our time bring not back the mimic pleasures of our youth, by engrafting upon each succeeding age, the little endearing incidents of the last—the mind recurs not through ~~them~~ to forgotten pastimes, which swell the feelings with a glow of enthusiasm and tenderness, that opens the heart, and betters the nature; but humors the caprices of a thoughtless class of readers, and in his zeal to create a constant, yet morbid appetite, drugs his offerings with *mercurial* charms.

The research, the study, the fixed aim for improving and instructing—all essential to his success in the branches we have been contemplating, are in him wanting. Taste perverted by pretending authors must be humored by the eminent, or their capabilities for success are forever gone.

But we have more than all this to fear, in view of that class of individuals who form the great proportion of novel readers; and in contemplation of this, in connection with the general flippant character of the novelists of the present day, we are compelled to admit, or rather to enforce the truth, that novels now considered in all their results, are the most vigorous antidote to a system of thorough, diffusive education. Not only does their perusal impoverish in a high degree the intelligent and reflecting mind, which either reads indiscriminately, or with inconsiderate regard for their character, but what is far more baneful, it snatches upon the unguarded mind, gifted with only a faint outline of literature, and untaught to reason calmly, and to study deliberately—captivates ~~the~~ imagination, and bears it away in triumph, to riot in brilliant, corrupting festivities—vain mockeries of truth! It is in this point of view, we must regard the works under consideration as most dangerous—their tendency to mislead those without the discretion to withstand their enticing forms, and to read with right aims; to such they prove a curse—throwing the mind, while yet barren of fundamental truths and general knowledge, into a state unfit for toil—unfit for active exertion,—enervating the faculties, and creating a morbid and insatiate appetite for tinselled trash, incompatible with a regard for fact or reason. Such readers, admire even in the best fiction, what to the reflecting mind is but the useless, though perhaps delightful accompaniments of truths of humanity, or a powerful exhibition of mortal excellencies and frailties.

'Tis such a view of novelists and their writings, which, we think, reveals the cause of a fearful vacuity of intellect, and reasoning, reflecting mind, that is so apparent in many of our educated females. With unrestrained license, devouring without judgment the thousand emissions of a baneful press, their tastes are *varnished* with an unreal sentiment, their manners corrupted by a vile affectation, and their whole minds are flaming with a torturing sensitiveness, engendered by the ideal associations they have gathered around them—unfitting them for all the nobler duties of their sex, and above all, for a high intellectual, or even moral preferment. We say moral—and we firmly believe, though secondary in their influence, that the novels of the present day are no less influential in corrupting the intellectual, than in impairing the moral being. Their frequent study, familiarizes with vice—renders callous to debasing crimes, and above all creates a false delicacy, which is the sure forerunner and concomitant of lurking licentiousness! It depraves taste by destroying our natural abhorrence for vulgar epithets and allusions; few we are aware, will be willing to admit an increasing relish for profanity or licentiousness, and with reason, did the modern novel render guilt an object for the shaft of scorn—but how often—how univer-

sal the contrary. Sympathy, the novelist makes a prime bulwark of his profession, and fearfully does he employ its workings upon the youthful and unreflecting mind !

But though all fictitious works were graced with the richness and the historical interest of *Quentin Durward*, yet there would be danger that even the intelligent and thinking reader, fascinated by its alluring charms, should always seek so quiet a respite from his toil, and becoming insensible to its high benefits, finally drink at fountains, which sparkle but to betray ! It is to be feared, that he who frequents the delights of *romantic* chronicles, should unconsciously nourish within himself a distaste for that garb, which conveys many a sterner moral than gem the volumes of Fielding or Scott. For true it is, that there are truths in the world, and the great majority of practical truths, which do not present themselves to the mind iris-hued, or pendent in the skies, but are to be sought after with careful unmitigated toil. The reflecting mind must then nerve itself for the accomplishment of such tasks, and not relax its energies by acquiring minor truths with pleasure to itself. Practical truths there are, too plain for fiction ;—truths in the social world, too strange for fiction ;—truths in the world of science, too abstract for fiction ;—truths in the moral world too weighty for fiction, and truths in the religious world too solemn for fiction—truths “under which the mind sinks, content with calm relief and humble adoration !”

The sphere of the true novelist is a high one, but can be—is debased ; his exertions may be honorable—they may be, and are baneful ; he may purify, admonish, enlighten, instruct ; he may enervate, corrupt, deprave ; impoverish the intellect or debase the morals. In conclusion we can but add, that while the reflecting mind, steeled by a contemplation of great moral or political truths—armed by a large and varied acquaintance with literature—above all alive to its worth—while such a one, may peruse harmlessly the modern works of fiction, yet it is a culpable waste of time ; and even the perusal of those of acknowledged merit, should ever bear but a small proportion to other intellectual pursuits, at the expense of vigor and precision of thought. Again, the mind whose literary horizon is comparatively limited, especially the youthful mind, should abstain from fictitious writings as an antidote—fearful antidote to the full development of his mental faculties ; in their study, he hazards the purity of his moral nature, and insensibly nurtures within himself a toleration of vice and ignominy, which in the end will “sting like a scorpion and bite like an adder !” And the purest—the best of fiction, with the most cautious of readers, we should ever be disposed to view only as pleasant by-paths, whereat the traveller in the world of letters, may turn aside to regale himself with healthful shades, but by no means essential to a proud and noble stand in the drama of life.

EPILEGOMENA.

"Thus far we run before the wind."

"**HELM** a port!" cried the Corporal, who had safely commanded our little vessel for a long—long month, and up she rode, trim and neat and pretty as a French *fille de chambre*, into harbor—well! well! good reader, I was attempting to carry out the simile, with which the grave Philomegistus introduced our last little budget of things strange and attractive,—but excuse me, I have failed; and alas! for my character, I have put the stout old curmudgeon of a *Corporal* on seaboard, and fairly run my craft aground! Truly a ludicrous mistake! I fancy I see the old Corporal now, stiff as his firelock—his short pipe clenched in his teeth, like a bone in the maw of a hungry whelp—his long locks streaming out from under his rusty beaver—his threadbare pantaloons, dangling about his thin long shanks, and his keen gray eye, shooting out glances of fire, as he stands in his *drill* posture!—ha! ha! Madame La Creevy should have an opportunity to sketch him!

But seriously, good reader, we have picked up here and there another cargo, and all under the superintendence of this same valiant *Corporal Trim*. Howbeit it is time to apprise you, that I do not write for criticism; I won't be criticised, and 'bother my wits' but you will have to conform to strange rules to hit me; I'm writing *without* criticism,—quiet then your snarling visage, and be a man for once; let me have my own way in this matter. Yet I have reasons for writing, reader, and you shall know them.—I write, then,

1st. To fill up these few blank pages.

2d. To humor my own fancy.

3d. To give you a little insight into our ways and means.

It is a well furnished room, where these things are recorded. A large table is spread out in the middle, and the Corporal has taken his pipe out of his mouth—quietly knocked out the ashes upon the window sill—laid his shanks carefully over the back of a chair, and waits the order of the board! This Corporal by the way is a stern man, giving force to his opinions by vehement puffs of tobacco smoke, and in all his ways equally a man of system; his views are conceived with more precipitation than they are delivered—but bless me! they are deliberately uttered! Puff—and a word; puff—and a word; puff—and a word!—in short, the Corporal has his whims, but we humor him and he sticks pretty close to his pipe. The Corporal is a politician—not a hard cider or Van man, but one who goes back to first principles of government—ridicules the absurd notions of modern lawgivers, and quietly puffing away at his pipe, gives utterance to sentiments that would grace the text-book of Confucius! How the Corporal became such a man of politics, and how the fates have brought him to the stand he now occupies, we reserve for a future chapter.

Philomegistus—"put on his spectacles—looked—took them off—put them into his case;" he, by the way, is a quiet, unobtrusive, sober minded man, who will never do much harm in the world. With the gravity of Yorick—"a mysterious carriage of the body to cover the defects of the mind," he is one who would succeed well, provided people would do him the kindness to tip their hats to 'his honor,' and bid him good day! Short of this he would be a small man. Obadiah sits next—straight—sleek—ugly—a paradox! I never knew what to make of Obadiah; he's a much greater philosopher, however, than he that rode the coach-

horse after Dr. Slop in *Tristram Shandy*. He is our critic, and yet he is no critic! He is the only one among us that can tolerate 'womankind;' and with that, fair reader, I dismiss him for your private consideration.

Next I sit myself—a curious character! I've looked over the Bible and *Pilgrim's Progress* to get myself a name, but find I'm no more like Great Heart than like Giant Despair! Sancho Panza and the Don himself, Ralpho and his Knight, all passed before me and were abandoned. Falstaff and Hamlet are as much unlike me, as Robinson Crusoe or Homer! in short and in despair I write myself—Smike! No!—no!—he is too despicable! Oh shade of Shakspeare—ah! I have it—yes, let me be—Peter Quince!

Peter Quince is before you. But permit me kind reader, to jump into your boots (or *ties*, as the case may be) and view myself in the third person. Peter Quince, then, is a perfect *unique* in an editorial corps.

“He has some wit,
But's very shy of using it;
As being loth to wear it out,
He therefore bears it not about!”

Lend him then your sympathy, for like all other witless mortals, he has his hobby. Berkshire and China pigs—Devonshire and Durham neat cattle—Bakewell and Merino sheep—Rohan potatoes—Ruta Bagas are constantly running in his head! he amuses himself with constructing plans for piggeries and cattle stalls. Herd-grass and furze-top embrace all his knowledge of botany, and ploughed and 'seeded down' land, comprise his system of geology! You should have a graphic description of him, as he now stands in *your shoes*, but of a truth,

“Nature sometimes makes one up
Of such sad odds and ends,
It really might be quite as well
Hushed up among one's friends!”

But these are not all, good reader,

“Ah, no! for we are five!
And often at the sunset hour,
We take our little porringer”——

Excuse me, I am in such a habit of quoting that really——

The table is groaning under all manner of writings and pamphlets and books; but we shall take them as they come.—The Collegian, in its gay attire, varied and interesting; old Dartmouth sends its bantling, stern and stately as the granite strata of its mother state. Amherst, with its *Hornæ Collegianæ*, has appeared again in its neat, comely dress, and with richer contents than ever. The Knickerbocker; and pray who is this Flaccus that is eliciting such diverse opinions from the press? The North American Review hails him as a new poet, and the weekly columns are filled with denunciations of his worth! “Bless me! what a trade is driven by the critics in these days!”

Meanwhile I have been making inquiries after the fate of our June issue;—I always have been curious to pick up sly hints and whims; for after all, favor, though capricious as a sunbeam in the clouds of April, is the very bread and water of an author's subsistence; nor could I help observing, in my intercourse with this little world of ours, that we have certain professional critics who stereotype their views on the day of emission, and send them abroad for standard value. Thus the great body are thrown off their own resources, and criticize sagely with-

out ever reading! Let me implore you, good reader, and 'tis all I ask—to form your own opinions. But as I was saying, I have overheard unobservedly many a rare *critique*: from the Senior—short, laconic: from the Junior—cool, deliberate: from the Soph—long, *overwhelming*: from the Freshman—hot and spirited: from the sub-Freshman (heaven pardon him!)—of all of them, many are favorable; but alas! “*multa utraque dicuntur*,” and the keen blade of the *practicante* has dealt out excruciating thrusts!

But hark!—the Corporal has resumed his pipe, and the sage Philomegistus has put on his spectacles, and is commencing—

“Gents, insert the following lines”——

Ha! ha! uttered in what Mr. Dana would call the true *potential* spirit! and the author would fain *permeate* us with his own views. But alas! the good old golden times, when the *naturalness* of the following words would be relished, I fear are gone!

“Vernal showers, how bright the earth appears
By thy pearly drops refreshed;
The *sweaty* rays of the mid-day summer sun,
By thy cooling influence repressed!

The fragrant flowers send forth their odors sweet,
To purify the unsavory air,
And Nature's arrayed in her beauteous garb and sunny smile,
Like *some blushing maiden fair*.”

Verily—

‘Tempora mutantur, nos et mutamur in illis!’

But really, I am not disposed to disregard all Mr. Dana has told us; for with his barbarous expressions, his twisted phraseology, and absolute abstraction from all material things, or finite conceptions, he speaks very many truths.

Mr. Dana is essentially a man of *feeling*—of *too keen* a sensibility. But he must not think to remodel the taste of the age. Society has got pretty strongly set in its own ways, and 'twould require a *pretty strong* man to buck it up one or two centuries. He must not struggle too hard against the encroachments of this anti-refining era. The world will have its way, and he had better let it wag on; or, if he would go smoothly, he must fall into the flood of human affairs at the tide, or else with Willy Shakspeare, “he may lose his venture!” It is well worthy of remark, that almost every enthusiastic German scholar, invariably falls into their mode of expression; some affect it, as Carlyle, and Ralph Waldo Emerson; others, and I should rank Coleridge and Dana among the number, seem to have inspired their views, and breathe them out, as if they were their own native *aliment*. But I forget our correspondent, and his observations; suffice it to say, I differ decidedly from many of his views,—but,—‘*de gustibus non disputandum*.’

“Hear him! hear him!” ejaculated I, as Corporal Trim now rose—pulled up his pantaloons with both hands, and commenced—Poetry, 'twas read and another, and another, and another, all *poetry*!

“By Jove,” quoth Obadiah, “poetry is a drug!”

“Ahem!” echoed Philomegistus, and in his grave manner, exclaimed with Old Kit North—“and have druggists no bowels? if *they* have not, let them remember that we have, and the thousands who come up to us for healing waters!”

Oh Poets! I adjure you—I conjure you! spare—spare us! 'Tis an ocean of drugs!—'tis astounding—the swarm of poetasters that crowd upon us—and such a swarm! Prodigious!——

"You'd think they were crusaders sent
From some infernal clime,
To pluck the eyes of sentiment,
And dock the tail of rhyme;
To crack the voice of melody,
And break the legs of time!"

Octo-syllabic and Pentameters—Strophes and Antistrophes—Proems and Epilogues—Prologues and Episodes—and all manner of titles that exist now—or ever—the earth was! 'Morning,' 'Evening,' 'Showers,' 'Straws,' and that more classic *pronomena* of 'Lines';—*Ecce Signum*,—

LINES TO MISS B——.

"I am nae poet
Nae need I show it
By raibling into roosty rimes,
My mony thoughts
O' mony sorts
Sin' I've eno' of ither crimes!"

"Sae then fair miss
Accept o' this
Ae token of my lee-lang love,
An' be assured
That I allured,
An' phraised by thee, hae often strove,

"To sing the love
I bear above
A' worldly things beside,
For ye my dear,
Whilk never fear,
'Twill elsewhere e'er abide.

"I cad nae breathe,
I wad nae weave,
The mickle love I bear ye!
Ane winsome kiss,
An' tnen for this,
I care not an' I hae ye!"

"Whew!—whew!—w-h-e-w!" whistled Obadiah; as for the Corporal, the vehemence of his feelings completely overcame him—his pipe snapt in the confusion—

"His lank sides heaved—his limbs they stirred,
He gave a groan, and then another
Of that which went before, the brother!
And then he gave a third!"

"Ahem!" shouted Philomegistus, and straight wound up

"The watch of his wit
Which by and by will strike!"——

By'r Lady, the *deril* is at my shoulder! Well Peter Quince! thou'rt the last! Snug and Oliver and Bottom, doubtless, long since have met him——

I'm now writing by the square inch, good reader—permit me then to draw you up our little company in file, and adjourn for another moon.

The Corporal has filled his pipe a third time—pulled up his pantaloons, and sat down in his own arm chair, and is puffing away lustily! Philomegistus sits nursing, looking out from under his spectacles—Obadiah is straining his lungs to great effect in reading away at an 'Hour at Sunset'——

What the devil is all this about!——

"A cock and bull story," muttered Philomegistus, stealing his joke from Tristram, "and one of the best of its kind I ever heard"——

Ha! ha!——your humble servant, good reader,

PETER QUINCE.

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DOMITIAN.

I.

THE senators of Rome were met at the palace of the emperor. They had been summoned to a banquet; yet they wore not the features of men who came with light hearts to feast and make merry. There was a knitting of the brow, a curl of the lip, an uneasy glancing of the eye, that told of anxiety or scorn. It were difficult, indeed, to say which feeling predominated; but one could judge from these tokens, as well as from the murmurings which mingled with their conversation, that all was not right. A few knights were also present, and partook of the general hue of discontent. Two or three of the younger of these, attempted once or twice to disturb the prevailing gloominess by some sally of wit; but the forced laugh seemed choked as soon as uttered, and they desisted. And thus an hour passed slowly away.

"Perhaps, worthy Sulpicius," said one whose dress bespoke him of equestrian rank, "the fishermen have dragged the net in vain, and the turbot will to-day escape the learned scrutiny of the senate. The emperor will have no occasion to consult your venerable body how he may best prepare the fish for his table."

The senator to whom this remark was with a shrewd smile of sarcasm addressed, frowned darkly as he replied: "Let not the emperor repeat that sport. He has already too much insulted Rome through her senate. Had we the spirit of our fathers, he had long since felt that there was power among us to punish tyrants. But Rome has forgotten that she once was free."

The knight laid aside his gaiety. His countenance assumed a sterner cast, and his voice a deeper tone, as, with a meaning glance at the senator, he asked, "And think you there is not a Brutus left?"

Sulpicius was about to reply, but the door of the antechamber was just then thrown open, and the emperor entered.

Even a careless observer might have perceived in the countenance of Domitian the marks of debauchery and strong passion. In the prime of manhood, he wore the appearance of age ; not of that peaceful serenity which sits on the features of the virtuous old man, who looks back with pleasing thoughtfulness on his past life, but of premature wasting. Licentiousness had brought disease ; and the fury of unbridled passions, of hate and revenge, and their usual companions, suspicion and fear, had made deep ravages on his face and form. Ascending the throne more than suspected of the murder of his predecessor and brother, Titus, he strove to win the popular favor by largess and fair promises. The people were deceived, and thanked the gods that they had given them a sovereign so mild and careful of their interests. But his true disposition was soon made manifest. He became oppressive, exacted large sums from the rich, and robbed the poor to supply his own extravagance and gratify his lusts. He became suspicious, because a tyrant, and cruel, because suspicious. The blood of some of Rome's best citizens was spilt at his command. The emperor was now the object of universal hatred ; and he knew this, and felt it, and his malice grew but the stronger. While he stood in constant dread of being assassinated, and resorted to all the stratagems which tyrants use for self-defense, he sought still to glut his rage. The senate was a peculiar object of his malicious passion. But a short time previous to the opening of our narrative, he had formally assembled that body, and with mock gravity proposed a debate as to the best vessel in which to cook a certain kind of fish. Exasperated as they were by such an insult, they had not yet dared openly to resent it ; and now, when invited to banquet with the emperor, they had assembled with mingled feelings of hate and fear—afraid that a refusal would bring down on them his angry power, and at the same time suspecting that some evil intentions were concealed under the invitation. With such feelings, it may readily be supposed that the appearance of Domitian, although an interruption of their gloomy waiting, and a signal that they were about to be summoned to the feast, caused few emotions of joy.

“Hail ! senators and knights of Rome !” was the emperor's salutation, and a malicious glance shot from his eye as he spake ; “ye are welcome to the palace. Our slaves have delayed the supper, but ye will have a keener appetite. We have no common feast to-day, and it were well, by Jove ! to set the teeth on edge, and give sharpness to the palate ere ye come to taste its richness. Sulpicius, how fares the sweet Livia ? I have half a mind to visit thee at thy villa on the morrow. Were the gods to take Domitia to the abode of shades, I'd ask no Orpheus's power to

win her back : thy Livia should soon become an empress. Ha ! Pedius ! hast thou then deserted Janus ? Come, perhaps, to see how thy last loan has been expended ? May the entertainment warm thy heart to supply a few more sestertia for our sports. Cyprianus has just arrived with some noble beasts from Africa, and the German gladiators are in full prime. Vitellius, well met ; I have a word or two of business for thy private ear. But hold ! the banquet waits. To this all else must be deferred. To the hall, then, to the hall ! Slaves, let the doors be thrown open."

We cannot easily represent the looks and tones of the speaker ; nor describe the feelings of the company, especially of the individuals addressed. In the former were blended scorn, and irony, and hate, which hypocrisy could not conceal. Sulpicius was enraged at the rude mention of his daughter's name, and the eye of the young knight flashed fiercely. Pedius, the money lender, was alarmed for his coffers, and Vitellius would gladly have shunned the honor of the promised private interview. All were indignant, but many feared, and the boldest knew that it was no time to manifest their feelings. The doors of the hall were thrown open, and following the emperor, they entered.

But what a scene awaited them ! What a feast had the hospitality of the emperor prepared ! The room, which, on such occasions, was wont to blaze with the light of a hundred perfumed lamps, reflected from the rich drapery and gold that adorned the walls, was now hung with black, and dimly lighted with a few glimmering tapers. The very gloom of the apartment chilled the hearts of the guests. But what was their surprise, how were their suspicions strengthened, when in the centre of the apartment, where they had expected to see the table spread with rich viands, they beheld a coffin for each one present, with his own name inscribed upon it ! Astonishment held them breathless. The thought that some fouler deed was intended, filled the fearful with alarm. And yet they could not believe the emperor would venture so far as to destroy at once so many of the most influential citizens. They supposed it a malicious freak of his to cast another insult on their once honored body ; and some of the bolder and more warm spirited, could with difficulty restrain the rage that was ready to burst forth. Domitian looked on with fiendish joy.

"How like ye my banquet, worthy senators ! Brave knights, why stand ye so silent ? Is this your wont at times of feasting ? Perhaps the dimness of the hall casts gloom upon your spirits. Ye shall have a brighter glare, and music, too, to enliven you."

Gracchus, the young knight, before mentioned, could not endure the taunt. "Insulting tyrant," he exclaimed, and was about to rush upon the emperor, when Sulpicius seized his arm and withheld him, while he whispered in his ear—"Be not too rash ;

we are now in his power, and can do nothing ; let us bear in silence ; the time for vengeance will come ; he dare not attempt our lives ; let him carry out his miserable sport."

Domitian had heard the words, and marked the movement of Gracchus ; and at the moment the young man's doom was fixed. But it was not his purpose now to spill blood, and he said nothing. But at his signal, the dark drapery was suddenly drawn aside, and there rushed into the room a multitude of half naked men, with blackened visage, each bearing in one hand a blazing torch, and in the other a drawn sword. With wild yells they sprang towards the affrighted guests, waving their torches and brandishing their swords ; filling the room, as it were, at once with the light and noise of hell, and peopling it with demons. Most of the senators and some of the knights, shrunk back at their approach. A few more bold stood their ground and looked calmly on the seeming executioners. One of the slaves came fiercely towards Gracchus, who scorned to retreat, and whose spirit could not brook such insult. As the ruffian thrust his torch into the young man's face and waved his naked blade over him, he raised his arm, and, with a single stroke, cast the slave headlong to the floor. Discomfited he rose, but dared not again approach the knight. After the emperor had sufficiently glutted himself with this exhibition, the slaves were ordered to withdraw, and his guests were dismissed with these parting words.

"Farewell, senators and knights of Rome. I thank ye for your company. I trust ye have found such joy that ye will not soon forget Domitian's banqueting. As for thee, young Gracchus, thou shalt hear from me ere long."

Gracchus was about to give an angry reply, but the friendly and prudent Sulpicius again restrained him ; and they left the palace.

II.

The stillness of the night, the quiet balminess of the air, and the calm beauty of the starry sky, were in strong contrast with the agitation, the stormy bosoms, of Sulpicius and Gracchus, as they trode the way from the palace to the senator's villa. For a time, neither uttered a word. Each was too busy with his own musings, for each had cause sufficient to excite deep and strong emotion. The knight, though keenly sensible of the personal insult he had received, as well as of the dishonor done to the whole state in the person of the senate, and aware of the danger he had by his rashness incurred, was yet most occupied with the thought of Domitian's allusion to Livia, the daughter of Sulpicius. The son of her father's friend, and a frequent visitor at his villa, Livia had long loved Gracchus as a brother, and he in turn gave her all a brother's love—and more. Though their *sponsalia* had not

yet been made, their hearts were pledged, and the young man had received from Sulpicius the promise of his daughter's hand. It was with no little indignation, therefore, that Gracchus had heard the words of the emperor. He did not for a moment fear that the prospect of a throne, in union with such a monster, could ever win her away from him ; nor did he suppose that Domitian was at all sincere in the admiration and purpose he expressed. Yet the foolish, self-torturing jealousy of the lover did disturb him. But he was most moved by rage at the insult done to her whom he looked upon as all purity, by one so vile and licentious, and he burned for revenge.

Sulpicius, though his paternal feelings smarted under this wound, was dwelling more intensely on the wrongs done his country, and revolving in his mind the possibility of freeing her from tyranny, and by the same effort avenging his own injuries. In the breast of each, passion was powerfully inflamed. In Gracchus, it was ready to burst forth, destroying him at the same time that it consumed its object. In Sulpicius, it was under the control of a judgment, which, while it did not weaken, strove to direct its energy, that it might produce the greatest effect. The knight at length broke silence, uttering his thoughts aloud rather than addressing his companion.

“Is it not enough that he has shed the best blood of Rome, oppressed her citizens, insulted her senate? Must he enter the sanctuary of domestic affection, and defile that with his presence? He—the debased, blood-stained, licentious, brutal Domitian—dare to speak of her, the fair, and pure, and lovely! Livia the wife of Domitian! Ye gods! Rome shall sooner learn there is yet one arm with nerve enough to reach a tyrant's heart.”

“Aye! it must be,” said Sulpicius, also pursuing his train of thought—“Domitian must no longer rule. I will myself call on the senate to exert their power, to assert their rights, and hurl him from his seat, or else”—

“The senate!” interrupted Gracchus, “what can they do? What will they do? Do they not tremble even at his glance? Do they not basely cringe before him? No, Sulpicius, hope nothing from the senate. A single arm must strike the blow.”

“And yet I would make the effort. Rome, enslaved as she is, has not, I hope, lost all the spirit of the free. I like not this stooping to murder even such a monster. I would have him publicly and formally condemned, that future rulers may know there is yet power in the senate. Justice must have her course, lest occasion be given for the impious to violate her sacredness.”

“Justice! and will she not approve the destruction of a tyrant, however achieved? Did our ancestors wait the long delay and weakness of legal forms, when they took vengeance on the first Cæsar?”

“But Rome is not now what she then was. She has become too patient under her sovereigns, and the assassination of one despot but opens the way for another to ascend the throne. I would have the senate make at least the effort to maintain its power. If it fail, then we must employ that last resort.”

“And be assured, it will fail, and take heed lest the attempt cost some precious blood. But, mark me! Domitian shall no longer reign. We have had a Decius and a Brutus whose names shall never die. The blood of the Gracchi is in these veins; if need be, Rome shall see it can be shed to free her from a tyrant.”

“Gracchus, though your pulse beats more quickly, you feel not more deeply than myself the wrongs and oppression of our land. I have looked with dismay and anger on each successive act of cruelty and despotism. I have seen with a heavy heart the noblest citizens, some of them my own best friends, wantonly murdered. I have heard the poor groaning under their afflictions, and have prayed the gods to remove the scourge. But our treatment this day—the base insult of the senate, and my own injury as a father, has passed the limit of endurance. I am now resolved. Domitian’s despotic reign shall cease. He must leave the throne of the Cæsars, and be exiled to some distant province, or must die. Nay, death is the only sufficient security against his attempts, and the only fit punishment for his crimes. But let us act prudently, and, if we can, with all the forms of justice. He has yet the army under his control, and our rashness may destroy our purpose and involve us all in ruin. Be ruled by me, then, Gracchus, and do nothing in this matter without my knowledge. But here we are at my home. Keep silent on this subject, and let us put away the look of anxiety, that we bring nothing into the circle of our friends to disturb their bliss. The gods be praised, there is one spot where we can find something to still our angry passions and help us to bear the rough treatment of the world.”

With these words they entered the garden, and drew near the house. To their surprise, their approach was unobserved, and they passed the vestibule unnoticed. Sulpicia, contrary to her custom, had retired, and Livia met them not with her wonted smile of welcome. But entering the house, they found her within bathed in tears. Alarmed at the sight, the father and the lover both anxiously inquired the cause of her grief; and learned that information had but a short time previously reached her of the condemnation and execution of Flavius Clemens, and the banishment of his wife Domitilla. Clemens was the neighbor and friend of Sulpicius, though much younger than he; and Domitilla, the daughter of one with whom Sulpicius had been closely associated in early life, had long been the intimate companion of Livia. Each was to the other as a sister; and though they differed in their religious views, and Livia often strove to persuade

Domatilla to abandon what she considered the absurdities, and the despised society of the Christians ; while the latter would, with equal warmth, plead in behalf of her holy religion, and try to show the follies of paganism—their friendship had never been interrupted, nor their love abated. Clemens was also a believer in Christ ; and the emperor, to gratify his private malice, made this a pretext for his destruction. The life of Domatilla was spared to be wasted in exile on a dreary island.

It was for her friend, torn from her without the sad comfort of a parting embrace, that Livia wept ; and her tears flowed fast as the recital of the cause gave her fresh grief. Sulpicius and Gracchus glanced at each other as they heard the announcement, and the former, stifling his own emotions, strove to console his daughter, observing at the same time, that he had often warned Clemens and his wife that their open profession of the proscribed religion would involve them in difficulty, though he little thought that the blow would come so soon and so heavily. But neither the philosophy of her father, nor the kind attentions of Gracchus, sufficed to console her grief, and she speedily withdrew. Happily for them, she was too much absorbed with this source of pain, to inquire about their reception and entertainment by the emperor, and they were consequently spared the unpleasant task of informing her of the events of the night. After Livia had withdrawn, Sulpicius, with more warmth than he had yet manifested, said—

“ If any thing were wanting to confirm my resolution, this has done it. Clemens, however imprudent, has been basely murdered, and Domatilla cruelly treated. Justice calls for vengeance. Bear witness, ye bright heavens, I swear that Rome shall be delivered from this monster. Gracchus, let me see thee early on the morrow. Till then, farewell!—be cautious.”

With these words they parted for the night, and Gracchus sought his home in the city, absorbed in no pleasant reflections on the events of the past few hours, and still nursing in his bosom the strong desire for revenge.

Meanwhile Domitian, in the retirement of his palace, paced his apartment with uneasy step, and brow that told of strong, conflicting emotions. At one time his face glowed with malicious exultation, as he thought of the alarm and the disgrace his sport had caused his guests ; and again a dark frown gathered over his countenance, and his eye flashed with hate and anger. “ Tyrant!” he muttered, “ insulting tyrant ! aye ! Domitian is a tyrant, and Gracchus shall feel his power. Ha ! the thought strikes me. I have heard that the boy loves the fair Livia”—and he sat silently ; but there appeared in his quick glance and flushed cheek, the joy of anticipated revenge. It disappeared. The cloud again came, and again he said half audibly : “ And Sulpi-

cious, too, I like not that calm resolve he manifests ; happily, Rome has few such men among her senators, else"—and again he paused, absorbed in thought. And now deep agony was stamped on all his features. Heavy drops of sweat stood on his brow ; his hands were firmly clenched, his whole frame shuddered. Could it be that remorse had seized his soul ? Had the thought of his crimes overpowered him—him, the cold-blooded, reckless, unfeeling ? It was even so. But how strange the moving of the mind ! The mention of Sulpicius started the fear that there might be many in Rome, who, like him and Gracchus, were ready to resist his dominion. This alarmed him ; he felt unsafe. The thought of his danger led to reflection on his career, and all the evils of his past life rolled swiftly before him, and smote his soul with bitterest anguish. He went back to the days of childhood—the innocent days, when with his murdered brother he had sported in the gardens of Rome, or wandered by the banks of the Tiber, or, locked in each other's arms, they had laid them down to rest. And now, oh how painful, how torturing the contrast ! It was one of those hours—"strong, rushing hours," which visit tyrants in their secrecy, but which the vulgar little think can ever come to him who sits before them on the throne, or walks in the pomp of royalty,—hours of anguish, which all the glories of a crown cannot outweigh. But it passed. The single ray from heaven, the momentary glow of humanity, was gone, and hate and vengeance ruled.

"Ho ! there, slaves !" he exclaimed, starting from his reverie, "bring hither some parchment and a style."

His order was obeyed. For an hour the emperor continued writing, and then withdrew to seek his couch.

III.

On the following day, Gracchus, detained by some business which unexpectedly presented itself and demanded his attention, did not reach the villa of Sulpicius till long past noon. The senator had just returned from the city, where he had spent the greater part of the day in private interviews with his colleagues. All his efforts to procure some combined public action of the senate with regard to the emperor, had proved unsuccessful. Some spoke of prudence, others of their inability to cope with Domitian ; some, though they confessed it not, found too much gratification of their own evil passions in the licentiousness which he encouraged, to be willing to oppose him. By all, with but two or three exceptions, was Sulpicius repulsed ; and he returned home ready to adopt the words of the young knight—"a single arm must strike the blow." The presence of Sulpicia and Livia, however, prevented the communication of this intelligence to Gracchus ; and assuming a cheerful tone, he entered into conver-

sation, endeavoring to beguile the sadness which still rested on his daughter's heart.

"Livia, I have some pleasant news for thee. Julia pays thee a visit to-night, and the gay young Gallus comes with her. They are merry hearts; I know not, in faith, whose laugh rings the louder."

"Julia, my father, I ever welcome; and yet I feel that to-night I would not see her—I have no mood for gaiety. How can I be merry when my dearest friend is thus cruelly torn from me? You men are of sterner make, and it may be your duty, as you have the power, to control your grief. But the gods have not given woman such a power, and I would not aim to use it."

"But," said Gracchus, "why grieve thus uselessly and to such excess? Have you no dear friend left, Livia? none whom you will make glad by resuming your accustomed cheerfulness?"

"Ah! Gracchus, had I lost you should I have restrained my tears? Would it have been enough to soothe my sorrow, that Domitilla sat by my side and told me it was vain?"

"And does no other feeling than sorrow disturb you, as you think how and why Domitilla has been removed?"

Livia turned her dark eye full upon him, and a deep glow was on her cheek, as she said: "Were I a man, she should not be long unavenged;" then suddenly becoming pale, she hid her face in her hands and wept—shame that her gentleness had been thus aroused, mingling with her strong grief and indignation. Gracchus unconsciously muttered, as he bent soothingly over her, "and she *shall* be avenged." Livia heard the words, and the thought of the danger he might incur from his impetuous ardor—danger to which her own passionate expression might expose him, flashing quickly on her mind, filled her with alarm, and she wept more bitterly.

There was a painful silence. Sulpicia, wishing to interrupt this, asked some account of the banquet at the palace on the preceding evening, and what news the senator had heard in his morning visit to the city. This was a subject her husband anxiously avoided, lest in the warmth of his indignation during the recital, his schemes might be disclosed. He was spared the trial, however, for just as he was commencing a reply, a messenger from the empress was announced. Sulpicius unrolled and read the note he brought; his countenance assumed a cast of anxiety, and he exchanged a meaning look with Gracchus, as he said, "Our presence is required within an hour at the house of Sempronius." Livia observed that look; her suspicions had already been excited, and now with alarm she gazed first on her father, and then on Gracchus, as if to read their thoughts. Perplexed and distressed she saw them depart, but not until she had in private conjured Gracchus to abstain from every rash undertaking, and received

from him the assurance that she need apprehend no evil, and the promise that he would not needlessly expose himself to danger. On their way to the city, the senator informed the knight of the ill success of his morning labors.

"They are not Romans," exclaimed Gracchus, "they are slaves. Sulpicius, it must be as I have said; and if no other arm is found, mine shall do it."

"Let us first learn," rejoined Sulpicius, "the purpose of this interview with the empress. She has lately spoken freely of her detestation of the emperor, and to some admitted to more secret interviews, has hinted a wish that something might be done to free her from him. Perhaps this meeting will further our designs. But whether it do or not, I am resolved. You are right. If we fall in such a cause, the gods will take care of Sulpicia and Livia; and when Rome again is free, our names shall be remembered."

And thus they arrived at the dwelling of Sempronius. On entering they found assembled, Sempronius, Vitellius, Donatus, and two other members of the senate. They had been summoned by the empress to meet her privately, and were enjoined to preserve the strictest secrecy. None knew the precise subject for conference. All conjectured, however, that it must relate to the conduct of the emperor, and this occupied their conversation. Domitia soon arrived. Scarcely past the age of early womanhood, she wore the lineaments of beauty; though there were traces of a premature working of decay. A commanding brow, and a deep seated piercing eye, betokened thought and passion. Her mien and look showed her a queen. Yet the spectator sought in vain for that gentle radiance of purity and affection, which is woman's richest charm; and Gracchus could not help contrasting her appearance with that of his own Livia, who seemed, to his eye at least, all gentleness and loveliness. Domitia was, indeed, a woman of strong passions, which at times gained the complete mastery of her whole being. She had loved Domitian; but cruel treatment, the result of his own jealous disposition, had banished all affection, and by her subsequent conduct, she gave reason for charges, which, before, might have been groundless. Her successive intrigues with the gay young courtiers who crowded around her, added fuel to the wrath that burned in the emperor's bosom. He grew daily more harsh; and at length she began to fear for her life. A circumstance to be mentioned presently, confirmed that fear. Prompt and energetic, strong in passion, and restrained by no stern sense of right, she resolved to counteract his designs by anticipation. She was well aware of the feelings entertained by the citizens towards her husband, and saw at once how these might be turned to her advantage. She had summoned a few of those whom she knew to be most hostile to Domitian, to meet her at the house of Sempronius; and now she stood among them.

“Thanks, noble senators, and you, sir knight, that ye have so kindly answered my request. I have that here”—and a dark frown shaded her brow—“which will at once unfold the purpose of our meeting, and prove to you it is time for speedy action. Read that, Sulpicius.”

The senator took the parchment scroll which the queen extended towards him. A flush passed over his countenance as he glanced upon it. But he soon recovered his calmness, and silently perused.

“Read aloud,” said the empress, “it concerns us all.”

Sulpicius obeyed. The scroll contained a list of persons doomed by the emperor to death. On it were the names of Domitia, and all present, besides those of several other prominent citizens. It was the parchment on which Domitian had written the previous night. It had fallen from the fold of his robe, in which he had placed it, and escaping his notice, lay on the floor of his apartment; where it was found by one of the attendants of his queen, who immediately brought it to her mistress.

Deep silence prevailed for several minutes after the senator had finished reading. Domitia was the first to speak.

“Now know ye the object of our conference. And see ye not that no time must be lost? Is it better for Rome that so many of her citizens perish, than that one monster be brought to the punishment he deserves? Speak, senators. Lend me your advice. What shall be done? Gracchus, wilt thou give thy life on the morrow to glut his rage? Or wouldst thou rather see the palace stained with his own vile blood? This is the alternative; death for ourselves or for Domitian. Say, friends, how choose ye?—But choose ye as ye will. Woman as I am, he shall find a spirit that will not tamely yield. Have I not been insulted, despised, spurned, abused in every way? Am I not the constant object of his taunt and malice? Am I not watched by his spies—every action noted—every word reported? Nay, has he not even destined me to death? And shall I not be revenged? Ye deities of Rome! Had he a hundred charmed lives, I’d dare the undertaking! Speak, ye men of Rome! Why keep ye silent? Have ye no wrongs to avenge? Afraid! Go! call your wives and daughters—tell them Domitia asks their aid, to redeem their country, and punish a tyrant—and see if they shrink back afraid. Speak! if ye are Romans; if ye are men, let your words be such as men should utter.”

Long and earnest was the debate that followed this passionate appeal. Wisdom, coolness, ardor, rash impetuosity, and foresight, strove together. All felt that something should be done. Yet some were for delay, proposing concealment to avoid the fate which threatened them, until by making accessions to their numbers, they might act with more confidence. Others were for im-

mediate action. Some advocated an open attack upon the emperor, while others considered stratagem most likely to secure success. Who should be the successor of Domitian, was an important query, and caused much anxious discussion. The consultation, however, was at length ended, and Domitia departed to the palace, while the others sought their respective homes.

The following day was passed by the conspirators—(for so we must call them.) in anxious and busy preparation. The guards of the palace were to be brought into their service; and the influence of the empress, seconded by bribes, accomplished this. It was necessary also to provide against any revolt of the army, whose favor Domitian had managed to retain by his largesses and permitted licentiousness; and men were placed in different parts of the city, who at a given signal, should proclaim the chosen successor of the emperor. To Sulpicius was committed the duty of acquainting the aged Nerva with their intentions, and prevailing on him to accept the imperial dignity. To Gracchus, at his own request, was given the charge of what seemed the most difficult part of the plan, the death of Domitian. How each performed his part, will be seen. One other thing they had to guard against. They were apprehensive that the emperor would immediately carry into execution his bloody determination; and they had resolved that in case he should attempt this before evening, they would rise in open resistance, and call on all Rome to stand by them. But the day passed away without any summons from the palace. The plan was all matured, and as the groves of his villa became black in the increasing gloom of night, Sulpicius reached his home. With difficulty did he avoid the interrogations of his wife and daughter, who sought to know why he had been so long absent, and why Gracchus had not, as was his wont, returned with him; nor could he hide the anxiety which reigned within. They saw his unwillingness, and forebore to question him, and with a heavy heart, Livia withdrew to her own apartment—but not to sleep.

She sat by the open window that looked towards Rome, and gazed thoughtfully upon the distant city. All was still. The breeze that shook the leaves of the willow, and the vine, and waved her own light tresses, seemed to breathe with unusual softness. Gently sported the moonbeam on the little lake at the bottom of the park, while numberless stars, reflected from its surface, seemed like the laughing eyes of the gay Naiads who dwelt beneath. In the distance, the hills of the great city rose black against the clear sky; while its lofty buildings were made conspicuous by their contrasted whiteness. Occasionally a small cloud, like a fairy barque sailing in the azure sea above, moved its shadow over the bright surface of the green sward and the water; adding more beauty to the scene, and picturing forth an

emblem of life's changes. Livia was not insensible to nature's loveliness, and the quiet influence of the hour calmed her grief and fears. And yet the tear stole down her cheek as she thought of her lost friend; and her heart was troubled by her lover's absence, and the fear that he had suffered harm or was engaged in some dangerous undertaking. She knew his daring spirit, and his hatred of Domitian. She knew too the cruelty of that tyrant, and was alarmed for Gracchus. Hours passed away, and still she sat at the window musing.

Suddenly her attention was arrested by a bright light in the direction of the palace, and quickly another appeared, and another, and another, in various parts of the city. Then there arose on the stillness of the night a confused noise, as of the shouting and trampling of a multitude. She listened attentively. All Rome appeared to be in tumult. Cries rent the air, but the distance prevented her from distinguishing any words. Alarmed and distressed she descended to seek her father, but, to increase her dismay, learned that, accompanied by Gracchus, who had hastily called for him, he had left for the city.

IV.

Domitian had spent the evening in consultation with one of his ministers and slaves. His schemes were laid, and the morrow was to witness the destruction of the empress and her associates. About midnight he retired to his couch, with mind harassed and nerves highly excited. From his disturbed slumber, he was awakened by a movement in his chamber, and starting up, beheld close at his side a man with a naked sword upraised, as if about to strike. His first impulse was to spring from his bed and escape; but a moment's thought showed him the attempt would be vain, and he was about to call aloud for his guards, but the stranger seized him by the throat and hurling him back, effectually silenced him, as he sternly said:

"Tyrant! thy hour has come. The blood of the innocent shall be avenged—thou diest. And yet it shames me thus to stab thee as I would a helpless brute. Would that thou hadst the courage to defend thyself in single combat. How thy lips quiver! those lips that have so often spoken the death-knell of the virtuous. Thy cheek is pale! and how thy hand shakes! Look here!—seest thou this parchment? Is that the hand that traced these names? Ha! thy nerves were steadier then, methinks. Speak, if thou canst. What sayest thou for thyself?—speak quickly, for thou diest! Call not thy guards; they will heed thee not, for they know thy doom is fixed, and will not resist the gods' decrees."

The tyrant saw it was indeed true—his hour had come; and his coward heart, which had so long played the hero before the

world, corrupted by a thousand crimes, shrunk affrighted from approaching doom. He saw that his life was in the power of the intruder. He begged, expostulated, promised, sued for mercy—but in vain.

“Askest thou me how thou hast ever wronged me?” said the stranger. “Am I not a Roman? And what Roman hast thou not wronged? But rememberest thou Clemens, and thine own niece Domitilla? Where are they? He was my master whom I gladly served, and for whose life my own would have been cheerfully given; and she was my mistress, whom I loved. I swore they should be avenged; and now the hour of vengeance is come. Ask not for life. Gods! how like a base dog he cringes! I cannot stain my sword with such vile blood—and yet I am your priest, and he the victim. His death shall save a thousand lives. Aye! and my injured mistress! Tyrant! take thy doom!” He thrust his sword into the heart already half stifled with fear, and the last of the twelve Cæsars ceased to exist.

Severing the head of the emperor from his body, Stephen (for so was the freedman of Domitilla named) bore it with him from the palace to the house of Gracchus. Immediately the signal was given; Rome was aroused. The head of Domitian, placed on a spear, was carried through the streets, and the multitude shouted the name of “Nerva.” At early dawn the senate met, and hastily passed an act condemning the late emperor. The persuasions of Sulpicius had been successful. Nerva, at first unwilling, consented to wear the crown, and was invested with the imperial power; and Rome once more, and for a brief space, had a sovereign who desired his country’s glory.

* * * * *

Three months after the death of Domitian, Livia, now the wife of Gracchus, sat in her own house in Rome conversing with her friend Julia. Their conversation had turned on the events we have narrated, and Livia was repelling with much warmth the insinuation that her husband had borne the part which rumor assigned him in the assassination of the emperor, namely, that he had himself struck the blow. Both Sulpicius and Gracchus had concealed as much as possible from the family of the senator what each had done; nor in fact was the name of the assassin known to more than one or two conspirators.

“I know Gracchus too well to think that he would stoop to such a thing,” said Livia. “Much cause of hatred as he had against the emperor, he would not creep like a coward on a sleeping and defenseless man. I will never believe that he did it, though I shall never be ashamed to own that my husband bore a part in the punishment of that tyrant, and the elevation of our present mild sovereign.”

Well, well," said Julia, "if I had a husband I too should probably think him the best and bravest of men."

And what think you *now* of young Gallus?"

What think I? why that—that—in short, I can't tell what I think."

And how long before *he* will be 'the best and bravest of men?'"

The reply of Julia was interrupted by the entrance of Gracchus, accompanied by a lady whose dress and long veil concealed her face, showed that she was mourning for some deceased relative.

Livia," he said, "I have brought you a visitor who not long ago saw our friend Domitilla, and has somewhat to say about her."

Have you, indeed!" eagerly exclaimed Livia; "was she still alive? How does she bear her exile? Did she speak of letters from me? Has news reached her dreary island of the death of Domitian, and the efforts made to procure her return? How long ago you saw her? 'Tell me—tell me quickly'"—and the thought came that perhaps that mourning garb was for her friend; and Livia grew pale, as she anxiously awaited the reply of her guest.

But the stranger was silent—her frame seemed to shake with emotion. She strove in vain to subdue her feelings—her sobs were loud; she could no longer restrain herself, and throwing aside her veil, Domitilla fell into the arms of Livia.

Pulpius and Gracchus had used their influence with the emperor, himself inclined always to gentleness, and anxious to make at least some compensation he could for the cruelty of his predecessor—to procure the return of Domitilla. The service rendered by her husband, Stephen, told to Nerva in confidence, may have had some weight with him. Her profession of the Christian religion, however, was a serious obstacle; but the exertions of her friends prevailed, and she was permitted to return under the promise to remain, in a great degree, secluded. This requirement was entirely accordant with the feelings of Domitilla; and in the family of Gracchus she quietly enjoyed her Christian faith. But

her trials had made sad ruin with her health, and her spirit soon found a place of rest in another world. In the severe afflictions which afterwards assailed her, Livia thought of the counsels and exhortations of her dying friend, and they inspired her soul with fortitude, and cheered her despondency with a ray of hope.

THE TIES THAT BIND US HERE ARE BREAKING.

"Through many a clime and land a ranger,
With toilsome steps I've held my way,—
A lonely, unprotected stranger,
To all the stranger's ills a prey."

The Praise of Woman, by Mrs. Barbauld.

THE ties that bind us here are breaking ;
The friends that made our childhood gay—
Glad thoughts within our bosoms waking,
No longer cheer us on our way.

The joys of youth have quickly vanished ;
The cares of life now thicken round ;
Oh ! that our sorrows might be banished,
And joys like these again be found.

Our childhood's sports, our youthful pleasures,
Are still to wakeful memory dear ;
But ah ! these fondly cherished treasures
Are ever moistened with a tear.

The promised joys of years maturer,
We once had hoped would long remain,
And prove, than those of youth far purer—
We've too oft fleeting found, and vain.

The friends in whom we most confided—
The early loved, the ever dear,
By death from us are now divided—
No tie of love could bind them here.

On earth we have no sure possession,
No friends that will not soon depart ;
Our spirits often meet depression,
And oft our tears unbidden start.

The ties that bind us here are breaking,
But still we have a friend above ;
Who, though our hearts with grief are aching,
Will give us peace—for 'He is love.'

M—r.

THE CAREER OF RIENZI.

THE sun of the fourteenth century was shining with a sickly glare upon the shores of Italy. Imperial Rome, whose very name was once synonymous with liberty and might, had long since been stripped of every mark of her former greatness, and was now writhing under the iron heel of feudal despotism and ecclesiastical oppression. The spirit of the people was crushed, and they endured with passive, slave-like resignation the tyranny of their masters, whose fierce contentions among themselves served only to rivet more firmly upon their subjects the bonds of servitude. Even the mute walls seemed conscious of degradation, for the temples of the gods, and other monuments of the olden time, were robbed and plundered, in order to administer to the gratification or defense of a degenerate nobility. Learning had fled from her ancient seat—commerce languished or was wholly neglected—robbery and murder were perpetrated in open daylight, and virtue and true religion were the only things recognized or avenged as crimes. But yet, as the victim of consumption, worn by gradual decay, dies not without a brief but deceptive reanimation which might seem to promise rescue from the tomb and restoration to health, so the decayed though venerable fabric of Roman freedom was destined not to pass away without one short and glorious struggle for the recovery of its former grandeur. The patriotic but unfortunate champion of the people's rights, in this final struggle for independence, was Cola di Rienzi, a man of whose career, extraordinary as it was, the historian has made but little mention, and even of whose existence we might almost be ignorant, were it not for the tragedian and the novelist of modern times.

Born on the banks of the Tiber, of poor and humble parents, Rienzi measured not his ambition by his fortune. He saw the degradation of his countrymen, and determined to restore them to freedom. He early began to prepare himself for the arduous undertaking. Without wealth or friends, by his own unaided application, he acquired a vast amount of learning, and filled his soul with the noblest sentiments of Roman patriotism. He made himself the friend and favorite of the people; he sought and obtained popularity with the nobles, in whose presence he assumed the character of a jester, and they, as they listened to his ludicrous sallies, dreamed not that any emotions of patriotism or resentment could lie concealed under the assumed mask of the buffoon. Occasionally, from beneath the habit of his supposed character, he would utter dark sayings and warnings of changes

to come ; but they laughed at them as the idle wind, and applauded him the more for his pleasantry. Private wrongs had he to revenge, as well as public. It is no invention of the fancy when the novelist tells us that his younger brother, a helpless boy, was inhumanly and with impunity butchered by the Colonna. The quick and excitable temperament which Rienzi possessed, in common with his countrymen, would have led him to immediate and inconsiderate revenge, had it not been united in him with a prudence and a self-restraint which the sons of Italy seldom exhibit. His views were not bent merely upon the present ; they extended to the future ; and every additional wrong only tended to swell the tide in the same channel, and to strengthen him in his determination to be the people's champion.

Nature had made him to be the leader of a popular insurrection. He possessed an eloquence, fervid and persuasive, well fitted to gain a complete mastery over the minds of men in whom the passions predominated over the judgment, and who were easily kindled by the contrast of their former national glory with their present debased condition. He had likewise a remarkable tact in securing the affections of the multitude, and an intimate knowledge of human nature, acquired by deep study and personal observation, which enabled him to determine with accuracy who were trustworthy, and whom to associate with himself in the execution of his designs. Equally noble was his person with his mind, and as the Italian serf beheld him, clothed in the robes of other lands, with all but inspired tongue explaining the mysterious signification of some antique picture or mouldering inscription which he represented as emblematic of the times, he might well imagine that he saw before him one of the founders of Roman liberty, risen from the grave to chide him for his servitude and animate him to the contest.

The maturity and the execution of his plot were simultaneous. The people flocked to his standard and hailed him as their deliverer ; their despots were overwhelmed with amazement and indignation. That he, the despised fool and mountebank, should dare to resist their lawful and recognized authority, seemed so impious that they could only pacify their rage by reflecting upon the ruin which they expected to behold his rash rebellion bringing upon its infatuated author. But before they had time to concert any plan of resistance, Rienzi had already refused the imperial purple, and contented himself with the more humble yet more appropriate title of "tribune of the people." As supreme magistrate of Rome, he immediately required the oath of allegiance from the terrified nobles, menacing them with expulsion from the city in case of disobedience. They indignantly refused to bow to the low-born revolutionist, and cowardly fled, to await at a distance the termination of a conspiracy which they thought so ill-conceived, and dangerous only to its originator.

And now we again see, as it were by magic, order and freedom restored to Rome. Commerce revives ; laws prevail ; robbers and murderers meet with severe and never-failing retribution ; ancient prosperity returns ; pilgrims and strangers again flock to the imperial city. The fame of the new government spread in all directions. Great hopes were excited ; the King of Hungary and the Emperor of Germany solicited the friendship of the Tribune ; learned scholars applauded him, and there are letters of Petrarch extant eloquently urging him to persevere in his noble designs. Neighboring states were eager to form alliances with the newly-created chief, and even the Pope himself dared not to dispute the authority which he never sanctioned. The nobles returned in despair, and swore to stand by the "good establishment." But there was no sincerity in their oaths ; they detested the new government. A common degradation banished the memory of their ancient quarrels, and united all, even those who had been rivals and enemies, in hate and jealousy of him who had dared to subject them to the same laws with the people, whom they had heretofore regarded as their slaves. Rienzi spurned them not : he would have cherished them in his bosom, in common with the rest of the nation ; and they, in return for his kindness, aimed the assassin's dagger at his heart. But he seemed to possess a charmed life ; the blow failed, and the hireling of the cowardly traitors was detected, and confessed the names of his employers and the details of the plot. The people were clamorous in their demands for immediate vengeance upon the conspirators, but Rienzi preferred to conquer by kindness, and, with unexampled magnanimity, he pardoned those whose execution both justice and policy would have sanctioned. This act of mercy had not the desired effect upon the malignant minds of the barons ; they keenly felt the humiliation of being obliged to sue for mercy from the Tribune, and the public ignominy which they had attached to themselves added fuel to their resentment. Having unsuccessfully essayed every temporal means of destroying or injuring the object of their hatred, they finally had recourse to spiritual tyranny ; and by persuading the Pope that Rienzi had insolently defied the power of the apostolic see, induced "his holiness" to fulminate against him a bull of excommunication. From that moment the Tribune was deserted by all his most zealous followers, and when his authority and his person were again assailed by a handful of surviving nobles, the great bell of the Capitol tolled in vain, and he was obliged to save his life by an ignominious flight. Such was the power of the Church in those days of superstition—such the withering influence of its anger.

Seven years was Rienzi absent from the imperial city—at one time a miserable wanderer—at another, the tenant of a prison. But his political career was not destined to so speedy and so dis-

graceful an end. The miserable Romans, reduced to their former servitude, soon sighed for the days of the "good establishment," and prayed for a second deliverance at the hands of him whose very faults they adored, when contrasted with the anarchy and misrule which prevailed during his absence. Nor were their prayers unanswered—Rienzi returned in triumph, not as tribune, but legally appointed senator of Rome and viceroy of the Pope. Joyful and enthusiastic was his reception; and the friends of liberty hoped that the dark cloud, which had so long obscured the brilliancy of their sun, was now rolled aside forever; but in vain—it was only to give a momentary splendor to his setting beams.

A fearful and unexpected reaction came on. Rienzi found it necessary to impose taxes upon them in order to defray the unavoidable expenses of government. Enraged at the supposed breach of power, and thinking that even he would play the tyrant, they resisted; and in two short months from the time of his restoration, the last of the Roman patriots fell the victim of popular fury, murdered without an opportunity for uttering a dying plea for liberty or expostulation for life, in that very balcony from which he had so often chained the minds of his ungrateful countrymen by his eloquence, and instructed them by his wisdom. But, in the words of another, "one day of the rule that followed was sufficient to vindicate his reign and avenge his memory; and for centuries afterward, whenever that degenerate populace dreamed of glory or sighed for justice, they recalled the bright vision of their own victim, and deplored the fate of Cola di Rienzi."

X, Y, Z, &c.

BEAUTY.

A rose that sweetly bloomed beside
A little brooklet, swift and fair,
Bent o'er the limpid, flowing tide,
To see its image mirrored there.

But soon a rude gale swept the bank,
And tore each tender leaf away;
All in the rapid current sank,
That bore them on to quick decay.

'Tis thus with beauty—like the rose
It ever meets an early doom;
Time's rapid river onward flows,
And snatches all its grace and bloom.

THE FAMILY LIBRARY.

THE Library is a gallery hung with Daguerreotype portraits of mind, and he must be less or more than man, who bows not to the power or beauty there depicted. Peculiar associations and feelings, however, are connected with these collections. In the gloomy hall of some old monastery, teeming with age-stained tomes the worm alone disturbs, we reverence those who beneath the hood of superstition and mystery, hid many a gem, now the pride and wealth of literature ; or, with Irving, moralize on that stream, which, save for a chance-eddy, soon bears to oblivion the author and his works. In the rich man's study, where wealth with painted face and gay attire would pass for intellect, where value is estimated by cost, the glitter dazzles, but a 'touch not' is inscribed bidding us only estimate the jewel's setting. It is the volume whose worn cover has often felt the glow of the fire-side, and whose well thumbed page grandsire and babe together con, that is truly prized and rightly loved.

Dear is the chamber where many pleasant hours of our short life have run their little race, and where we trust many more shall yet find being. The branches of that large oak, the arena for feats of boyish prowess, shades its single window, and the old fashioned chair, whose wide arms oft encircled our little flock, still stands in leather drapery, as when some well fed Puritan pressed its seat. The painted floor, the walnut table, the mirror with its grotesque picture, all are there, and all at home. Among them, like some queenly matron 'of the olden time,' surrounded by sister forms, rises that ancient cabinet. Its green curtains sweeping the floor, half veil those crowded shelves, and that humble cupboard, the prized repository of our own small store. The word of God, marked by the generation for a century, lies in its accustomed nook, and on the eve of holy day, the sire opens

"The big ha' Bible, ance his father's pride,"

while all cluster around to see its homely cuts, and hear how Joseph's coat excited envy in the breast of his brethren, thence taught ourselves a lesson of humility ; or to behold Goliath felled by the stout hand of youthful David, watch the devils tearing the men of Judah, and in the woman of the Apocalypse, filthy and vile, learn to hate a religion where there is yet much to admire. Thou 'book of books,' when the green grass shall toss above our parents' grave, we will still cherish thee 'as a lamp to our feet, and a light to our path ;' and in all simplicity, asking no other guide along life's wanderings, will bequeath thee to our followers as the treasure that loseth not by rust, nor wasteth by use.

In that corner, worn by tiny fingers, the 'Exile of Siberia' rests. Pure tears stain the page which tells the death of poor Elizabeth's sole guardian, and how this model daughter was exposed pitiless and penniless to the wild beating of a Russian winter. A sweet briar is that simple tale, breathing fragrance from every leaf, dear alike to age and infancy.

Good John Bunyan is there, too, whose allegories satisfy even the rich dreams of childhood, and as we wander among his flowers, we often press a mound, which with its holy text solemnly bids us prepare to die. Those masterly sketchings, which have made the strictest doubt if the novel's winning light be always a satanic coal, touch the ceiling. One of these we were permitted each year to open, and in the dawn of mind did we wonder at Flora's wildness, and love the womanly virtues of Rebecca. Ah! childhood is the time for fiction—

"Heaven lies about us in our infancy,"

the stars its portals and the sky its crystal floor. Then we converse with the flower as a fellow, and think the wind an angel's voice—

"The youth who daily farther from the east
Must travel, still is nature's priest—
And by the vision splendid
Is on his way attended.
At length the man perceives it die away,
And fade into the light of common day."

Guide, if you will, but restrain not the flight of young imagination; direct it where with unsoiled pinions it may bathe in the pure sunlight. Though prudes assert false ideas thus formed, and beings unfitted for the stern realities of life, let the boy learn in the page of such as Scott, the way of man with man, or view the more fanciful creation of some noble bard, and if he judge too highly of his fellow, one glance at earth dissolves the spell, while meantime, the power of fixed attention has been acquired by his mind, the depths of noble thought stirred within his soul, the high end for which he was intended shown him, and his abilities strengthened to attain that end. Allowed but an annual interview with the works of this great author, we sometimes stole a sweet though forbidden converse. Once when by stool, and chair, and shelf, we had climbed to reach the prize, while with usual care we chose another sober volume, (which when intruding step was heard we snatched, and with due gravity seemed plodding through,) curiosity tempted us to see what such an uncomely form contained. The preface pleasing, on we wandered till the evening hour, when a kind mother found us in merry laughter over the 'Mad Dog's Elegy.' Unnoticed fell the gentle footstep, but when her warm cheek was felt, our own

flushed deeper than the western sky, for fear we did not hold a proper book.' Trouble soon changed to joy, as, commended for the choice, we were bid read on. Nor has that first love waned. The calm and quiet humor is a fond companion for our gayer hours, and those moral essays well comport with our sombre moments. Above all, that pure taste, like Grecian chisel, adds grace to all it touches, and renders Goldsmith's style the model of fewest faults. Nor does he want mates. Johnson, with a voice as the sound of ocean's waves, and with intellect as vast and deep; quaint, thoughtful Locke, classic Robertson, England's noblest bards, best historians, and holiest divines, have gathered in the small yet goodly company. Not in gala dress, but with dusty louts, and hard stained hands, they join the household circle, add zest to the winter hearth, and wile usefully away the lonely hour.

Much advantage does a family derive from such a collection. It is a perennial fountain, satiating the story-thirst of budding childhood, refreshing the growing plant, and, when maturity is reached, spreading through every pore, causing leaf, flower, and fruit to bud in the mingled grace of usefulness and beauty. Wisdom sits there in pleasure's garb, to wipe many an idle moment from that account, in which all are debtors. Strength is also thus acquired by the mind, which meanwhile learns to use it, and by fancy's aid with equal polish and with just device to adorn her shield. The hired volume, hurried through and closed at an appointed moment, may swell the amount we read, but careful study and diligent review alone appreciate, and consequently profit. Alas that the headstrong spirit of the age, which, if it might, would goad the globe to a faster course in the firmament, should have entered the family, and, scattering its loved volumes, have established at every corner a circulating library, through which the young mind is permitted to hasten with a speed that only confuses by its dizzy whirl, instead of that quiet pace in which men used to note each blossom, and drink in the lesson and beauty of every landscape.

The hallowed associations that bind us to home are severing strand by strand. Yet though the homestead no longer shades the same race for ages, though the dying head is not pillowed on the couch its first breath moistened, let us at least treasure those legacies of genius, we inherit through our fathers, thus having a double claim to care and love, each letter of which is a spell to arouse the memory of some by-gone scene, and whose influence in nerving intellect and kindling the pure affections of the heart, shall be felt when we and they have crumbled.

SERENADE.

THERE is moonlight on the bay, love,
 Beaming bright, beaming bright—
 As the billows heave and die away, love,
 In the night—the stilly night.

And the stars are in the sky, love,
 Weeping there—weeping there,
 Till they meet thy laughing eyes, love,
 Darkly fair—darkly fair.

And the summer breeze comes lonely
 Murm'ring by—murn'ring by,
 As if it mourned thy absence only,
 Hov'ring nigh—hov'ring nigh.

Like a spirit thou dost sway, love,
 Every breast—every breast;
 And the pilgrim stars now pray, love,
 To be blest—to be blest.

Then awake and sweetly cheer, love,
 The pensive night—the pensive night,
 And thy slaves that languish here, love,
 For thy sight—for thy sight.

As the ocean billows flow, love,
 To greet their queen—to greet their
 queen,
 We bend in homage low, love,
 To beauty's sheen—to beauty's sheen.

CHRISTIANITY.

No mistake is more hurtful in its consequences than that which takes a wrong view of the requirements of Christianity. And yet, we venture to assert, that the opinions which very many individuals adopt as to what religion demands, and which these carry out into practice, have done more harm, in fostering among themselves prejudices, cherishing bigotry, and begetting a spirit of unkindness towards those who think differently, than any thing else, or all else, against which Christianity has ever had to contend. Whilst we thankfully acknowledge the influence which a high and holy faith has had in quieting the passions of men, and perfecting the bonds of social brotherhood; nay, even in the restraint of those who theoretically reject its claims; we must believe that there are yet nobler triumphs to be achieved by a thoughtful appreciation of its spirit of enlarged and liberal charity. We enter our protest here against Christianity's being made amenable for the absurdities which not unfrequently make up the theories so fondly clung to by many sectarian partisans. They are rather the result of individual mental organization, or the product of fortuitous circumstance.

It is the first thought which strikes the mind fully impressed with the truth of the existence of God, and witnessing in His lower works so many traces of His character, that such a being

would not leave man to grope darkly, amid a thousand confusing fancies, in the pursuit of definite ideas concerning his relations to the Creator. Opening the volume given us for our guidance we find a transcript of God's will with reference to all questions which can occur, when we view our life as more than the passing vapor of this time-being—as a something stretching beyond the limits of threescore years and ten, to meet its full fruition in the blessedness of an hereafter. Christianity then is a revelation from One infinitely pure, and infinitely good, of all we are required to do and to believe. It is eminently suited to the wants of man, multifarious as they are. There is no diversity of character so strange or intricate but what is appealed to with a discernment so just, a spirit so pure, and so attractive from its loveliness, that whilst we start at beholding ourselves—our most hidden thoughts and feelings—portrayed with such accuracy, we at the same time confess that all-pervading kindness which has taught us the first lessons of self-knowledge.

The tendencies of the present age, however, we fear would lead men to regard religion as more of a material, and less of a spiritual nature than it really is. Recognizing, as most do, the origin of what we believe as proceeding from none other than God, we are too apt to stop half-way, and rest satisfied with an outward profession, neglecting the far more important influence of Christianity upon our daily life—our individual being. Assuming that we ourselves are the chosen guardians of the faith, and hardly considering the possibility of mistake, even upon minute and trivial points, a spirit of bigotry, scarcely perceptible in its approaches, gradually comes nearer and nearer, until we are fairly entangled in meshes from which naught but stern and resolute exertion can set us free. Humiliating as is the thought, is there not less freedom from uncharitable feelings than we would fondly hope the age in which we live could tolerate? Does the spirit of the inquisitor slumber with the dust of Torquemada? Alas! that facts compel us to an unfavorable answer to these interrogations. It is painful to behold the arrogant assumption which characterizes some of the denunciations of the pulpit. It breathes not the mild and lovely spirit of a religion whose true results are the purification of the heart, the ennobling of the character, the expansion of the mind, and the production of those excellencies which dignify whilst they adorn, causing us to feel a stronger admiration, and truer love for him who is their subject. We mean not that the clergyman should become the timid and shrinking advocate of the truths he professes, but that he should ever remember that his peculiar station does not wholly free him from passions and prejudices common to the rest of his fellow men, and that he is therefore beholden to cherish calmness and moderation as the fit adjuncts of his faith. His office is the highest

with which man can be entrusted, but then it has the most weighty responsibilities, and demands, for the right fulfillment of these, the union of what may be termed rare virtues—cool judgment and disinterested kindness, joined with a warm attachment to his profession—a mind capable of grasping high truths, and applying them to the accidents of every-day life. Now it is manifest that every thing like uncharitable or bigoted feeling is directly hostile in all its tendencies to the cultivation of such a character. Without expressing an opinion upon the peculiar theological views of a late distinguished prelate, we regard Bishop Jebb as a model well worthy of thoughtful consideration, as respects the influence attainable by high-minded toleration, even among those who would be led most strongly to combat his views. In the center of a community strongly bound to the tenets of the Romish Church, this good man ever maintained the most friendly intercourse both with the Catholic clergy and the people of their charge, without for a moment compromising a single point of his Protestant creed. And why, we ask, need any different result be witnessed in the Christian world? Let us look for a while at two reasons which suggest themselves.

Men too frequently merely transfer to religion passions which of old ruled in their breasts—make religion the vent whence are to flow forth, unchecked, the idiosyncrasies of a mean, selfish or ambitious spirit. This has been seen in gone-by days, and is witnessed by the chronicles of old History. No hierarchy but what has been disgraced by inhuman persecution—no sect but what could wish some pages blotted from its records—nay, no individual but who is conscious of having, at some period or other, been subject to the untoward influences of the strangest conceits, the most unphilosophical deductions and theories, and ruling, for a time, his life by these, has cherished opinions of which he is afterwards heartily ashamed. There is no more painful exhibition of littleness than this wretched misapplication of the noble truths of Christianity—no winning gentleness of manners, no lovely spirit of humility, no unostentatious fulfilling of social duties, but a character sternly forbidding, with gloomy austerity, making itself the standard of perfection, and its own dogmas the gauge of catholicity.

The habit of viewing religion as a system of penances and mortifications, has contributed its share to the production of a misshapen Christianity. Some really seem to believe that to smile with a laughter-loving world, is to put in jeopardy their consistency; or to indulge a sympathy with the beautiful relations of life, is to enter into temptation. A monastic order, not indeed bound by Dominican vows, but yet under the dominion of prejudice and fanaticism, is the substitute for the monkery of old. Now if there is any thing which tends to make us cheerful, con-

tented, and happy ; which causes us to enter into and appreciate the true dignity of our being ; which inspires us with a lofty and noble-minded thoughtfulness, it is Christianity. It completes the character, and is alike its ornament and strength. Do not our minds instinctively revolt at the idea that religion comes to frighten away the innocent joys of childhood ; to check the high aspirations of the man as he enters upon the active and vigorous duties of life, tinging his every thought with sadness, and making his plans partake rather of the sternness of unwelcome duty, than tend to the furtherance of true happiness ; to breathe into the ear of old age the gloomiest warnings of the approach of death, bidding the time-worn pilgrim forget the bright scenes he has passed through, or remember them only to bewail his wretched sinfulness in tears of the bitterest penitence ? We have strangely misconstrued the benevolence of the Deity if we conceive that He has enjoined us to forego the happiness of which this life is capable. For what is the outward form of Nature decked with beauty if not to minister to our joy ? This stern spirit which makes our life consist in the mechanical performance of duty, or in sullen task-work, cannot be too much deprecated. It at once contracts our views, and wholly unfits us for the exercise of a comprehensive charity.

We think then that much of the illiberal spirit which so mars the beauty and proportion of Christianity, may be traced to the habit of looking upon religion as something in which we are concerned as partisans, or as a system excluding the gentle yet noble sympathies of life. For, in the first instance, the subject for which we have entered party lists will not free us from those prejudices which are the natural if not necessary accompaniments of all mere party warfare ; and, in the other, when we cease to recognize the deep joyfulness which springs from friendship and love, we become strangers to our finer feelings,—those only which can successfully combat the waywardness of passion, or expose the folly of bigotry. We proceed to inquire how far charity may extend consistently with the duty we owe to our faith, and then to investigate some of the evils which result from the want of its due exercise.

We are doubtless bound to uphold what we deem to be truth, for we can regard this as the only corrective of the follies of mankind—as alone shedding an unwavering light over our life-journey. Yet ought we ever to remember, that mind is so constituted as to be subject to a vast number of influences which can so far blend as often to lead far astray from true results. Where is the life which is free from absurdities ?—where the mind which hath never known aught but truth as the director of its opinions ? In reading biography the fact is continually impressed upon us that even great and estimable men furnish no exceptions to the do-

minion of error. Very many deem it an all-sufficient reason for their belief that their doctrines are the favorite theories of those whom they respect either for learning, or for characters adorned by virtuous lives. Others, again, rashly throw aside every thing which does not harmonize with their educational prejudices, or agree with their own superficial thinking and individual pride of opinion. Both are wrong. There is a deference due to the opinions of others, the wise and the good, but not a blind submission; and we are bound to think for ourselves, yet with a care, lest self-love obscure the fairness of reason. We must not assent to absurdities, though upheld by great minds. We cannot bow, for instance, to the subtle reasonings of a Berkeley, in his maintenance of the immateriality of the visible universe. We oppose him then; but how? By denouncing the man, by tearing to pieces his character, by shutting him out from the pale of our sympathies and our society? Would such a course be likely to reclaim him from error? Nay, would it not rather render him more obstinate and unyielding, confirming him in the support of sentiments for which he might justly consider himself a martyr? This then is not the mode whereby he is to be treated. Christianity would revolt at such a want of charity. Combat his opinions, but do so in a mild and attractive manner, and you secure for your own better reasonings that attentive examination which a contrary treatment would, in all probability, cause to be foregone. The gentle way in which the sweet spirit of Mackenzie rebukes his friend David Hume in that most exquisite of stories, "La Roche," would have had more effect upon the mind of the philosopher than all the fierce disputation to which his writings gave rise. Something must be conceded to the weaknesses of human nature. The manner in which the names and characters of noted infidel writers are introduced in many pulpit discourses, savors too frequently of a vindictive or triumphing spirit. We have heard the preacher, giving reins to his imagination, describe the terrors of the judgment-day, and, arrogating the prerogative of the Most High, assign to the abodes of irremediable misery those, by name, who he dared to say had forfeited the mercies of God. Alas! that poor man should step beyond the boundaries of those things which are revealed, the rightful property of himself and his children, and attempt to pry into those mysteries which Omniscience alone can foretell!

An apostle, with the comprehensive brevity which marks his writings, hath taught us the extent of that love which we should ever bear towards our fellow men, and unquestionably the modern meaning of the word 'charity,' will be found to harmonize with the grand duty therein urged. And a modern writer has remarked, with great depth of meaning: "It is unworthy a religious man to view an irreligious one either with alarm or aver-

sion, or with any other feeling than regret, and hope, and brotherly commiseration. If he seek truth, is he not our brother, and to be pitied? If he do not seek truth, is he not still our brother, and to be pitied still more?" Would that such a spirit was more generally diffused throughout the world! Truth has nothing to fear from opposition so long as her disciples act in accordance with her precepts. Are we to turn aside and enter the angry lists of contention with every one who chooses to call in question our faith? Truth herself suffers by such conduct. Liberality of opinion, toleration, charity—call it what you will—acts as the grand forerunner to simple, earnest truth—humble, long-suffering truth; and this latter will in due time exercise her proper sovereignty.

The evils consequent upon a want of proper charity in Christians are neither few nor unimportant. A mind endowed not with this gift is itself but half enlightened. It cannot exert the purifying influence it would. It alternates between sunshine and cloud, and while it is contemplating some beautiful sentiment, lo! a cloud intervenes, and all is dark and gloomy. Such a mind is bewildered as to its own conceptions, for light and shade are constantly blending, and all is confused, and at length it views every thing in a sort of dim twilight, where shapes are magnified beyond their due proportions, and a night of the soul comes on, gradually but surely.

The great duties enjoined by Christianity require a constant mingling with our fellow men. If the courtesy of the gentleman, in the warmth of our support of principles however just, is sacrificed, we have at once excited prejudices against ourselves which may delay for a long time, and perhaps forever prevent, the reception of those principles. Well-ordered, enlightened society demands nothing from Christianity which in any way lessens her dignity or impairs her power; whilst the latter teaches her disciples to cast no unwarrantable gloom over the relations of social life, inasmuch as she herself is made answerable by the multitude for the misinterpretation of her doctrines. The 'odium theologicum' would never have passed into a proverb had there not been abundant reason afforded by the spirit shown in most of the discussions which have agitated the world upon matters of religious faith. Why is it that, even at this late period, our periodicals which are devoted to these subjects have not imbibed a more liberal policy? The past is fruitful in facts which show the folly of pursuing a course which has before deluged the earth with Christian blood, and which now separates those who ought in good earnest to be joined hand in hand in furthering the great work entrusted to their care.

Another point, which would bear much enlargement, is the opposition made to the investigations of natural science, in the absurd fear that something may be discovered which will militate

against what we deem to be the truths of the Bible. The two sources of evidence are in a measure distinct, and yet, as has thus far been the case, there is no contradiction between them. Science may overthrow a few visionary notions, but in the end gives us a right understanding of Scriptural truths. The effect of this overweening jealousy is to disgust the mind of the enthusiastic naturalist. It is also, on the part of those who cherish it, an implied mistrust of Him whose Oneness shines not only in the pages of revelation, but in the great book of nature.

As priests then at the high altar of Truth, it behooves us to catch a portion of her lovely spirit. We cannot minister there as we ought without an understanding and generous mind—a mind above hate—above bigotry. Cherish we either of these latter, what are our appeals in behalf of what we profess to love? If such passions must needs be exhibited, take them away from a shrine where all ought to be holy, and let them be used in the promulgation of error. At least you will be more consistent. Mankind will judge of doctrines by their influence upon the life. If Christian professors are no better than their neighbors, one of two opinions forces itself irresistibly upon the mind, either that Christianity is untrue, or that what we behold is not Christianity. Which of the two is the more likely determination, we have too many evidences around us to cause us to doubt.

HINTS FOR A CRITICAL ESTIMATE OF THE WRITINGS OF CARLYLE.

THOMAS CARLYLE is not a writer to be despised. He cannot be set aside by a sneer. Those who profess not to be able to understand his meaning, or to be wholly offended and disgusted with his style, will find that the expression of their contempt, will have less influence to lower him in the estimation of his admirers, than would their entire silence.

In saying this we rank not ourselves with his admiring disciples. But we hold it to be well, whenever a writer has gained an actual and powerful sway among thinking men, not only to suspect but to be assured that there is something in him, and to search for the secret of his power. Such an influence, Carlyle is at this moment exerting over a superior class of minds on both sides of the Atlantic. This influence is very diverse from that with which the fashionable novelist excites the reading public, for to read Carlyle, costs reflection, and to relish his allusions and to be fascinated by his genius, argues a thinking mind and an elevated taste, as well as not a little literary culture.

Besides "it is well in literature to have a Catholic taste"—to maintain our own principles, indeed with a manly independence and a well assured conviction; and to have our taste in matters of style, founded upon the laws of language and of thought—while yet we yield its rightful homage to genius as such, even if it is led astray by the error which it mistakes for truth.

Carlyle has one merit that is high and peculiar, and that is, that he writes with a serious and determined purpose. Literature is with him not the trade which he drives for gain or even for fame alone, but the priestly office to which he has consecrated his powers for the welfare of man, in the diffusion of a just philosophy of man, of society, and the well being of both—whether it is history which he writes or criticism, or the dark and strange mystery—he has this one aim before his mind and is ever by a direct or remote instrumentality diffusing his high principles.

These principles concern the dignity and good estate of man, and to elevate man to a high enthusiasm, first to know and then to realize the perfection of his nature, is the end for which he writes.

His ideal of man is in the main a just one. He does not present to the admiration and sympathy of his readers as does Byron, the spoiled child of a proud mother—who contends with himself because he has an unreasonable will, and with his destiny because she will not gratify it, and who bewails his fate in strains which however bold in their strength and touching in their plaintiveness—do yet when rendered into plain prose, become but the same stale compound of blasphemous misanthropy. Nor is he as is the ideal of Bulwer—a *roue*, a coxcomb, an aristocratic radical, with ten thousand a year, set off with the several adjuncts, of brawls with the watch—of desperate rencounters with robbers—of mistresses loved to distraction, deceived and deserted, and rendered interesting by love the most disinterested, by Platonic meditations of the soul and its immortality that are most elevating, by communings with the invisible, the most entrancing, and whatever else makes up the splendid and offensive impossibility of man according to Mr. Lytton Bulwer.

Man in his perfection, according to Carlyle, is as the perfect man of Scott and Shakspeare. Man respecting himself, yielding allegiance, not to fashion which makes the understanding frivolous and the heart hard; nor to dead systems, hollow maxims or lifeless symbols—but to himself as his own master and judge, as hearing within himself the voice of truth and duty—as not proud but humble, while he is self-respecting—as not malignant but warmed with the genial fire of human affection;—not eating his own heart by idle refining and moody discontent, but breasting the waves of untoward circumstance with a manly and determined energy. We are disposed to render great honor

to the writer, who has dared to step forth among the spoiled children of literature and fashion, and sound in their hearing truths like these,—who esteems the service of literature so highly and yet knows the responsibility, under which *he* labors who enrolls himself under her banners.

As a man commanding power, he stands high, if not among the highest of living writers. Though charges of the gravest character will lie against his style, though it is both affected and fantastical, though it is as speckled as porphyritic granite; wrought into the wildest and strangest combinations; and besprinkled with dark and mysterious allusions, we know not the writer who holds a pen that is so powerful as his. There is in his style a life and pulse which holds the reader in a broad wakefulness, and often startles him with the sudden and convulsive effect of the galvanic stroke. We know not the living writer, who has done any thing that evinces more of the power of genius and its bold and graphic painting, than many of those scenes, which bring before us so startlingly the men and events of the French Revolution. How vividly does he paint them to the eye in the terrible distinctness of a living reality. How are they made to live again, not only to the eye by graphic portraiture, but to the imagination, as *once* to the hearts of trembling lookers on, while each scene is shaded by the brooding darkness of the thunder cloud and made to gleam by the bewildering flash of the midnight lightning. How wonderful even to magic, is the effect which he causes by his use of familiar words, giving them a new and startling power—making them to call up associations unthought of before, and to waken in the mind a thrill of surprise and awe at the magic of his genius.

Who is there among the popular writers of the day who views all subjects and all men from a loftier point of observation, and tries them by a surer and more searching insight? Who is there who penetrates more deeply into the nature of man, and estimates the objects for which he should live and labor, the character which he should form, the sentiments and spirit by which he should be animated, by a more just and elevating philosophy?

On the other hand, there are two or three serious demerits to be set over against the catalogue of his excellencies, which must operate as large abatements against him in our final estimate of his claims to our regard, and, in our judgment, of the healthfulness of his influence.

First and foremost, he does not write with the simplicity of an earnest and single-hearted man. We use the term simplicity in no trivial sense, but with the meaning which it bears, when we ascribe it to Homer, to Burns, to Shakspeare and to Bacon, as the crowning excellence of each. *We fear* that he is not altogether earnest in his principles—that he admires their elevation and knows their truth, but is not possessed with the commanding en-

thusiasm of a high reverence and fervent faith for the truths which he propounds. *We know* he is not so in the garb by which he conveys his thoughts. Language is not employed by him for one object, and this to make known himself—his own thoughts and feelings—with truth, with directness, with the force and fire that is bent on its purpose, but is used to play tricks with—to show off rockets—to make men stare. Hence the reader cannot but be constantly turned aside from the onward course of its progression into the passages which he opens on this side and that—now enticing him by a scene of bewitching beauty—then arresting him by one of dark and mysterious horror, and anon leading his eyes far off to some distant prospect.

It can be natural to no man to write in a dialect so Babylonish as the style of some of his later productions. It is too spasmodic, complicated, and fantastical a style to be natural to any man, or to become even tolerably easy to his hand, except by a most unnatural pains-taking. Besides he can write well; no one who has read his critique on Burns will be disposed to deny that he can write with simplicity and directness, or that such a style becomes him well.

The reason he has forsaken his simplicity is, that he has forsaken himself, and begun to copy after or to ape another. His adored Jean Paul Richter, with his kindred of the fantastical school, have exerted on him a powerful influence. From them has he been content to take at second hand too much of his style of thinking and writing, and as is shown by his faults in both, with too much of the servile spirit of an imitator. We dislike aping; it always betrays itself, and shows the man to bad advantage who attempts it. Honesty is the best policy. We prefer the original to the copy—the German to the English Richter.

We must name one other feature, and this rather in the way of grave suspicion than of positive affirmation. We fear his influence as Pantheistic and anti-Christian. His philosophy of man, as we have said, is just and pure, and as such it coincides in almost every point with the inmost spirit of Christian truth. As such it occupies a loftier height than Byron's pride or Bulwer's splendid coxcombry, or the polished heartlessness of the fashionable literature. But though his philosophy of man, in his wants and in his perfection, be true and Christian, we dare not affirm so much of his philosophy of unseen existences and this intellectual world by which man is girt about. As far as we can gather from the spirit and scope of his writings, as well as from not a few indirect avowals, he holds not to the personality and living existence of the Jehovah of the Jewish theocracy and the Redeemer of the Christian revelation.

At least, he *vibrates* between the view of Christianity, as a religion which awakens faith and hope and love, and the view

which strips it of its life and power, by transmuting it into *myths* and symbols that are true only so far as they are the garb of a higher and universal philosophy, or else is he the unconfessed apostle of the latter faith, if faith it may be called.

As he has not chosen to be explicit, his writings should be received with wakeful attention, and his principles should be weighed with a cautious scrutiny. 'The subtlest poisons possess the most deadly potency, and there may be lurking with him and the writers of his school, influences more destructive to the highest interests of man than were ever diffused by the ignorant and lying scoffing of Voltaire, or the graver subtilty of Hume.

Not only is Pantheism destructive to man's highest interests, and casts a shadow over his future destiny, but it is fatal to all that is creative in genius and original in literature. Genius lives and soars by her faith in the unseen. What can she do with faith in a God who is but a congeries of dead forces, with no higher personal interest to the soul of man than the vast formation of granite that is the rugged and massive skeleton of the inner earth. There must be another soul of the universe than there is in the clanking steam-engine, however grand its doings, however sure its stroke, however minute its care and beneficial its results—yea, quite another soul, or genius will cease to be and cease to soar.

Far more congenial is it to her energy and her life to behold an Apollo "in the blazing chariot of the sun" and a Dian with her nymphs in the silvery radiance of the moon. Poetry, art, history and eloquence, depend alike upon a close communing with the spiritual world, and their united voice is, if you would give us life and energy, give us an unseen world, whither we may soar and whence we may gather our choicest inspiration. Send us any where but into a soulless and lifeless immensity, in which there is life, but no living being—in which there is no God, but only a blind force groping forever in dark unconsciousness about the universe, that itself had made and knew it not—which it animated with joyful life, and itself rejoiced not—which it filled with the songs of birds and the praises of men—all tending towards the heart of their Father, as the common centre of their adoration, while yet this heart of love was no where to be found.

π.

EARTH'S MUSIC.

THE world is full of music—on the ear,
The eye—on every sense is freely poured
Its rich and ever varied melodies.
Its voice now whispers in the yellow leaf,

Stirred by the viewless touch of zephyr's wing,
 Now thunders in the roar of ocean wild,
 When wintry winds have roused and chafed its spirit.

To the eye it speaks in nature's countless forms
 Of beauty.—When at eve the last bright beam
 So sadly lingering in the western sky,
 On the dark clouds which curtain its repose—
 Flinging a veil of glory like the hues
 Which mark our youthful dreams of heaven.

When breathe,
 Amid the closing flowers, the twilight airs,
 As lulling them to rest ; and in the song
 Are joined the murmurs of the silver stream,
 Rippling along its pebbles and bright sands,
 Half gleeful and half sad ; the waving grass
 And wild flowers blooming on its verdant banks,
 Seem bending o'er to kiss its dancing waves
 Which flash in day's last beam, and woo its stay.

When midnight's hush is on the weary earth,
 And the pale moon is gliding, spirit like,
 Along its star-paved, cloud-environed path,
 Pouring its dewy light upon the hills,
 The darkling forests, and the crystal streams ;
 Bathed in its dreamy radiance all is changed—
 The earth seems holier 'mid the softer lights,
 Deep shadows—still and voiceless melodies ;
 And then the stars—the pure bright stars,
 Looking so coldly down. Earth's beauties bloom
 To fade again ; but ever shining on
 The brilliant host above their vigils keep ;
 Unchanged they mark the swift decay of man—
 His dreams, his hopes. Their silent voice bids time
 Wing back his rapid flight—we live again
 Our boyhood's light and careless days of glee,
 When with a bounding heart we earnest gazed
 Upon those twinkling lamps of heaven, nor deemed
 Aught here less bright and beautiful.

The dawn too hath its melodies—go forth
 When the first matin song of some sweet bird
 Breaks the deep silence ;—when the pall of night
 Is rolling up from earth's green drapery—
 The last pale star fades out, and in the east
 The deepening tints are heralding the morn ;
 List to the harmony which welcomes its return—
 The morning breeze is up, and bearing on
 The fragrance of sweet flowers, it sweeps along,
 Driving the curling mists from silver lake,
 Shaking the tears of night from glossy leaves
 Which twinkle in the morning light ; its wings
 Are laden with the rustlings of young boughs,

Music of birds, and fall of distant waters.
 And now the day comes up in living light,
 Kindling its beacon fires upon the hills,
 And crowning roof and spire with glowing beams ;
 Anon the hum of *man*, his daily toil
 Again begun, chimes in the swelling melody.

There's music in the sea.—Hast ever stood
 Upon the summit of some beetling cliff,
 Whose firm broad base for ages past has braved
 The billowy shock—when slumbering in its might,
 Calm as the surface of a summer lake,
 Hast gazed on the wide ocean?—in its depths
 Mirrored the fleecy clouds which float along
 Like isles of light above—unbroken else,
 Save by the long and measured swell which rolls
 Its thunder on the strand.

When the sunlight
 Sparkling on the glassy wave, darts down its rays
 Far through the caves where lie old ocean's wonders ;
 Where, tombed 'mid crystal domes and coral groves,
 The lost and lovely ones of earth repose,
 Nor ever heed the bright and fearful things
 Which round them play, or hear the night-wind howl,
 Or troubled ocean roar.

Hast ever watched
 The gathering tempest, when the storm-cloud fast
 Was shaking out its sable folds in heaven?—
 When all is still—earth, air, and the dark waters,
 Save the wild sea-bird's scream, as with swift wing
 She seeks her sheltered nest. A low, deep note
 Steals on the silent air—nearer it comes ;
 A moment—and the blast sweeps fiercely by,
 Shrieking as with mad joy. The shuddering deep
 Is one wide sheet of foam ; and with hot haste
 The angry billows rise, to join their voice
 In the wild pæan—from cliff to cliff
 The pealing thunder rolls its echoes on,
 While the high-crested waves gleam back the glare
 Of the red lightning.

Old ocean, ever
 In thy calmer moods, and in thy storm
 Thus hast thou rolled thy deep-toned anthem ;
 Ages ere *man* was by to list thy hymn,
 'Twas echoed from the sky. For ages yet,
 Till time shall be no more, it still shall swell.

There's music in the ruin time hath wrought ;
 Go, wander where in days of yore long gone,
 Earth reared her proudest fanes and palaces ;
 Where sunbeams glanced through many a splendid arch,
 And fell upon the marble terraces,
 Flight upon flight upreared ; and shed their light

On gardens decked with all the pride of man.
 Where science made her home ; where wisdom dwelt ;
 And from the lips of age flowed living truth ;
 Where sang the immortal bard, and as the strain
 Flowed from his harp in witching numbers sweet,
 There thrilled in every heart an answering chord.
 The poet's lyre is hushed ; and on the sands
 High heaped within the mouldering palaces,
 Fresh trodden is the prowling tiger's track.
 The hooting owl dwells in the prostrate fane ;
 The long, dark grass, which in the evening breeze
 Waves o'er the crumbling arches, whispers out
 In low, sad murmurs, of decay and death ;
 And then a note more cheering—" *they shall live again.*"
 As when we follow to the silent grave
 The clay-cold form of one we fondly loved,
 And turn to our lone home. In vain we strive
 To catch the echo of that light glad step,
 From the knit brow, which chased the cloud of care ;
 That winning smile no longer meets our gaze ;
 That lute-toned voice, whose sound could thrill the soul,
 E'en while its seraph music lingers near
 Is hushed forever in the sleep of death ;
Forever!—it were then a fearful thing
 To love what death might touch. The summer flowers
 Must perish, and the autumn winds may sound
 Amid the midnight rains a mournful dirge,
 As falls the last sere leaf ; but soon again
 The rosy-footed spring shall trip along
 The hills and plains—her warm breath wake the flowers,
 Her touch dissolve the chains which erst have bound
 The babbling brooks. Shall earth awake to life,
 Shake off its icy fetters, bloom again,
 And man ne'er burst the slumbers of the tomb ?
 All nature echoes, " *He shall live again.*"

In all her forms of grandeur and of beauty,
 The melodies of earth are ever near ;
 And why thus breathe they to the ear of man ?
 Why thus through every sense his spirit charm ?
 Man hath a twofold being—in his heart
 Contending elements are striving hard
 For mastery. There is an inward fire
 Which burns for higher spheres ; the image fit
 Of God its Maker—and there is a base,
 An earth-born spirit, tending to its source—
 To trifles, which would chain the living soul ;
 And when the syren voice of pleasure lures
 This traitor principle within ; the hopes,
 The lofty aspirations, cherished long,
 Which oft have burst the yoke of appetite,
 Are sped ; the free and upward flight is checked ;
 The pinions bound ;—to a dull load of clay

Is the pure spirit shackled—life and death
Together wedded.

To rouse the sluggish soul,
To call forth all its mighty energies,
To infuse new life into its giant powers,
To fan the living flame, which shall consume
These loathsome bonds, and bid it soar away
In its own infinite ;—this is the task
Of earth's ten thousand changing melodies.

O, thou, whose days are spent in ceaseless toil
To amass the glittering dust of earth—whose ear
Is deaf to nature's harmonies,—whose eye
Is downward bent, and though one stood above
And proffered starry crowns, 'twere all in vain,
Unless perchance the gleam of gold shone out
Amid the living gems.

And thou, whose heart
The witching call of pleasure hath beguiled—
Whose voice is heard 'mid shouts of revelry,
Where the red wine flows fast, with mirth and song
To grace the maddening cup.

And thou, whose eye
Is dim with searching through the midnight page—
Whose cheek is pale—whose anxious brow o'erspread
With lines of deep and anxious thought ; who strivest
To win the applause of man—the empty fame
Which scarce o'ersteps the grave.

Mortal, awake !
Slave to the vilest bondage, break thy chain !
The harp thy Maker placed within thy breast,
Whose chords should vibrate in responses sweet
As nature's hand sweeps o'er the full-toned lyre,
Again attune. Thou'st loosed its mystic strings—
It gives forth naught but jarring discord.
Fame, wealth, and pleasure ?—phantoms we pursue ;
Youth, with a kindling glance and bounding step,
With a flushed cheek, and heart swelled high with hope ;
Manhood mature, with lofty brow, and lip
Compressed ; old age, with feeble, tottering pace,
And temples silvered o'er—all in pursuit—
Pursuit of happiness ; and in the chase
All happiness is lost.

Dreamer, a trance
Of death is on thy spirit ; rouse thee—seek
A fame enduring, wealth secure, delights
Which pall not on the taste ; for *thee* the earth
Is breathing with the soul of melody ;
It hymns His praise who framed its thousand harps.
Listen !—if thou art sad, 'twill cheer thy heart ;
If cares of life press heavily—if death
With unrelenting hand hath crushed thy joys ;
If to the dregs thou hast drank affliction's cup ;

'Twill sing of brighter days—e'en make life's joys
The sweeter seem—smooth every rugged path,
And tune thy soul to join that ceaseless song
With seraphs rapt, and angel choirs above ;
Which shall roll on its mighty voice, and swell,
And louder swell, when earth's sweet melodies
Are in eternal silence hushed.

MORE SCRAPS FROM MY DIARY.

"Sodæ-sulphat. 3. vi. 3. s. Mannæ optim.
Aq. fervent. F. 3. iss. 3. ij. Tinct. Sennæ
Haustus (and here the surgeon came and cupped him)
R. Pulv. com. gr. iii. Ipecacuanhæ
* * * * *
Bolus potasse sulphuret. sumendus,
Et haustus ter in die capiendus."—*Lord Byron.*

READER, I did not intend to present myself again to your notice ; partly from idleness, and partly from the great *sang froid* with which I was perused before. But circumstances have unavoidably called out one or two leaves of my manuscript, which were slumbering quietly in my dusty folio.

The first is but an inconsiderable incident in my life of accidents, and but indifferently told ; I present it, however, without apology, as I find it recorded.

A NIGHT IN THE HOSPITAL.

The inquiry is often made, with a good deal of plausibility by the world at large, how physicians can have so divested themselves of all those sympathies which in a measure bind us to the whole human race, as to manifest but little indifference in their intercourse with the dying and the dead. Surprise is manifested, that the physician banishes, so entirely, that repugnance which invests most individuals with an insuperable dread to any contiguity with the human body, when undergoing trying surgical operations, or after death ; except it may be, the few last duties to a deceased relative.

This is perfectly natural, nor is it without severe trials of one's feelings, that any can become inured to sights and scenes so revolting. Many are the times, my feelings have been wrung to perfect exhaustion, by witnessing the performance, in my earlier professional career, of even comparatively slight operations. Often too, have I encountered startling emotions, not unlike fear, in

presence of some stolen tenant of the tomb, staring upon me from its starched shroud, in the shades of evening.

The rather ludicrous incident herein detailed, occurred at the time I was pursuing my professional studies, and is evidence of the truth of the above remarks.

It was about the ninth of October, 18—; the weather had been during the day, quite mild, but toward evening a storm somewhat threatening had blown up from the northeast, and there was a good prospect of a most uncomfortable night. I however did not suffer the ominous appearance of the heavens to detain me from my usual evening visit to the hospital; especially as there was now an interesting case of catalepsy under treatment—a fit of very rare occurrence.

I reached the door about nine o'clock; for, owing to an evening call, I had not been enabled to leave my lodgings until quite late. The wind had grown since nightfall considerably more boisterous, and the extreme blackness of the skies indicated a speedily approaching tempest.

Through the kindness of Sir Arthur C——, under whose management the patient at that period was placed, I was admitted to an immediate attendance, and continued by her, exceedingly interested in her state, until the clock struck eleven. I then determined to trudge home; but fate had, doubtless for wise reasons, interdicted my leave for the present; for upon reaching the door, I found the wind blowing a heavy gale from the northeast, and the rain descending in clouds, being the most severe storm I had witnessed for years. My clothing was by no means sufficient to encounter such a hurricane, and a carriage at that hour, in that quarter of the city, was out of the question.

While I stood upon the steps, deliberating as to what course should be pursued, and buttoning my thin, loose vestments about me in as protecting a form as possible, I was very politely offered by Sir A., who had observed the severity of the storm, a room, provided such could be found.

"Bill," said the superintendent, addressing the black waiter, who had announced to me the invitation of Sir A., "do you know of a spare room fit for this gentleman to occupy?"

"Well," said Cuffie, scratching his woolly pate to enliven his memory, "there's that room, what Withers died in, Monday."

My flesh crept on my frame. Withers chanced to have been a most infamous scoundrel, who was brought to the hospital about a month before, from the common prison, owing to a severe lung fever contracted by the damps of his cell.

However, I dared not of course exhibit any indications of dread, since it behoved me, as a growing practitioner, to disregard every symptom of fear. Accordingly I did not object, but endeavored to appear very well contented with my anticipated lodgings.

Alas! I was only deceiving myself, and paid dearly for my affected bravery.

Monsieur Bill, being equipped with candles, &c., I followed him on my dismal tramp. One, two, three and four pair of stairs were ascended, when my conductor stopped, and after fumbling a huge bunch of keys, commenced operations upon the lock of a very respectable looking door before us. Meanwhile I had an opportunity to reconnoitre. Nothing however but the large, lonely hall, with some dozen of doors leading from it, met my view. Near the spot where we stood, another flight of stairs arose for a short distance, and terminated in quite a suspicious looking trap-door.

"Bill," said I, addressing the negro as he threw open the apartment before us, "who's opposite?"

"Lorry, massa!" responded he of the grizzled locks; "nothing but ghosts, I'll warrant."

This announcement was far from encouraging, for on such a night, the presence of a dozen crazy men would have been agreeable company; "and where does this staircase lead, Bill?"

"Oh, that leads up to the loft."

Loft! Good gracious! and only three days before I had been, by the direction of Sir A., into the loft of the hospital, looking over some old bones and musty piles of skeletons, for a perfect *fibula*. Goodness! here was a pleasant situation truly!—a sleeping apartment on such a night, with such peculiarly interesting associations clustering about it. Above, the loft where I had been so short a time previous to invade the sanctity of the dead's repose;—around, the tenantless abodes of poor diseased wretches;—beneath, sick women and lunatics; and the very room, the last abiding place of a notorious murderer! while the wind was howling frightfully about the old building, sufficient of itself to excite a tremor in the breast of almost any man!

Nevertheless it was too late to draw back; accordingly I walked in—gave my friend Bill half a crown to kindle a little fire in the damp chimney, and moreover to procure me a bottle of claret from the medicine room; for I found I must have a companion of some sort, to sustain me in the absolute horrors of my situation.

The furniture of the apartment consisted of a couple of roughly-formed tables, a half dozen of rush-bottomed chairs, and a cross-legged bedstead in the corner. A good blazing fire however upon the hearth, and an equally good bottle of claret upon the table, contributed to relieve me of all trepidation for some time.

The clock had now struck twelve; I had drank nearly as much as was agreeable, and the fire had faded into an inconsiderable blaze, while the candle was fast nearing its socket. The wind still continued howling fearfully without, and the rain was driving unmercifully against the rattling window-frames.

All the fears and images of horror which had disturbed me during the former part of the evening now thickened upon my tortured fancy. I kept my eyes steadily fixed upon the expiring embers, not daring to look around me, and much less presuming, on any more efficient method of dispelling the illusion. Indeed to such a pitch of awe was my imagination wrought up, that I feared to stir, lest some lurking spirit should be startled by the noise, and approach in search of the intruder.

Confused images crowded my brain, and occasionally my hair bristled upon my head, as some louder gust of wind was converted by my frightened fancy into the howl of some poor lunatic, travelling through the hall. The minutes crept by like hours, and still I kept my eyes steadily fixed upon the dim hearth, scarce daring to breathe, though my throat was now dry and husky, and I was almost choking in my efforts to abstain from a cough.

By degrees, sensation was completely overcome by the paralytic effects of my fears, and I sat looking vacantly upon the smothered fire, like one entranced, when a step sounded on the stairs! My heart leaped convulsively;—was it some madman escaped from his room—or delirious wretch?—Still sounded the dull, heavy tramp upon the stairs. Heavens! I now heard the deep moans, as he stood panting beside the door; but no, 'twas only a shriller whistle of the wind without.

A moment more elapsed, dreadfully still, and another sound caught my wakeful ear; now it appeared above—not measured and slow, as before, but a rustling among the skeletons! Gracious Heaven! now I was to suffer for wanton disturbance of their injured manes! Distinctly I heard the stirring of the old bones; could it be that the step which ascended the stairs was bustling about in the loft at such an hour? no, it was impossible that any would be so fool-hardy; beside, I had not heard the step leave my door. The noise overhead was constantly increasing, and a new chill of horror crept through my veins as I plainly heard a step upon the stairs above. The rumbling in the loft too, was becoming more frightful every moment, and a band seemed marshalling for some dreadful purpose.

Clank—clank—clank! came the sound upon the stairs as each skeleton filed away in their descent. By this time, the lowest had reached the bottom, and I distinctly heard the grating of the bones in their sockets, as they drew near! The wind was still howling loudly without, my fire was nothing more than a few lifeless coals.

My first impulse was to spring from my seat and draw the bolt against their entrance; but fear checked my slightest movement, and I remained awaiting the dispensation of Providence. A bony grasp was laid upon the latch! another and another came to its aid, and now—ghastly forms were pressing and grating against

the oaken panels ; speedily there came a crash, which seemed to rend the door in fragments ! and with the noise*——I awoke !

My candle had burnt out—I had thrown over the bottle of wine upon the floor, and the wind was howling more dismally than ever.

I was first, under the reigning excitement of my state, tempted to cry for help ; but gaining courage, I seized my hat and cane and groped for the door. But here was a new terror—the door was flung wide open, and I fancied I heard stifled breathings ! A second more, and my palsied arms were encircling a human form that stood without !

“ Oh dear !—oh dear ! the d—d skeletons ! ”

“ Why Bill,” groaned I, with all the composure I could command, “ is this you ? ”

“ Oh dear ! it was me ”——

The perspiration started from my forehead in drops, as the relief came. I succeeded in dispelling his stupor,—gave him another half-crown to say nothing of the affair, and gained from him a comparatively lucid history of the accidents, which had caused both his, and my own alarm.

A sudden change having taken place in the state of Sir Arthur's patient, he had dispatched Bill to ask my attendance. His light had been extinguished as he ascended the fourth stairs, and partly from fright, and partly from the darkness, he had climbed to the loft, and terrified by appearances there, he had tumbled down the stairs—against my door, and had but just recovered his feet, when he was saluted by my embrace !

My tremor was too great to allow of my visiting Sir A. again ; accordingly I groped the way under the guidance of my attendant to the door—bawled loudly for the watch, gave him a shilling to show me to my lodgings, where I slept quietly till eight o'clock next morning. That was the last night I spent in the hospital.

Thus, reader, is recorded the above related incident in my diary ; in my *Leger*, it runs thus :

Oct. 9, 18—. To paid *Hospital fees* as per cash B'k } 6s. 3d.
rendered,

The following story I find recorded upon a loose paper, within the leaves of my Journal, in a strange hand. It was given me by

* If any one is inclined to doubt the truth of this narrative, let him place himself under similar circumstances, and if he does not experience something equally frightful, I renounce all claim to veracity. The phenomenon is well accounted for, in Dr. Abercrombie's ‘ *Intellectual Powers*. ’

a patient of mine—I shall long remember him—who died of a lingering illness, in the fall of 18—. It is here given in his own words, and from the information I was enabled to gain of his family, I am inclined to believe that the story is entirely true. I trust it will not prove wholly uninteresting.

A CHAPTER IN A LIFE.

“Love is blind, and lovers cannot see

The pretty follies that themselves commit.”

Merchant of Venice.

Twelve o'clock—sternly and loudly sounded the passing knell of midnight,—the dirge of a waning day, and the dreadful token of a nearer approach to eternity!

Such reflections might well have busied other minds than my own, and such thoughts might very naturally have disturbed the slumbers of one, whose low and tremulous breathings just reached my ear from the sick couch.

It was the hall of affluence and luxury. Riches had showered their countless gifts in profusion upon the proprietor of the stately mansion; but, alas! only to evince more forcibly the truth, that riches are vain in combatting the ills of life, and contrasting fearfully, the impotence of wealth and luxury, with the agonizing power of sickness and woe!

“Does she sleep?” asked hurriedly, the father of the sweet being, an incident of whose checkered fortunes, is the subject of the following story.

“Does she sleep?” added he more tremulously—“does my daughter sleep?”

The physician was present, and returned an assenting nod.

“God be praised,” ejaculated the anxious parent, “for a moment’s quiet.”

Sadly and silently, I stole after Madame F——, to the bedside in the adjoining chamber. The rich, heavy damask curtains that offered but little obstruction to the blaze of the flaming chandelier, which usually illuminated the costly chamber, scarce suffered a single ray of the solitary taper now burning, to light the form of her who lay beneath. Pale, wan, ghostly she lay; not stricken by a withering, surely fatal stroke, but by an inscrutable Providence, snatched from the laugh of a gay assemblage through the blighting hand of a pestilential fever.

Her auburn tresses, tied closely back, exposed clearly to view the outline of her forehead; nor was the darkness sufficiently great, to obscure the faultless symmetry of her features—beautifully pencilled arches, o’ershadowing eyes, now curtained by their fringe of silken lashes—begat at once, a respect for her, whose mind was radiant with romance. Her thin lip, quivering with

intense pain—now revealing, and now hiding a row of pearly teeth firmly set together, as if to smother the agony of disease within, and a placid expression upon her brow shedding round her features an holy radiance, inspired with no ordinary feelings of admiration.

“Has he come?” uttered she, in delirious accents, startled by our approach. * * * * *

There still exists in the south of France, in the western counties, a wandering class of fortune seekers, who purchase their goods upon the coast, and bear them into the country for the realization of a large profit. They are generally known as the *colporteurs* of Bordeaux.

Upon a cool autumn evening of the year 18—, such a vender of miscellaneous wares, might be seen trudging slowly along upon the common which adjoins the castle of Alais, and bordering the little village of Gaillac, upon a tributary to the Gironde.

Dressed in a stout Flemish surcoat, buttoned tightly round the waist and throat, and bearing in his hand a stout shillelagh, to defend himself against the attacks of ruffians in pursuit of his treasures,—and possessing withal a compact, erect, and portly frame, he seemed a man who had, from weak judgment, sought an occupation beneath his capacities. For in general, the *colporteur*, was but little better than a common mendicant, or idle vagabond. Howbeit, the individual in question, might have been a thrifty young farmer, or possibly, for his air was somewhat martial, a soldier upon a partial discharge from the armies then stationed in the extreme south, to guard against incursions from the Spanish territory; and possibly was desirous of laying up his quarterly earnings, at the expense of his back and shoulders. It was near dusk, when he had reached the little hostelrie, under the hill, which formed at once the seat and park of the stern old castle of Alais. His pack was carefully laid away, and the bustling landlord waited the orders of his new visitor, with a zeal that was truly astonishing, considering his profession. But a finished host is not slow to discover the nicest distinctions of character in his guest, nor is he less slow to regulate his attentions, with a scrupulous punctiliousness thereto. But the newly arrived traveller was not the only one dependent upon the hospitality of the gracious landlord.

In the little apartment of the inn, which served at once for supper and receiving room, was lounging an individual, who might have been the *receveur* of the county; or had he appeared in the less peaceable times of Louis XI, might have been one of those harpies of the government, whom the court graciously pleased to establish in every hostelrie of the kingdom. His thick

leathern jerkin, soiled by much travel, cased legs of extraordinary muscle, and his brawny arms extended upon the bench, now unencumbered by his heavy *capot*, grasped the tankard with a clench that would have crushed the firmest mug that ever potter baked. His appearance upon the whole was but little prepossessing;—a round, sturdy, open countenance, rendered suspicious by a pair of twinkling eyes, rolling wildly beneath a shaggy brow, seemed to evince a free heart, vitiated by base associations.

“Humph!” said the *receveur*, addressing the new comer, “a cool evening.”

“Quite—quite so,” returned the other.

“Do you travel far?”

“No farther,” said the *colporteur*, laconically.

“You are from Bordeaux, probably?”

“From that quarter.”

“Any news from the south?”

“None—ah, yes, ’twas rumored as I left, that Gen. Freyre had proclaimed the new constitution in Seville, and his majesty had appointed a provisory junta to prepare affairs for the meeting of the Cortes.”

“Now thanks to Mary Mother!—I knew the old rascal would have to yield. And do you stay to the gala-day on the morrow?”

“Ha—to-morrow?” exclaimed the traveller with a warmth he had not hitherto manifested; “and where and what is it to be? Stop—I remember now”—

“Pardon me—but you seem strangely forgetful, to be journeying up with a box of wares, and so unmindful of your market. Landlord, bring this fellow a mug of your best, perhaps ’twill start his memory a little; and fill mine—’tis a bitter cold evening this”—added he, as he drained his tankard.

“Don’t you know,” he continued, as the foaming beer was again laid on the bench, “that Madame F——, and her daughter, and the old Count, and a young cousin of theirs,—a prim looking youngster—about your bigness, I should say, have come down from the capital, to the Count’s old seat on the hill yonder? Why the whole neighborhood has been in a stir ever since his coach dashed down the high road into the castle park; and to-morrow is their *fete*, and Mademoiselle is to be married to this sprig of a youngster, and”—

“Married! say you?” interrupted the other, earnestly. “Ha—married.”

“Perhaps then you didn’t bring down any trinkets to dispose of at the wedding.”

“No! no!—Landlord, does the coach leave for Saintes to-night?”

“Zounds! a coach! and your pack!” interrupted his astonished companion.

An hour, and the coach was at the door—the traveller was already seated within. “Your pack,” cried the landlord, suddenly calling to mind his first appearance.

“The d—l take the pack!” said the stranger, unbuttoning his surcoat as he spoke, and revealing to his astonished host a richly embroidered dress; at the same time he tossed a crown upon the ground for his supper, and the coach dashed away with its mysterious inmate.

Lizzy F—— was a gay, laughing young cousin of mine; and a sweeter face than hers never bloomed under the skies. Full of romantic ardor, she charmed every one she looked upon, and a single glance of her laughing blue eye, as she tossed back the auburn tresses from her clear forehead, would upset the gravest stoic. None could help loving her, and I loved her, from my soul I loved her; but she—ah! here was the difficulty—did she love? Could she love—so fair a creature—could she love else, than to tease poor mortals enchanted by her graces?

So winning—so gentle—so playful, and yet so shrewd! Ah, I would have given thousands to have known she was not joking when she gave me one of her sweet smiles! But—did I return a look of tenderness,—a teasing frown chased away her laugh, like a cloud crossing a sunbeam!

Howbeit I might have gained her heart, I think, notwithstanding my habitual contemplativeness, had not a serious rival crossed my path, in the person of my old friend Valliere;—a fine fellow he was too—ardent, enthusiastic, manly—in short, the very counterpart of my sweet cousin Lizzy. I was too generous to deny him any opportunity of possessing so fair a creature, and yet from my heart I wished he had been the other side of the Atlantic.

Valliere was suspicious—often unjustly so—and was subject to occasional seasons of despondency; but this served only as a new incentive to the affections of Lizzy F——. For with all her witchery, she sometimes suffered her thoughts to run back to girlhood, and recall thence remembrances, which flooded the bosom with a melting heart. Ah! Valliere was—might have been the happiest of mortals. Though he was not the impassioned creature of romance with herself, yet he was the ideal which her romantic fancy had conjured into existence; and she—she burst upon the manly dignity of his nature like an angel of light, and dreams of ambition and distinction, all were forgotten in the mad pursuit after the bright being which had dawned upon his mind, and awakened susceptibilities there, which astonished himself.

EPILOGOMENA.

"I HAVE a theory!" soliloquized Philomegistus, as, leaning upon his left arm, he was gazing in apparent abstraction from his window towards West Rock. "I have a theory!"—and starting up he paced the room for the space of five minutes, regardless of sundry knockings at the editorial door, till at length the door flew open, and, one by one, entered the three remaining editors, punctual to the hour appointed for the concluding meeting of the term. "I have a theory!" continued the erudite speaker, "and in due time I mean to publish it."

"Publish what you like," muttered Peter Quince, "only don't again keep us waiting the end of your rhapsodies."

"Peter Quince, thou art ever arbitrary and dogmatical. This extreme bluntness of thine will, methinks, find no favor when thou art jostled by the all-piercing elbows of the world."

"I have ordered a horse to take a ride an hour hence," said Obadiah, "and we must despatch the business of the meeting within that time."

"He means he is going to write love sonnets," shouted the Corporal.

"He is going elsewhere than to Parnassus," whispered Quince. "His Pegasus has become strangely transmuted since last we met."

"Gentlemen, gentlemen!" interrupted the one with spectacles. "don't bandy words, I pray you—this is an editors' meeting; besides I have a theory to submit to your judgments as to its publication. It is"—

"Hang your theories," exclaimed Quince; "I should like to see a little more practice, instead of this constant dreaming away your life in Eutopian schemes."

"My theory," remarked Philomegistus, "is simply that the Muses have transferred their seat from Parnassus's lofty top to West Rock, and that henceforth the land renowned in song will embrace the shades and the scenery around old Yale. I think that we have had abundant evidence of this in the fertility of poetic composition manifested within the last three months. I might prove it by"—

"Shades of the Puritans!" ejaculated the Corporal, "protect us; ghosts of the Regicides! defend your once loved dwelling place."

"We will excuse a labored argument at present, if it please you," said Obadiah. "I have perpetrated some verses myself without any idea of having been under the particular guardianship of the classic Nine."

"An excellent joke," remarked Quince, giving that sly twinkle of the eye, and that peculiar curl of the lip, which tell even more than his words when he is conscious of having uttered a sarcasm. "Poetry without inspiration is in my opinion no poetry at all. But if the Muses have come hither, one thing is certain, that old Pegasus has thrown almost every rider who has attempted to manage him."

The Corporal was now busily engaged in filling his pipe. For a moment however he looked up and asked, "Can you inform us how you reconcile your new-fledged theory with the fact that, since the publication of our last *Epilogomena*, the whole brood of poets are so marvellously among the missing? Had the Muses been so watchful of their worshippers, methinks that these latter would not have been so easily frightened away."

Philomegistus to whom this query was addressed, met here with an unexpected objection. Rallying however his wits he replied, "Was Byron destroyed by the unmerciful lashings of a Jeffrey? Has not Wordsworth outlived the bitter taunts of the critics? Nay, my good Corporal, such treatment a poet must expect. It is to him what the shower is to the parched earth. It makes him grow. For a time indeed he hangs his head like a drooping flower, but the pelting rain does not last forever, and, when it is overpast, like the same flower he attains to a rarer growth and a richer beauty."

"Quite poetical," quoth Peter Quince. "I have hopes of thee yet. The great Sir Walter, published not his 'Lay of the Last Minstrel,' until verging towards sober thirty-four."

Obadiah had evidently been impatient during this sharp shooting. At length giving vent to his feelings he moved a postponement of the whole matter in discussion. After a slight debate the motion was carried with but one dissenting voice.

The regular business of the meeting now came up, consisting of the approval and rejection of sundry pieces. Fortunately for the harmony of the corps the articles were either so obviously good, or so decidedly bad, there was but little room left for further disputation. Before adjournment, the following resolution was agreed to unanimously.

"Resolved, That the thanks of the editors be presented to the class of 1841, for the liberal manner with which they have aided the pecuniary matters of the Magazine."

TO CORRESPONDENTS

"The Destiny of the English Language," is respectfully declined.

Though some of the "Stanzas," by A. B. are good, there are not any truly able to admit of the publication of the poem as it is now.

"Lines to S." are too sentimental for insertion.

"Thomas Paine," is declined.

"Science &c." respectfully declined.

"Plus," was received too late for perusal; it shall be read with pleasure to next number.

scarceness of its materials.

Of the value of the Magazine to its conductors and its
public, no more evidence can be adduced, than that
reached an age unprecedented in the history of col-
lating one of its defects, we shall in future feel our-
selves such an inexperience rendered excusable in our
aim in general we hope to equal the expectations of
the public, in presenting a selected variety of the
of literature, which our listers can be of. Owing
ity of the general class, we are compelled to provide
into an accurately engraved portrait of some individual
the minds of our Abol. Master.

The permanent value which this arrangement will
work, with, we doubt not, be appreciated by a liberal
public patronage.

New Haven, August 1840

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two, two

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N.B. The first number of the next volume to be issued

